

NEW

REAL CRIME SPECIAL

**HE BENT
HER TO
HIS WILL**

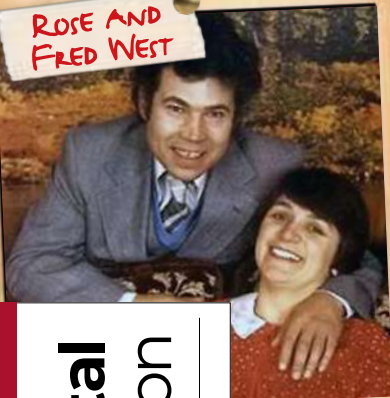
She stood by her man
as he progressed from
rape to murder

COUPLES WHO KILL

THOSE WHO LAY TOGETHER,
SLAY TOGETHER

PLUS
IAN BRADY
MYRA HINDLEY
KARLA HOMOLKA
PAUL BERNARDO
AND MORE

ROSE AND
FRED WEST



LONELY HEARTS
KILLERS



AU PAIR
NIGHTMARE



JOHN AND JANE,
SITTING IN A TREE...

KILLING

SOHAM SICKOS
HUNTLEY AND CARR SPUN A
WEB OF LIES AND DECEIT

BAD BARBIE
BEHIND A FAIRY-TALE FACADE,
TWO MURDERERS SCHEMED

**Digital
Edition**

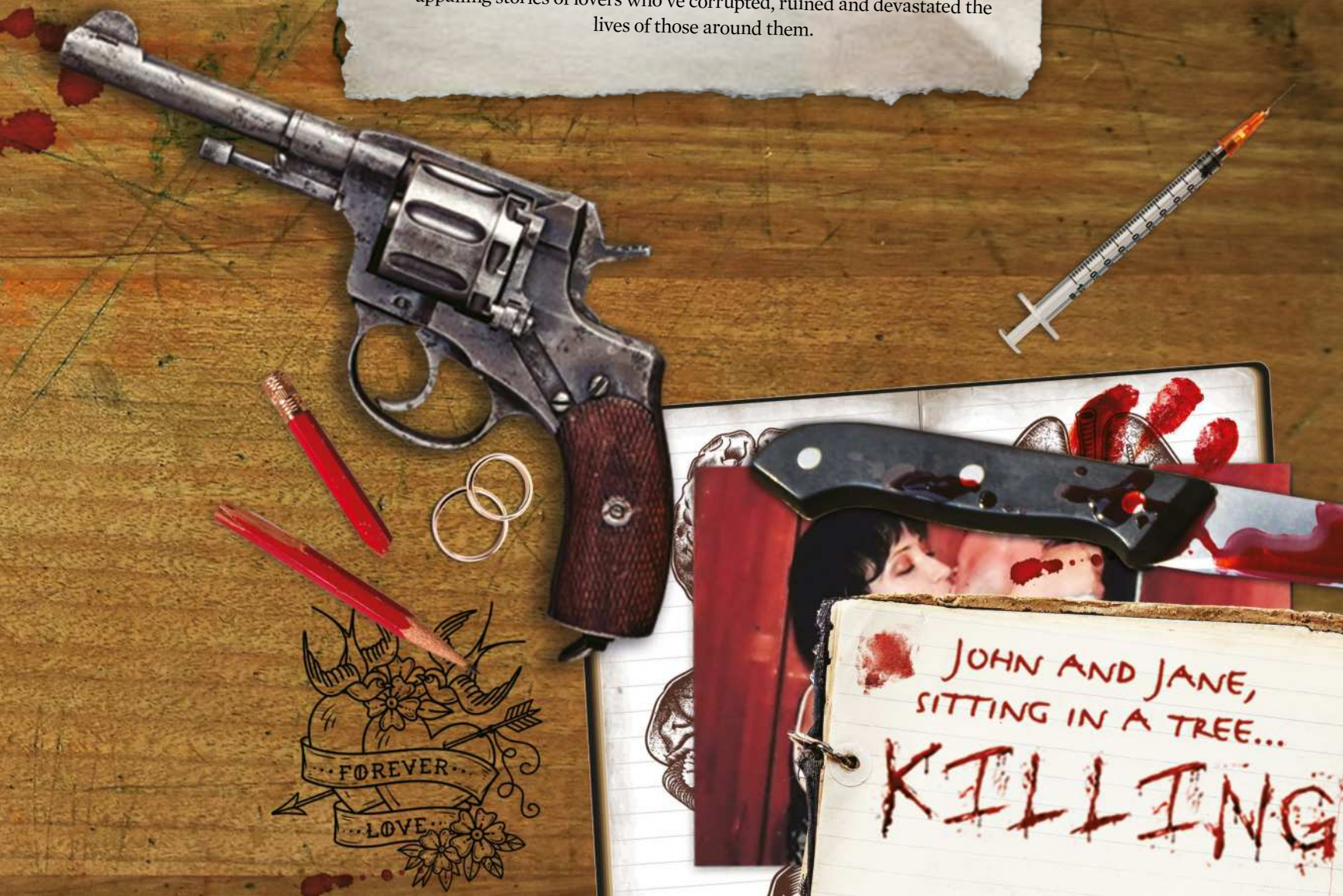


THIRD
EDITION



WELCOME TO COUPLES WHO KILL

As the saying goes, 'love conquers all' – including, in these cases, complete human depravity. For these couples, there is no limit to their love. Over the following pages, find out about some of the world's sickest partners in crime, including the Moors Murderers, whose reign of sadistic terror sent five children to an early grave. The very faces of evil, Ian Brady and Myra Hindley were locked up and left to rot for the rest of their lives. While Hindley willingly took part in their sick murder sick games, others – like Debra Brown, whose lover Alton Coleman raped and slaughtered his way through six US states – found themselves groomed for grimness. Turn the page to find out the appalling stories of lovers who've corrupted, ruined and devastated the lives of those around them.



「 FUTURE 」

COUPLES WHO KILL

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Shutterstock, Getty Images

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Printed in the UK

Distributed by Marketforce, 5 Churchill Place, Canary Wharf, London, E14 5HU
www.marketforce.co.uk Tel: 0203 787 9001

Couples Who Kill Third Edition (4508)

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Future plc is a public
company quoted on the
London Stock Exchange
(symbol: FUTR)
www.futureplc.com

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Part of the
**REAL
CRIME**
bookazine series



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BARBIE'S DREAM MURDER



FOLIE À MUR-DEUX



THE MOORS MURDERERS



SHE COVERED FOR A KILLER



LONELY HEARTS KILLERS



“WHEN RAYMOND TOLD MARTHA
OF HIS SCAM, HE FOUND HER
NOT ONLY ACCEPTING OF THE
SITUATION, BUT EAGER TO HELP”

THE LONELY HEARTS KILLERS

FOR A COUPLE WHO PROFESSED TO LOVE ONE ANOTHER UNCONDITIONALLY, THEIR BEHAVIOUR WAS DECIDEDLY HEARTLESS

WORDS JOANNA ELPHICK

It was a sensational tale of perverted sex, deceit and murder, produced by the media in lurid detail and gobbled up by a fascinated public. The story was shocking, and the trial a spectacle, but the beginning was unquestionably pathetic.

INSATIABLE FOR FOOD AND SEX

Martha Jule Seabrook was a pitiful creature. Born in Milton, Florida in 1919, she developed a glandular condition at an early age, which caused her to mature much faster than her peers and also gain weight. By the age of 10, she had developed a grown woman's body and a voracious sex drive to match that unnerved other children. The more they shunned her, the more she cultivated her love affair with food, and soon the little girl with sex on the brain became lonely and obese.

Stories of her brother sexually assaulting little Martha would eventually come out at the trial but nothing was ever substantiated. When she'd told her mother of the attacks, the woman had beaten Martha for causing the incidents and, from then on, the girl was not allowed to associate with boys. Not that many were interested in her anyway, as she'd become grotesquely overweight and was bullied by other children.

However, Martha was no fool and in 1942 she graduated first in her class at a nursing school in Pensacola. This should have been a positive turning point for her, but the local hospital

LEFT Martha Beck in a Michigan courthouse in 1949, following her arraignment for the murder of Janet Fay

RIGHT Raymond Fernandez after admitting to the slaying of Delphine Downing and her daughter, Rainelle





“RAYMOND BELIEVED HE COULD CONTROL ANY WOMAN HE WISHED USING HIS MAGICAL VODOO SEXUAL POWERS”

was loathe to employ someone who looked so unhealthy and she ended up working at a funeral parlour, preparing the female corpses. It was a grim occupation for the lonely woman who found herself sharing her life with the dead. Martha decided to escape her domineering mother and moved to California, where she secured a job at an Army Hospital. Here, the men were happy to have sex where they could get it and Martha found herself in demand at the bars and drinking clubs. She soon became pregnant, but when the soldier found out about her condition, he threw himself into the bay, attempting suicide rather than marry her. Humiliated, Martha returned to mother. In order to explain her pregnancy, she told everyone that she'd married a Navy officer in California and he would be home soon. Of course, the mysterious man never appeared and Martha had to go into mourning, claiming that he'd died in action. For the first time, people were kind to her, offering support to the new widow and helping care for her baby, Willa Dean.

Not long after, Martha met a bus driver, Alfred Beck, and fell pregnant again. They wed but the union was a disaster. He left six months later, leaving Martha with a new surname and another baby. Although she had acquired a new nursing

post, Martha was deeply lonely and fell into a depressed life of pulp romance novels and food. Eventually, she placed an ad in *Mother Dinene's Family Club for Lonely Hearts* and waited for the results. Surely someone out there would want her?

Born five years before Martha, in Hawaii, Raymond Fernandez was always a disappointment to his family, so it was no surprise when he left home as quickly as possible and moved to Spain to work on his uncle's farm. Once a sickly child, he'd grown into a strong, handsome man and, at the age of 20, he married a local girl and started a family. When World War II broke out, he joined the Merchant Marines, then, in 1945, he boarded a ship bound for the US to find work. On board, he suffered a serious head injury when a steel hatch cover fell on his skull, damaging his brain and altering his personality forever.

NO MORE MR NICE GUY

Raymond changed from a charming, kind individual, to a foul-tempered, self-serving monster. He abandoned his family in Spain and was arrested for stealing clothes. Incarcerated in the Federal Penitentiary in Tallahassee for a year, he shared his cell with a Haitian Voodoo worshipper. It was here that Raymond





ABOVE Martha climbs the steps of the courthouse in Mineola, Long Island, where she pleaded 'not guilty by reason of insanity'

LEFT Martha Beck and Raymond Fernandez show their love for one another in the corridor of the Supreme Court building

became obsessed with occult sexual practices, believing himself to be able to control any woman he wished through his magical sexual powers. On his release, Raymond began responding to Lonely Hearts ads in newspapers. Capitalising on the women's vulnerability, he wooed them, slept with them, stole anything he could lay his hands on and left them, alone and humiliated. It was the perfect scam, particularly since the women were unlikely to tell anyone of their disgrace. In their eyes, it was bad enough to have resorted to the Lonely Hearts pages, but to have been made a fool of was too much to bear.

In 1947, he started seeing a woman by the name of Jane Thompson. Having gained her trust, Raymond took her on a trip to Spain where a fight broke out. He was seen running away and, in the morning, her body was discovered. Bizarrely, authorities initially believed the death to be from natural

causes but, when cries of murder were raised, her corpse was exhumed and a full autopsy performed. Poison was suspected but by this time Raymond had vanished. Before his sudden departure, he returned to Jane's apartment in order to empty it, despite her elderly mother still living there. Convinced he had gotten away with murder, he continued searching the Lonely Hearts pages until he found the perfect victim.

When Martha received a reply to her letter, she was thrilled at the prospect of corresponding with such a romantic, articulate gentleman. After a number of ludicrously flowery letters had been passed back and forth, the pair agreed to meet. Martha was obviously scared that her considerable size and two children might put her new beau off but Raymond was only interested in the size of her bank balance. As long as that was healthy, nothing else mattered. The charming Spaniard met Martha at her house, played with her children, ate her food and had sex with her the likes of which she had hitherto only dreamed of. But it was not to last. Two weeks later, with no sign of any assets, Raymond decided to head back to New York. He promised that he would return and promptly left. When he broke off their romance via letter, Martha decided to hunt him down and, on 18 January 1948, Raymond answered his door to find Martha and the children, suitcases in hand, waiting to move in. Although this was far from what Ray had planned, Martha was something of a comfort since she hung off his every word and catered to his every need. Unfortunately, the children would have to go. Raymond expected to have a fight on his hands but Martha duly dumped her children at the Salvation Army and didn't say another word to them for three years. As long as she had her man, she would be happy. At the trial, this callous behaviour was raised to prove her loathsome character, but it could have been used by her defence counsel as an early sign of the unnatural power he had over her.



ABOVE Ruth Mercado, killed by Harvey Glatman, who used the Want Ads to lure his victims

DEATH AMONG THE WANT ADS

WITH THEIR SUBTLE AIR OF DESPERATION, MANY SERIAL KILLERS HAVE USED THE WANT ADS AS THEIR OWN PERSONAL HUNTING GROUND

While Martha Beck and Raymond Fernandez cruised the Lonely Hearts pages, Harvey Glatman placed Want Ads in the local papers, claiming to be looking for models. Naturally, young women, desperate to 'make it big' as glamour girls, would agree to meet him for a photoshoot. However, when they met their would-be star maker, they were tied up, sexually assaulted, strangled and dumped in the desert. When police eventually caught Glatman and searched his house, they discovered a toolbox filled with disturbing photographs of the women who had fallen for his Want Ads trick. Belle Gunness, the Black Widow of the Midwest, also fished for victims in the Want Ads, this time offering herself up as bait. Describing herself as 'a comely widow who owns a large farm', she was inundated with offers of marriage, all of whom she systematically murdered. Just like Martha Beck, Nannie Doss was an incurable romantic who scoured the ads column for lovers before disposing of their lifeless corpses and pocketing the insurance money. Henri Landru, possibly the most famous Want Ads predator, pursued ten women in this manner, reaching out to the vulnerable with 'desires to meet a widow with a view to matrimony'. Apparently, looking for love can be murder.

MOVIE MAGIC

THIS GRIM TALE OF SEX, LUST AND VIOLENCE HAS BECOME THE INSPIRATION FOR A NUMBER OF MOVIE ADAPTATIONS

In 1970, Leonard Kastle wrote and directed *The Honeymoon Killers*. The movie starred Shirley Stoler as the incurably romantic, yet heavily overweight, Martha Beck, and Tony Lo Bianco as the sleazy conman-turned-killer, Raymond Fernandez. Described as a 'weirdly timeless love story with a body count', the film was initially sold as an early exploitation film but quickly gained the status of a cult classic and was even remastered on Blu-ray in 2015. Far from putting viewers off, the paltry production budget with its balsa wood props and blood-filled condom explosions only seemed to add to the popularity of the movie.

Twenty-six years later, Mexican director Arturo Ripstein attempted to tell the tale, this time winning numerous awards that included eight Ariel awards and an Honourable Mention in the Latin American Cinema category at Sundance. The film, entitled *Deep Crimson*, was a critical success with movie-goers and critics alike.

However, the latest, 2006 adaptation, *Lonely Hearts*, has received mixed reviews despite the impressive cast. Salma Hayek, a very odd choice, plays Martha, while Jared Leto menaces as Raymond. The film also stars John Travolta and James Gandolfini as the detectives hunting them down. The original film remains the best by far.



ABOVE The lurid *Honeymoon Killers* poster from 1970 ensured that the film was banned in Australia



When Raymond told Martha of his Lonely Hearts scam, he was amazed to find her not only accepting of the situation, but positively eager to help. So smitten was she with her new man that she was prepared to do anything to keep him satisfied. The pair worked on the cruel plan and chose their next victim together, giggling over the photographs of the desperate women that queued up to meet him. In turn, she conveniently forgot that, weeks earlier, she had been one such potential target. Martha acted as Raymond's sister, putting their prey at ease while Raymond worked his Voodoo magic on the unsuspecting women. Within a few weeks of meeting them, Ms Esther Henne had become the new Mrs Fernandez but, when the superficial charm wore thin and the interest in her insurance policies became suspicious, Esther grabbed a suitcase and ran, leaving behind her car and money.

The trick was repeated numerous times until one woman, Myrtle Green, complained of Martha's continual presence. The moaning irritated Raymond so much that he drugged the poor woman and left her unconscious on a bus. They returned to rob the apartment while Myrtle died in hospital the next day.

ABOVE The couple leave Bronx County Courthouse, smiling for the cameras

LEFT The exterior of the home of Delphine Downing and her daughter Rainelle

“THE KILLER COUPLE CLEANED THE ROOM AND HID JANET’S BODY IN A LARGE TRUNK WHILE THEY DECIDED WHAT TO DO NEXT”

Whether the pair had intended such a wretched ending was never established but the cruel sting continued until Raymond started wooing a wealthy 66-year-old widow named Janet Fay.

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

Martha became increasingly jealous of the attention Raymond was giving Janet, and when she caught the pair in bed together, it all became too much. Moments later, Janet lay slumped on the floor, her head caved in by a ball-peen hammer and a scarf wrapped tightly around her neck. Martha had gone berserk, or so Raymond had told her. She later professed to have blacked out momentarily, only to regain her faculties, covered in blood. The killer couple cleaned the room and hid the body in a large trunk at Raymond's sister's house while they considered what to do next. Eventually they decided to bury the trunk in the basement of their new rented house. Meanwhile, to divert suspicion, they sent letters to Janet's family using a typewriter, but this was their first stupid mistake. Janet had never had a typewriter and wouldn't have known how to use one. The police were notified by worried family members and the hunt for Janet Fay began.

Martha and Raymond decided to put some space between themselves and the decaying body in the basement so they made their way to Grand Rapids, where Ray started seeing a pretty 41-year-old widow, Delphine Downing, with whom he had previously corresponded through the Lonely Hearts pages. Delphine was much younger than their previous targets, causing further jealousy in Martha, but when the attractive widow caught sight of Raymond without his toupee on, she soon realised that she had been deceived as to his age and suitability. She felt that, considering her age, looks and social status, she could probably do better and so she started to complain... loudly. An embarrassed Raymond, who didn't want Martha to hear another woman deride him, reacted by giving her sleeping tablets to shut her up. Unfortunately, Delphine's two-year-old daughter, Rainelle, witnessed her mother staggering about the room before collapsing in a chair. She started crying hysterically. During the sensational trial, Martha claimed to have grabbed the toddler by the throat and choked her into unconsciousness, but this only caused more trouble since now the child would need to be permanently silenced. Clearly, the mother would have to go, too.

Raymond shot Delphine in the head and the pair buried her body in the basement. When her daughter woke up and started crying for her mother, Martha plunged the little girl's head into a bucket of filthy water until she stopped struggling. Her pitiful body was dumped next to her mother's. The brazen pair continued to cash in Delphine's cheques and go through her house looking for money, but the neighbours realised that the mother and daughter were missing and called the police.

“I’M NO AVERAGE KILLER”

Martha Beck and her murderous lover were arrested on 28 February 1949, and sent to Kent County DA's Office. Realising that the game was well and truly up, they decided to tell their tale in graphic detail, happily signing the 73-page confession. Far from showing signs of remorse, Raymond proudly announced, “I'm no average killer”, while Martha giggled her way through a lurid account of their sexual exploits. However, although Raymond was receiving

attention as a murderous Lothario, Martha had become a figure of fun in the tabloid papers, described as everything from 'a 200lb figure of wrath' to 'Big Martha'. She had become a complete laughing stock and her romance a farcical image of base deviancy. For a woman who had built her life around tales of true love and the concept of never-ending passion, this was too much to take. She had been ridiculed and bullied as a child but had no intention of allowing society to victimise her now. To the public's delight, she sent a barrage of letters to the editor, demanding an immediate apology. Of course, one never came but newspaper sales soared.

A DEADLY DEAL

Since there was no death sentence in Michigan, the Lonely Hearts Killers, as they were now known as in the press, felt that, if they confessed to the murder of Delphine and her daughter, it would keep them from facing a charge of murder back in New York where capital punishment was still in operation. However, unbeknown to them, a deal had been struck between the Governor of New York and the Kent County DA's office. If the DA was prepared to waive charges for the double murder in Michigan and extradite the pair to New York, they would face charges for the murder of Janet Fay. In other words, they could ask for the death sentence. Since, thanks to the lurid media coverage, the public had already convicted them in their hearts, the DA agreed and the monstrous pair were sent to stand before Judge Ferdinand Pecora at the Bronx Supreme Court.

The trial itself was a spectacle the like of which no one had ever seen. During particularly salacious testimonies, more than 20 extra police officers were called in to hold back the clamouring crowd, who were desperate to have a good look at the perverted couple. Meanwhile, the sexual misconduct of the Voodoo Spaniard and his corpulent sidekick made the front page every day of the proceedings. A multitude of witnesses were called for the prosecution, including teary friends and family of the victim, Janet Fay. Then, on 11 July, Raymond Fernandez took the stand, causing near-hysteria. He wished to retract his confession, claiming to have nothing to do with Janet's murder. Apparently, he'd only confessed in order to save Martha, because he loved her and, while he swore that he "could never hurt a fly", he was happy to announce "that woman, she is evil. She should die." However, within a few hours everything changed and he begged for an opportunity to take full responsibility and to ensure Martha's freedom. No one seemed to know exactly what was going on, least of all Martha, who had to stand by and watch her forever lover put her down only to pick her up again. It was a tortuous time for her but, on 25 July 1949, Ms Martha Beck sashayed across the courtroom and took the witness stand, ready to face the world.

Unlike Raymond, her story was consistent, with few deviations from her original testimony. It was a pathetic tale, designed to invoke pity and understanding, covering her hateful mother, the continuous bullying by her peers, the sexual assaults and, ultimately, her horrendous luck with

the opposite sex. Unfortunately for her, none of the jury could identify with the grotesque figure who had happily confessed to three-way strip poker (with Raymond and Esther Henne) in lurid detail, and so the ploy failed miserably. The fact that she had callously abandoned her children for a Lonely Hearts pen pal hardly helped ingratiate her towards the good citizens of New York and her tears did not move them like she'd hoped. The media, meanwhile, barely mentioned the victims in their reports. Interest centred around Martha's outrageous outfits and the abnormal love affair that had sparked the whole killing spree. As the descriptions became more and more cruel, Martha was heard to say, "What am I being tried for – murder, or because I'm fat?" It was a fair comment.

When asked about her relationship with Raymond Fernandez, Martha was quick to point out theirs was an undying love. She admitted that she would have done anything to retain his attention, even commit murder if that was what was asked of her. However, back in her cell, she confessed that there was an element of fear in their union. She was convinced that his Voodoo powers were incredibly strong and that he could control her, even when they were apart, which meant that, even if she had wanted to, she couldn't be disloyal to him.

Eventually the prison doctors told her that Raymond had contracted syphilis but had done nothing to protect her. For the first time Martha couldn't avoid the truth: Raymond had never truly loved her.

On 19 August 1949, the jury of ten men and two women returned a verdict of guilty of first-degree murder and, three days later, the judge sentenced them both to die

in the electric chair. The pair were whisked off to Sing Sing prison where they were separated and placed on Death Row.

“THE PRESS WERE SO CRUEL, MARTHA ASKED, ‘WHAT AM I BEING TRIED FOR – MURDER, OR BECAUSE I’M FAT?’”

“I LOVE MARTHA!”

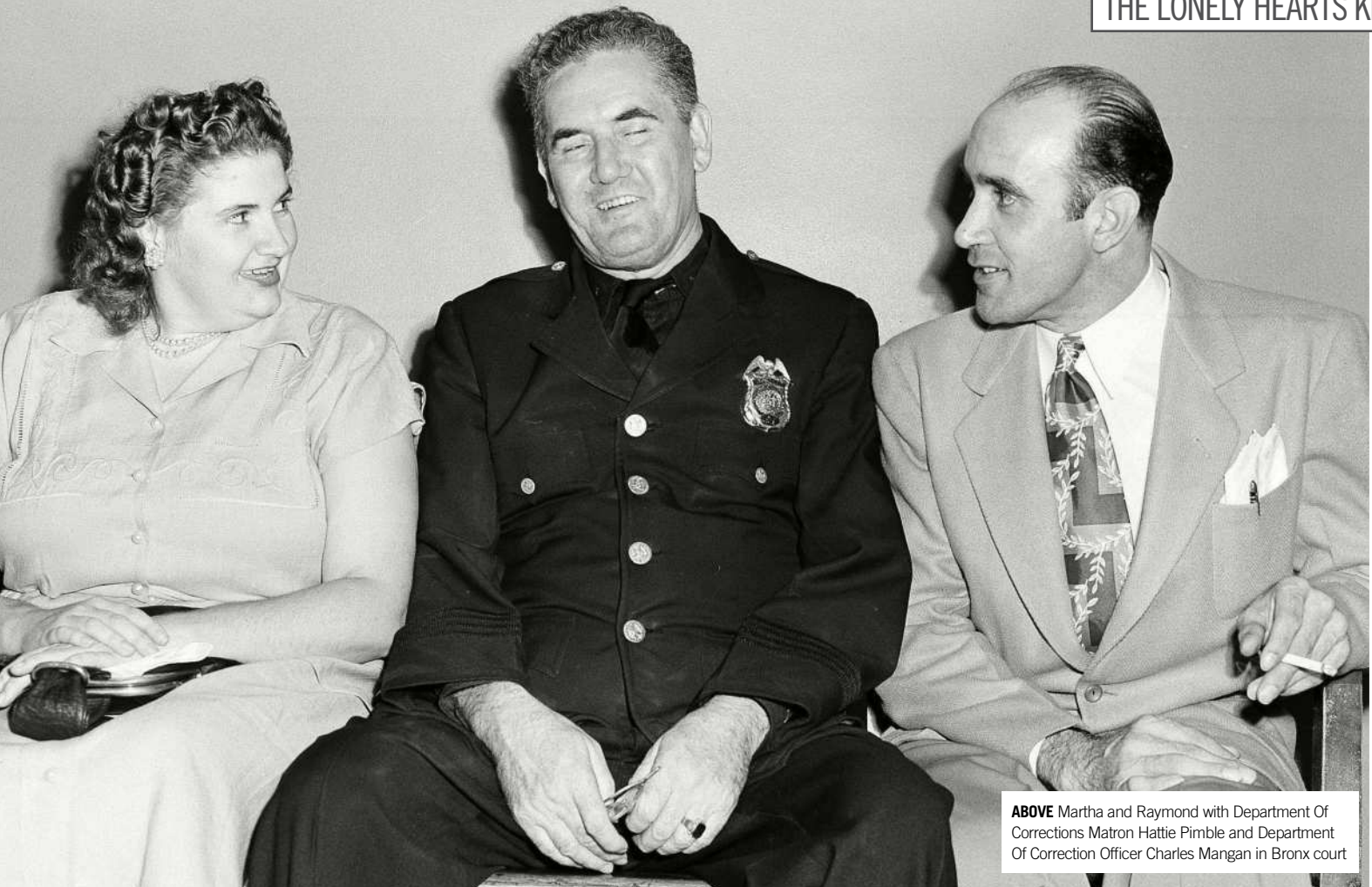
The media continued to report the comings and goings of the deviant couple long after the trial had ended. Their tumultuous relationship was fodder for the tabloids, who quoted every vicious comment alongside the sickly displays of affection that inevitably followed. But while Martha was oscillating between feelings of unconditional love and describing him as a 'lying rat', Raymond was sending love letters to his first wife who had, unbelievably, stayed in contact and continued to profess her love for him. Had Martha known, it would have broken her but, on 8 March 1951, when he was led to the execution chamber, Raymond shouted out, "I love Martha! What do the public know about love?" Twelve minutes later, Martha was strapped into the electric chair. As she faced the witnesses she mouthed the words 'so long' but no sound came out, and with that, the Lonely Hearts Killers were no more.

Strangely, however, the case was not quite closed, for later that year, an article entitled *The Untold Story of Martha* was published in *True Crime Detective*. In it, a psychiatrist who worked for the defence counsel made the shocking claim that Martha did not strike the blow that fatally wounded Janet Fay. Furthermore, he maintained that she never drowned Rainelle Downing in the bucket of dirty water. Since Raymond was the only other person present, he would have had to have murdered them all. If this was the case, Martha must have confessed to the slayings in order to save her lover from a solitary execution.



BELOW The body of Janet Fay was temporarily stored in a trunk at the home of Mrs Lena Cano, Raymond's sister





ABOVE Martha and Raymond with Department Of Corrections Matron Hattie Pimble and Department Of Correction Officer Charles Mangan in Bronx court



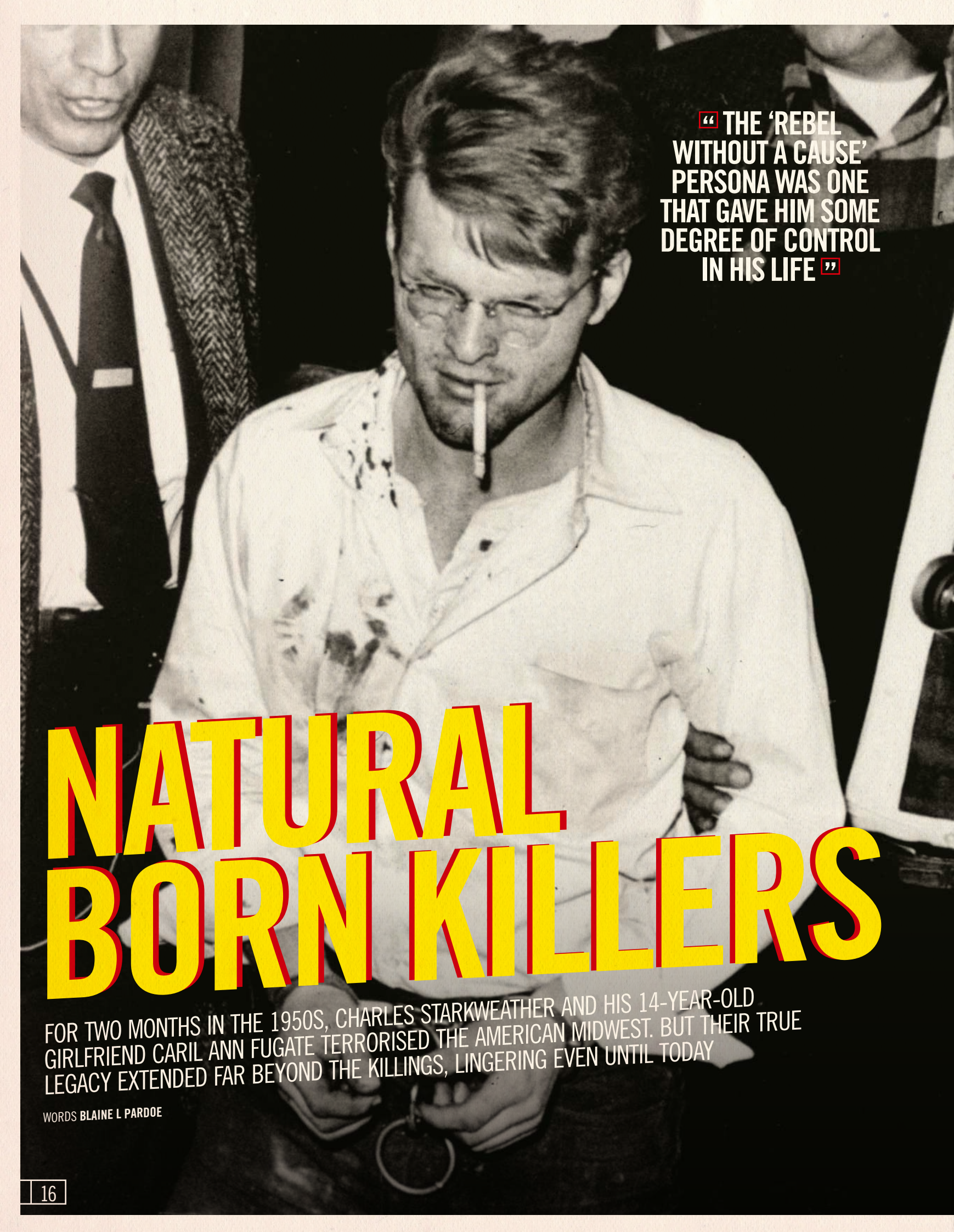
Raymond, on the other hand, was happy to let his so-called partner in crime take the blame. The psychiatrist, Dr Hoffman, went on to say that Raymond had admitted as much but refused to save his paramour from certain death. Before meeting Raymond, Martha had never shown signs of psychotic behaviour. It was only after that fateful correspondence in the Lonely Hearts ads that she began exhibiting signs of the desperate sexually abhorrent monster the world would come to recognise. Until that point, she'd been nothing more than a rather pathetic creature, confusing promiscuous one-night stands for potential romances. So, was it undying love that made her confess to the murders? Although she undoubtedly loved him, Martha was also extremely frightened of her lover. She had mentioned on numerous occasions to the matrons whilst on Death Row that she never dared to speak out against Raymond for fear that he might kill her. When the sceptical wardens pointed out that there was no way her lover could get to her in prison, Martha had cryptically replied that Raymond could reach anyone, anywhere thanks to his powers of Voodoo magic. Although the women found her comments laughable, they all agreed that Martha herself had truly believed every word. She also inferred that it was his overwhelming ability to control her, both physically and mentally, that had caused her to end up on Death Row in the first place.

Janet Fay was fatally struck by a right-handed blow to the head. Martha Beck was left-handed. After the execution, another confession, written by Martha, was eventually publicised. The final sentence insists 'I never killed anyone in my life.' If this is the case, Martha Jule Beck was as much a victim of Raymond Fernandez as Janet Fay, Delphine Downing, Rainelle Downing and Jane Thompson.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

WHEN COUPLES KILL, THEIR TREATMENT WITHIN THE JUSTICE SYSTEM SHOULD BE THE SAME. THIS IS NOT ALWAYS THE CASE

Historically speaking, men have always been seen as the strong protectors of the family while the women are seen as the nurturers. As primary caregivers, certain characteristics have been attributed to females and when couples kill the media will, more often than not, treat each sex differently. Such a reaction is known as the Double Deviance Theory. Clearly both people have behaved abnormally, having resorted to murder, but the female has not only deviated from the moral and legal stance of society, but also from the accepted norms of her gender, hence 'Double Deviance'. Women will often be vilified by the press, giving them ghastly names or reproducing particularly unflattering photographs that only serve to prove their point. Martha's case is a prime example. Although both partners killed, it was Martha who was ridiculed, predominantly because of her size and looks (traits that men find very important in a woman). Myra Hindley of the Moors Murderers is another case in point. Although there were many attractive photographs of Myra available, it was the austere peroxide blonde image that was repeatedly used. While Brady was described as 'disturbed', Myra was nothing less than 'pure evil' due to her unnatural behaviour.



“THE ‘REBEL
WITHOUT A CAUSE’
PERSONA WAS ONE
THAT GAVE HIM SOME
DEGREE OF CONTROL
IN HIS LIFE”

NATURAL BORN KILLERS

FOR TWO MONTHS IN THE 1950S, CHARLES STARKWEATHER AND HIS 14-YEAR-OLD GIRLFRIEND CARIL ANN FUGATE TERRORISED THE AMERICAN MIDWEST. BUT THEIR TRUE LEGACY EXTENDED FAR BEYOND THE KILLINGS, LINGERING EVEN UNTIL TODAY

WORDS BLAINE L PARDOE

LEFT With a bloodstained shirt from a cut sustained during his arrest, Starkweather is led to jail

Few killing sprees have endured in the same way the Starkweather-Fugate murders have in the American media. There are many reasons for this morbid public fixation on the killings. First, the murderous spree was one of the first to be broadcast via television. Second, the brutality of the crimes took place in an unlikely place and time – in the solemn Midwest of the USA in the bitter cold of the winter. The crimes began in the same year that Sputnik was launched and when Bobby Fischer became America's chess champion. America was attempting to wrestle with its identity on the world stage, while rock-and-roll music was upsetting the social balance and societal norms. The 1950s were a pastoral prelude to the social uprising of the 1960s.

The murders were most likely not the act of just one deranged killer; Charles Starkweather's accomplice was a rebellious teenage girl, whose involvement in the crimes has been hotly contested. Throw into the mix Starkweather's look and style – which mirrored that of film star James Dean – and you had a combination that has inspired numerous books, films and songs. Yet while films such as *Natural Born Killers* took the tale to new heights in terms of sensationalism, only the most devout true crime aficionados really know the full story behind the wave of crime that rocked smalltown America.

TWISTED LOVE GONE BAD

Charles 'Charlie' Starkweather was born on 24 November 1938 in Lincoln, Nebraska. From a working class family, he was born the third of seven children. Far from the child one might expect to grow into a cold-hearted killer, Starkweather suffered from bad eyesight that went undiagnosed until he was 15. His school grades were poor and he only showed an aptitude in gym class. He had a speech impediment and was bowlegged – both of which drew the ire of school bullies, to whom he often responded with violence. An angry loner who struggled with relationships, by the age of 16 Charles had dropped out of high school.

While the rest of America enjoyed a post-war boom, Charles found himself struggling to make ends meet. His only stable job was that of a garbage collector, which didn't pay enough for him to enjoy life. His job required him to collect trash in pristine upper-class neighbourhoods. But Charlie was a slacker who identified with film star James Dean more

than his own role in society. He emulated Dean's clothing style, often wearing tight jeans, cowboy boots and even attempting to duplicate Dean's mannerisms. He slicked back his red hair in a duck-tail style, just like the actor. The 'rebel without a cause' persona gave him a degree of control in his life and made him feel like he fitted in with the baby-boomer society while still standing out.

Also offering Charles's life even a shred of stability was his girlfriend, Caril Ann Fugate. The girl's older sister Barbara was dating Charlie's best friend, and the two met when Charlie was 18 years old, Caril just 13.

Caril came from a broken family and, like Charlie, she did not do well in school. Her mother had remarried and Caril's younger half-sister dominated her parents' attention. Charlie was an older boy, who dressed and acted like a 'bad boy' figure. The more her parents tried to separate the two – mostly due to their age gap – the more they were drawn together. The combination was destined to prove deadly.

HIS FIRST VICTIM

Charles Starkweather didn't rush into murder, he slowly worked his way up to it. On 30 November 1957, the 18-year-old went into a Crest gas station where he had spotted a toy stuffed dog that he wanted to purchase for Caril. Lacking money, he asked the attendant, Robert George Colvert, if he would allow him to purchase the toy on credit. Colvert refused. It was such an innocuous thing, so minor, yet it set Starkweather down a long, bloody road. The frustration at not having enough money and once more being denied his heart's desire by society proved the last straw.

Starkweather was determined to kill the attendant but it took him time to muster the courage. Over the next few hours, he went in to purchase gum, then again to purchase some cigarettes. On the third visit he pulled a makeshift bandana over his face and confronted Colvert with a shotgun. When the young attendant could not open the safe, Charlie was forced to rob him of the contents of the till – just over \$100. Starkweather then ordered Robert Colvert into his car and drove him some distance. What happened next remains unclear to this day.

Charlie claimed that Robert struggled to take the shotgun. In a twisted form of self-defence, Starkweather shot Colvert in the head, leaving him face-down on a muddy country road.

200 Police Hunt Nebraska Teen Lovers Who Killed 7

Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 28 (Special).—More than 200 police tonight combed southeast Nebraska for two teen-age lovers, wanted for seven shotgun killings, including the girl's mother, stepfather and baby half-sister.

Col. C. J. Sanders, head of the state highway patrol units in the hunt, said he feared the girl, Carol Fugate, 15, of Lincoln, might become her boy friend's eighth victim. Charles Starkweather, 19, would, Sanders said, "stop at nothing if the girl became a burden to him in his flight."

Keep Guns Ready

As the searchers fanned out across rural Nebraska, frightened farm families, terming Starkweather a "crazy killer," left yard lights burning tonight and kept loaded guns close at hand. Poses patrolled all roads in the hope of keeping the pair bottled up in an area around Lincoln. Murder warrants were issued for both. Bearing out Sanders' fear for Carol's safety was an autopsy report that one of the victims had been sexually assaulted.

Earlier, a farmer told police he had twice seen Starkweather today, driving a car through rutted mud roads not far from where the latest victims were found.



Carol King



Robert Jensen

to Starkweather's souped up car, abandoned near the farmhouse of August Meyer, 70, a wealthy bachelor.

Sheriff Merle Karnopp, believing he had the youngsters trapped inside, drew up a force of 15 state troopers, 12 police and sheriff's deputies in a skirmish line before the house. Over a loudspeaker he warned that whoever was inside had five minutes to come out.

police advanced. They found Meyer, dead of a shotgun blast.

He apparently had been shot in the back as he stood on his porch, then dumped in his own washhouse. An empty .410 gauge shotgun shell was found nearby – the same caliber used in all the killings. Meyer's billfold was gone and the house apparently had been ransacked.

Three-quarters of a mile from the farmhouse in an old storm cave by an abandoned schoolhouse, police found the bodies of Carol King, 16, and Robert Jensen, 17. The young couple, both of Bennett, had failed to return last night from a drive in Jensen's car.

Both had died of shotgun blasts, and the King girl had been sexually abused.

Jensen's car was gone.

Today's slayings took place 16 miles south of Lincoln, where the trail of death started last weekend. Police said Carol and Starkweather went berserk when her



Carol Fugate and Charles Starkweather—murder suspects. (United Press Telegram)

mother, Mrs. Pansy Street, went to call on her daughter and found Carol barring the door. Carol said: "Go home. They're all sick."

Suspicious, Mrs. Street returned with two detectives. A note attached

and Mrs. Bartlett, both shot-gunned, and their daughter Betty Jean, 3, who had been beaten to death.

Starkweather also stood accused of a month-old shotgun slaying of a Lincoln service station owner.

"I GOT MAD AT PEOPLE"

STARKWEATHER'S WATERSHED KILLING HELPED THE TROUBLED TEEN FIND A NEW WAY OF EXPRESSING HIS RAGE... IN A ROADTRIP RAMPAGE

30 NOVEMBER 1957

In the late evening, 21-year-old gas station attendant Robert Colvert is robbed of just over \$100 dollars and taken hostage at the Crest gas station at 1545 Cornhusker Highway by Charles Starkweather.

21 JANUARY 1958

Charles Starkweather (perhaps with the help of Caril Fugate) murders Fugate's mother, stepfather and half-sister, disposing of their bodies in a chicken coop and outhouse.

28 JANUARY 1958

At 4843 S. 24th Street, C Lauer Ward, his wife Clara and their maid Lillian Fencil are murdered in their posh country-club home. Caril and Charlie steal jewellery as well as the couple's Packard.

Today such a crime could perhaps be solved in a matter of hours, but in 1957 Charles Starkweather somehow slipped under the police radar. For the first time in his life, he had spending money, although it did attract the attention of some store owners that most of his purchases were in change. Starkweather was nervous. He repainted his car with some of the profits of his robbery to make it harder to identify. The murder had outraged the idyllic Lincoln, Nebraska community; the 21-year-old victim's wife was pregnant and murders of this type were rare. Little did anyone realise that this was just the first of many.

A TRIPLE HOMICIDE

Charlie confessed to Caril that he had robbed the gas station but never claimed any involvement in the murder. Just 14 at the time, his girlfriend didn't seem to question his version of events. While it is possible she had him sussed but kept quiet out of fear, it was just as likely that she took him at his word.

Both her family and Starkweather's recognised the inappropriate nature of their relationship and continued trying to separate them, which only seemed to drive them closer together. On 21 January 1958, Charlie showed up at the Bartlett home with a .22 rifle. The exact details of the ensuing confrontation with Caril's parents vary. Starkweather would claim that he had brought the rifle to take Caril's stepfather, Marion Bartlett, hunting... with the hope of bonding. But, instead, he stated that Caril's mother, Velda, angrily confronted him about his relationship with their daughter and that Marion tried to attack him with a hammer. Charlie shot him out of so-called self defence. Starkweather then turned on Velda, who he claimed had rushed him with a knife. He shot her in the face.

At this point, their two-and-a-half year old child, Betty Jean, was crying. She was hit in the throat by a thrown knife, then beaten to death with the butt of the rifle.

Marion, by Starkweather's account, had survived the initial attack and made his way to the bedroom. Charlie then finished him off with the knife.



So what was Caril's role, if any? After his arrest, Starkweather claimed that Caril was present at the time of the murders and may have played a role in the death of her little sister. But Caril later claimed to have come home and, unaware of the murders, was taken hostage by Charlie. The story was that he had a gang holding her parents hostage and watching the house. If she left, she and they would be killed. It was a far-fetched story given that Caril knew Charlie was a man with few, if any, friends.

Velda's corpse was discarded in the outhouse, dropped into the latrine. The tiny body of Betty Jean was placed in a cardboard box and left in the outhouse. Marion, Caril's stepfather, had been dragged into the chicken coop. The crime scene was cleaned, making it impossible for the investigators of the time to determine what had unfolded.

Adding to the bizarre nature of these crimes, Starkweather and Fugate didn't flee the crime scene. They remained living in the house for six days. Caril put a note up in the window reading "Stay a Way Every Body is sick with the Flue." Suspicions were aroused, but Caril managed to convince most to stay clear. One woman, Caril's grandmother, Pansy, refused to buy into the story. The thought that a 14-year-old

“ HE SHOT HER IN THE FACE. THEIR TWO-AND-A-HALF YEAR OLD WAS HIT IN THE THROAT WITH A KNIFE, THEN BEATEN TO DEATH ”

would be left in charge of a sick family was a thin excuse at best. Her grandmother demanded entry and threatened to return with the police.

Realising that his crimes were about to be revealed, Starkweather hit the road with Caril. On 26 January 1958, they went to see an old friend of the Starkweather family, August Meyer. The next day the bodies of the Barlett family would be found by the authorities, and Starkweather and Fugate would be wanted in connection with the murders.

THE SECOND TRIPLE HOMICIDE

70-year-old August Meyer lived 20 miles away in Bennet, Nebraska. Charlie had known and allegedly respected Meyer for his entire life. Living as a bachelor outside a small town made perfect sense for the two fugitives to select his

CHARLES STARKWEATHER AND CARIL ANN FUGATE

RIGHT Starkweather and Fugate traded their vehicle four times during the murdering spree, from their Ford, to Jensen and King's car, to the Ward's 1956 Packard and finally Collison's Buick

BELOW Following his arrest, police confiscated Starkweather's hunting rifle, his two pistols and his hunting knife. The frenzy with which these weapons had been used horrified investigators

BELOW RIGHT Investigators examine the abandoned storm drain near the school where Starkweather and Fugate dumped the bodies of two of their victims

residence as a spot in which to lay low. On the way there Charlie's car became stuck in the muddy snow and the two of them took temporary shelter in the storm cellar of the disused District 79 schoolhouse.

The pair went to Meyer's house under the pretence of using his horses to help get Charlie's car out of the mud. Again, accounts vary between Starkweather and Fugate. Charlie contended that Meyer had confronted him and he fired in self-defence (an established pattern in Starkweather's claims regarding his crimes). Not only was Meyer shot in the head but his dog was killed. Meyer's body was dragged to the outhouse – as had been done with Caril's mother – and left there covered with a blanket. Starkweather ransacked the home for weapons and money before staying the night.

They elicited help from a neighbour to try and get their car free, but to no avail. With the car still mired in the frigid mud, Starkweather and Fugate attracted the attention of another young couple driving by. 17-year-old Robert Jensen and his girlfriend, 16-year-old Carol King, pulled over to offer the hitchhikers a ride. Charlie produced a shotgun and demanded money. They ordered the couple to drive them back to the old schoolhouse in which they had taken refuge.

The young couple were blindfolded and ordered into the storm cellar. While accounts vary, it appears that Jensen was shot in the back of the head six times, while Carol was shot once in the head. King's pants and underwear were pulled down but there was no evidence of a rape.

Fugate's version of events was that she remained in the car during the entire murder, stunned by Starkweather's brutality. In Starkweather's version, he had attempted to rape Carol but failed to do so and Fugate stabbed her in a fit of jealous rage after she'd been shot dead.

THE THIRD TRIPLE HOMICIDE

With the discovery of August Meyer's, Robert Jensen's and Carol King's bodies on 28 January 1958, there was little doubt that Starkweather – and most likely Fugate – were on a murderous rampage of some sort. What no one expected was that they would return to Lincoln, Nebraska.

When the renegades arrived back in town, they drove by Caril's house to see if the bodies of her parents and sister had been discovered. Spotting several cars there, as well as police, they drove on by unimpeded. Charlie went to one of the more upscale neighbourhoods in Lincoln, where they bullied their way into the home of a wealthy businessman, C Lauer Ward. A friend of the Governor and the President of Capital Steel, he was at work when Starkweather forced his wife Clara to let them in. Charlie had Caril join them inside and even forced their maid, Lillian Fencel, to make them breakfast.

For Starkweather it had to be a satisfying turn of events. A one-time garbageman who had been forced to pick up their refuse was now forcing a well-to-do family to wait on him.



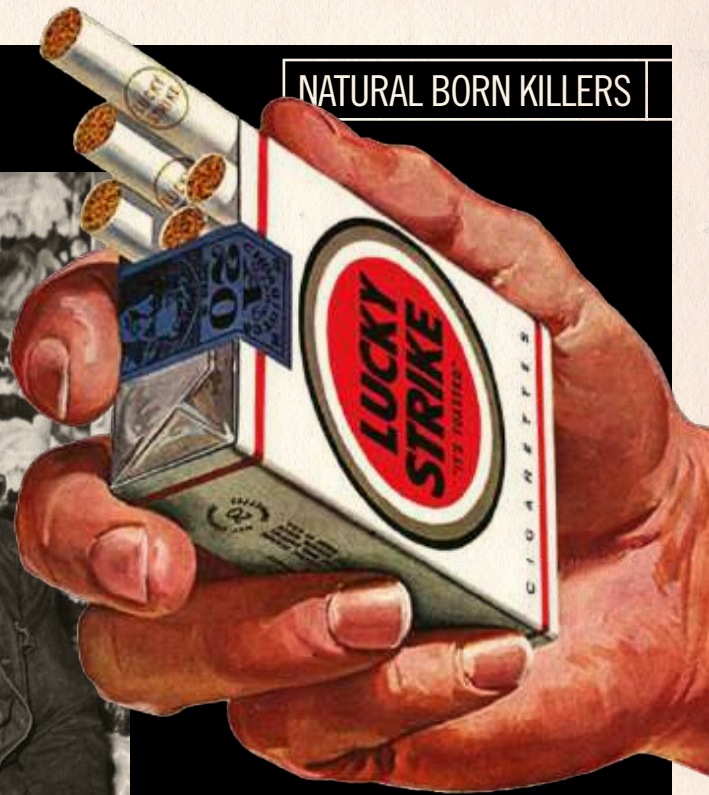
It was only a matter of time before this farce was destined to turn into tragedy.

In Charlie's version of events, Mrs Ward requested to go upstairs to change her shoes in the afternoon. He would later allege that she came at him with a .22, firing and missing, forcing him throw a knife at her. The physical evidence doesn't support his account; no bullet holes were present and Mrs Ward suffered from stab wounds to the rear of her neck and torso. While dragging her body to conceal it, her poodle Suzy frightened Starkweather, who broke its neck.

When the afternoon newspaper was delivered, Charlie got a first glimpse of his new notoriety as a serial killer. For someone who desired the lifestyle of a rebel-outlaw, the news had to be the fulfilment of his dreams. He and Caril robbed the Ward home of jewellery and money, and when Mr Ward arrived home he was confronted by Starkweather, gun in hand. The two struggled for control of the weapon, which was a battle Starkweather won. He shot Ward in the face. Caril then helped tie up the 51-year-old maid, who claimed Charlie had stabbed repeatedly while chanting "Die, die, die!"

Fearing that they would be captured, they stole the Wards' Packard and planned to drive to Washington State, where one





LEFT At the age of 14, Fugate's initial match to Starkweather had been frowned upon

ABOVE US advertisers in the 50s had carte blanche to advertise cigarettes the way they chose, and Starkweather bought into the glamour of smoking

“ CARIL USED THIS OPPORTUNITY TO JUMP OUT AND PROCLAIM ‘HE’S GOING TO KILL ME. HE’S CRAZY. HE JUST KILLED A MAN’ ”

of Charlie's brother's lived. Starkweather left a letter for law enforcement in the house: "I and Caril are sorry for what has happen, cause I have hurt every body cause of it and so has Caril. But I'n saying one thing every body than cane out there was luckie there not dead even caril's sister."

When Mr Ward's coworker went looking for him and discovered the bodies the next day (on 29 January 1958) panic struck the Lincoln community. Not only was this killing spree continuing, but Starkweather and Fugate had returned. Schools were let out and classes cancelled. Gun sales soared as the National Guard was deployed in Lincoln. No one realised that the couple had set off away from the community. But their rampage of death was not yet over.

THE FINAL VICTIM

The big black Packard they stole from the Wards seemed out of place as the pair drove into Wyoming. Word of their murdering spree had begun to spread and Charlie became paranoid that the large stolen vehicle might lead them to a confrontation with the law, so he conceived of stealing another car.

While driving along a highway they came across a Buick parked alongside the road. Inside the vehicle was Merle Collison, a travelling shoe salesman hailing from Great Falls, Montana. He had stopped to take a quick nap along the road in Douglas, Wyoming. Charlie woke him and, at gunpoint, suggested that they trade vehicles – the startled Collison quickly agreed. Starkweather then shot him in the head, neck, arm and leg. Rather than leave the corpse beside the road he slid it into the passenger seat and tried to take off with the new car. The problem was that Starkweather could not figure out how to release the emergency brake on the Buick. Attempting to get it moving, he stalled.

When a good Samaritan stopped to help the young couple, he was confronted with Charles Starkweather holding a gun. Rather than submit to Starkweather's demands, he sprang on the teen and the two men began to wrestle beside the roadway. Natrona County Sherriff's Deputy William Romer spotted the three cars beside the road and the two men struggling on the ground.

Caril used this opportunity to jump out and proclaim "He's going to kill me. He's crazy. He just killed a man."

In the chaos, Starkweather broke free from the scuffle

THE MEDIA MADE THEM SUPERSTARS

HOW STARKWEATHER AND FUGATE MADE THEIR WAY INTO POPULAR CULTURE



The Sadist (1963)

Directly inspired by the case, black and white shocker *The Sadist* keeps its inspirations carefully concealed.



Badlands (1973)

Terence Malik's retro-tinged crime film gives the boy/girl killing spree a fairy tale quality. Hugely underated.



Kalifornia (1993)

Unhinged parolee Early Grayce torments a writer on a roadtrip around serial killer murder sites.



Natural Born Killers (1994)

Oliver Stone's ultra-violent black comedy is powerfully satirical.

OTHERS:

Stephen King's *The Stand* (1978)

Bruce Springsteen's 'Nebraska' (1988)

Murder in The Heartland (1993)

The Frighteners (1996)

and made it to his car, setting off at over 100 miles per hour towards the town of Douglas. Caril identified the man behind the wheel, speeding into the distance, and Romer quickly called for reinforcements and a roadblock to be set up to apprehend the fleeing vehicle.

Another deputy, Robert Ainslie caught up with Starkweather, tailing him and shooting at his vehicle. One of the shots shattered the rear window, cutting Starkweather's ear with a shard of the glass. County Sheriff Earl Heflin later told reporters, "It was his own blood that got him. He thought he was shot deader 'n hell when he saw that blood. I guess he thought he was bleeding to death. That's what kind of a yellow SOB he is."

JUSTICE?

We will never know the full story behind what actually occurred in most of these crimes. Starkweather's accounts of the murders changed almost every time he told them. Then there's Caril Fugate, who to this day continues to maintain her innocence, that she had nothing to do with the murders and that she too was merely a victim of Charles



LEFT A downcast expression on Fugate's face, photographed on 30 January 1958, a day after the arrest

RIGHT 8 May 1958, and Charles is led to court. It would be a year before he was eventually executed

Starkweather's murderous rampage. For a while after he was apprehended, Charlie corroborated with Caril's proclamations of her own innocence and admitted he had been holding her hostage.

Later in his legal proceedings, that story changed when Caril refused to meet with him. Starkweather went on to claim that Caril had been an active participant in many of the crimes. She was guilty of the mutilation of Carol King's body, which was repeatedly stabbed in the pubic area, Starkweather claimed Caril had committed out of jealousy. Starkweather passed several polygraphs supporting tales of Caril's involvement.

It was difficult, if not impossible, for the public to accept that Caril Fugate had lived for several weeks with Charles Starkweather and did not have an opportunity to escape and inform the authorities of the crimes that had transpired. Fugate claimed she feared for her life and that Charlie often tied her up, but the fact that she lived with Starkweather in her parents' home, with their bodies decomposing only feet away, cast serious doubts on the credibility of her defence. Caril claimed that she didn't know her parents and baby sister were dead.



“OF THE MUTILATION OF CAROL KING, REPEATEDLY STABBED IN HER PUBIC AREA, CARIL COMMITTED THE ACT OUT OF JEALOUSY”

When she was tried for her crimes, Starkweather was brought in by the prosecution to testify against his former lover. On 21 November 1958, Caril Ann Fugate was found guilty and her jury gave her a life sentence. On 25 June 1959, Charles Starkweather was put to death by electric chair. For the most part he was unrepentant about the murders he committed and steadfastly stated that Fugate had been a willing participant, not a victim.

Caril Fugate's sentence was commuted in 1973. She was awarded parole in 1976. Fugate moved to Lansing, Michigan where she worked as a janitor in a hospital. She married Frederick Clair in 2007 and moved to Stryker, Ohio. She was injured and widowed when her husband died in a car crash in Tekonsha, Michigan in 2013, once more bringing her into the public spotlight. The infamy of their crimes refuses to go quietly into the cold of a winter night.

FROM MURDER TO MYTHOLOGY

DR JEAN MURLEY, ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR AT QUEENSBOROUGH COMMUNITY COLLEGE AND THE AUTHOR OF *THE RISE OF TRUE CRIME: 20TH-CENTURY MURDER AND AMERICAN POPULAR CULTURE*, ON THE REAL NATURAL BORN KILLERS



It has been said that the Starkweather crime spree was the first killing spree in the TV era. What role do you feel television may have played in this crime?

The Starkweather crimes were covered extensively in the true crime magazines of the time, and they struck a chord with readers

for several reasons: first and foremost, this was the time period when anxiety and fear about juvenile delinquency and youthful criminality was running high in the nation, just after World War II. As the first wave of the baby boomers hit adolescence in the late 1950s, law enforcement authorities began to warn of a coming crime wave, as it was understood even then that younger people tended to commit more crimes. 18-year-old Starkweather and his 14-year-old girlfriend, Caril Ann Fugate, fit the profile of the juvenile offenders of that period – young, aimless and heartless kids. The stunning randomness of their murders also hit home, as this murder spree rocked the country's seemingly safe heartland. Starkweather and Fugate seemed like harbingers of teenaged doom and the fulfilment of the darkest prophecies of paranoid cops and parents. I think these murders have spawned so many pop culture iterations because of the three-fold nature of the spree: it was a mixture of romance, violence and random criminality, three elements of endless fascination for both producers and consumers of popular culture. A perfect storm of audience interest.

What does this popularisation of murder say about our culture and collective memories this event?

It's a huge subject; the short (and inadequate) answer is that fascination with crimes like this (serial and spree killings) points in the same direction that fascination with crime fiction does – that true crime functions as a catharsis, a way of relieving anxiety about crime, a mode of processing the violent and incomprehensible actions of others. I believe that the majority of viewers and readers seek some form of relief from fear. What's most interesting to me is that the fear of crime is detached from and not correlated with actual crime statistics; rates of violent crime have plummeted in this country over the past couple of decades, but our appetite for true crime (and crime fiction) has remained steady.



THE MOORS MURDERERS

THERE'S IAN BRADY AND MYRA HINDLEY. THEN THERE'S
THE BLEAKNESS BETWEEN LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE.
SADDLEWORTH MOOR IS THE SILENT WITNESS THAT STILL
HOLDS A DARK SECRET: WHERE IS KEITH BENNETT?

WORDS MARTYN CONTERIO



Pictured in 1964, Keith Bennett was 12 when he was murdered

Fifty-one years after his abduction, rape and murder at the hands of Ian Brady and Myra Hindley – forever known as the Moors Murderers – 12-year-old Keith Bennett’s remains are yet to be recovered from their undignified resting place on Saddleworth Moor, Greater Manchester. The boy from Longsight vanished without a trace on 16 June 1964, a mere four days after his birthday. He had been walking to his grandmother’s house, where he would often stay overnight with his siblings. Hindley and Brady, out on the prowl in their Mini-Traveller, had spotted the lad all alone, approached him and asked if he’d help move some boxes from an off-licence.

The black-and-white photograph of Keith widely circulated by Manchester City Police showed a bucktoothed lad in glasses smiling warmly for the camera. In any other context, the photo would be of absolutely no significance to anybody but the Bennett family. Yet it’s been elevated to infamy by our knowledge of his cruel fate, and transformed into an emblem of a serial killer’s monstrous achievement. As with all photographs, but especially so in the case of those of murder victims, they capture an exact moment in time and speak to us of an often overlooked, somewhat ghoulish reality: this person is already dead, and they are going to die.

The world knows Keith Bennett as an image from a photo, but his family lost a son, a brother, a nephew, a cousin and a grandson. Friends lost their pal. It’s worth remembering, too, that it took the killers over 20 years to even confess their responsibility. 20 years of unanswered questions, suspicions and torment. Keith’s mother, Winnie Johnson, who passed away in 2012, aged 78, was again, like the rest of the families, launched from a life so utterly ordinary to a figure of fortitude and dignity.

It wasn’t until 1987 that Brady and Hindley, the former lovers who later displayed complete antipathy toward each

“MYRA WAS THE GIRL IN THE TERRACED HOUSE NEXT DOOR, AND IT WAS THIS EVERYDAY-NESS THAT ALLOWED HER TO APPROACH KIDS”

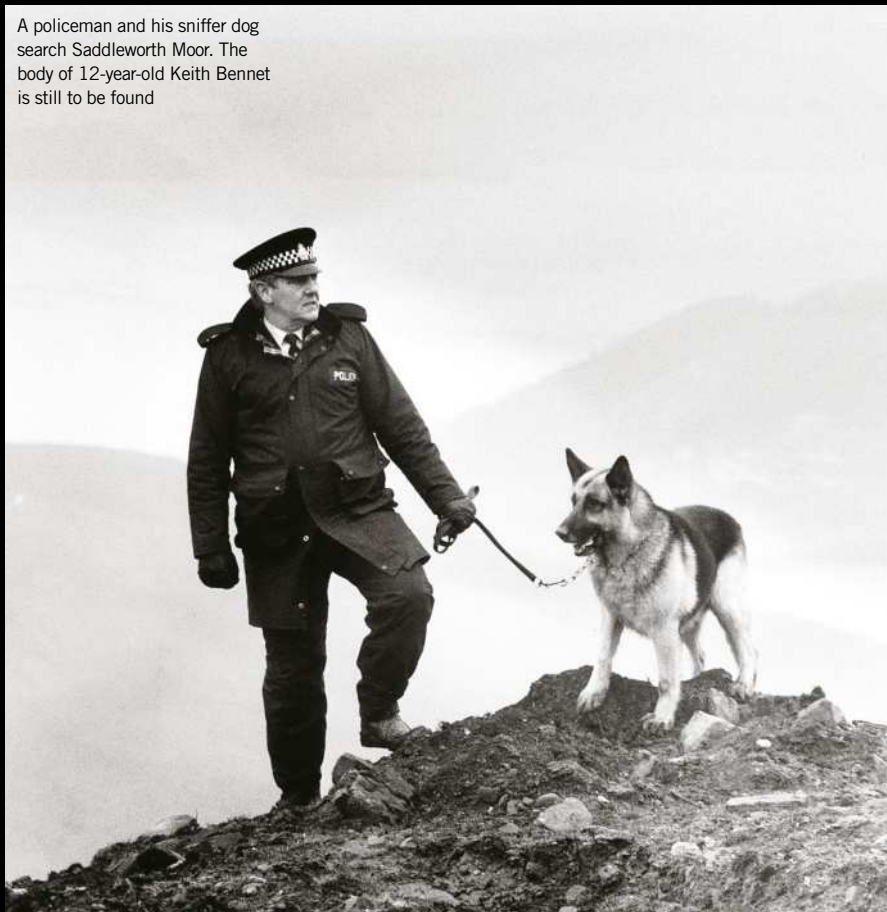
other, finally admitted abducting and murdering both Keith and Pauline Reade (their first victim). Based on information given by the pair, 16-year-old Reade was recovered by the forensics crew on the afternoon of 1 July that year. Her remains were interred on 1 August at Gorton Cemetery. With Keith, there was no such luck. The search was called off on 24 August 1987 and only resumed in 2003, under Operation Maida. Six years later, in 2009, the official police search was discontinued after no success.

Brady and Hindley at various times offered tantalising clues to Bennett’s location, but their memories and admissions were never definitive enough. What became a chief location and focal point, Shiny Brook, has become contentious, because it doesn’t tie in with where the other bodies were unearthed. Is Keith buried near to where John Kilbride was found, on the opposite side of the road from Lesley Ann Downey and Pauline Reade’s graves? Chris Crowther, whose family owns the land where the murders took place, believes so. He explained his reasoning to author Carol Ann Lee in her chilling, yet fair-minded, biography, *One of Your Own: The Life and Death of Myra Hindley* (2011). “We’ve always felt Keith was near John. Brady was a lazy beggar, wasn’t he? He kept them close. Girls on one side of the road, boys on the other. John’s grave was just under the lay-by there that we’ve created. Not far from the road at all.”



Taken in 1999, Bennett's mother Winnie Johnson in her Manchester home

A policeman and his sniffer dog search Saddleworth Moor. The body of 12-year-old Keith Bennett is still to be found



Search teams comb Saddleworth Moor for evidence of burial sites in 1965. They would discover two bodies that year and a third in 1987



It is true that Brady used two sides of the road, the A635 (Holmfirth Road), to bury his victims, close to Hollin Brown Knoll, only a hundred yards or so apart. Lesley Ann Downey (aged 10) and Pauline Reade (aged 16) were placed on the north side and John Kilbride (aged 12) on the south. Would Brady really have altered what looks like a clear and meaningful pattern based around his favourite spot on the moor? How many times have the searchers been within a hair's breadth of Keith's remains... and missed them?

Hindley died from the effects of bronchial pneumonia on 16 November 2002, aged 60, in West Suffolk Hospital. Tabloid newspapers had their long-awaited field day. Brady had decided to no longer cooperate with requests for fresh information from the Bennetts or detectives assigned to the case, going so far as to write to Winnie Johnson explaining his stance, which he put down to police incompetence. Yet in 1987, he'd been let out of Ashworth Hospital, Merseyside to embark upon a lamentable trip to the moor.

The killer now seemed unsure of the land. What was once his cherished kingdom of death now appeared to confuse him – or was he leading the authorities on a merry dance for his own sick kicks? For the family of Keith, it was another missed opportunity and an extension to their suffering. Responding to news of the called-off search in 2009, Winnie told the BBC: "I want Keith found before anything happens to me because I want to give him a decent burial."

BRADY AND HINDLEY: ICONS OF EVIL

Police portraits taken of Brady and Hindley during their trial at Chester Assizes in 1966 continue to haunt the covers



MEMENTOS OF MURDER

THE EERIE MIX AND GRIM FOOTAGE THAT CRACKED THE CASE

As the post-war leisure class emerged, technology became easily accessible for ordinary working class folk. Ian Brady made use of cameras, reel-to-reel recording equipment and 45s. Like many serial killers, these would provide grim souvenirs allowing the Moors Murderers to relive their crimes in the form of Proustian reverie.

Hindley would describe the graves as "marked by photographs and not headstones." When it was time to kill or just after a 'happening', as Brady referred to it, 45s were purchased for Hindley to mark the event. After they killed Pauline Reade, Brady selected Ken Thorne and His Orchestra's number four hit 'Theme from The Legion's Last Patrol' to mark the occasion. On Boxing Day 1964, hours before they killed Lesley Ann Downey, Brady gave Hindley Sandy Shaw's single 'Girl Don't Come'.

Brady had a high opinion of himself and he was clever, but the pair left plenty of incriminating evidence for the police. One day, searching through an exercise book bagged and tagged from 16 Wardle Brook Avenue, Detective Chief Superintendent Ian Fairley found,

among random doodles, a list of film stars. Fairley had a shock to discover that among the famous names was 'John Kilbride'. Police also recovered a receipt for a 24-hour car rental from Warren's Autos, taken on the day of Kilbride's abduction. But the most compelling lead, until the discovery of the horrendous Lesley Ann Downey recording – a tape whose content broke even the hearts of hardy northern coppers – was provided by photographs taken on Brady's cameras. Police had a feeling that the images were connected to the disappearances and led to Saddleworth Moor. Why had Brady taken landscape shots less focused on the scenery and sometimes the ground? Why was there a photo of Hindley and her dog kneeling and looking at the ground? With good, old-fashioned detective work, a gruesome series of events would begin to unfurl.



BELOW The funeral of ten-year-old Lesley Ann Downey took place just under three weeks after the girl's remains were found



THE FIELD OF BONES

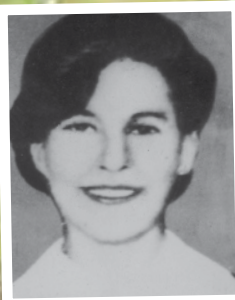
BENEATH THE DARK PEAT OF SADDLEWORTH MOOR

Within days Edward Evans' murder, the police launched a full search of Saddleworth Moor, starting near Wood Head. On the 17 and 21 October, the bodies of Lesley Ann Downey and John Kilbride are recovered.

Greater Manchester Police, led by Detective Chief Superintendent Pete Topping, re-opened the case and launched on-and-off searches

throughout 1986 and 1987 to find the bodies of Keith Bennett and Pauline Reade. The killers co-operated, making several controversial trips to Saddleworth. 100 days into the search in 1987, the body of Pauline Reade was discovered. Operation Maida was a search of the moor using the latest

forensic techniques and satellite technology. The aim was to find Keith Bennett's remains. The police undertook the mission with secrecy, so to avoid media glare. It started in 2003 but was discontinued in 2009.



PAULINE READE, 16

Abducted on the pretext of helping Myra Hindley search for a missing glove on Saddleworth Moor. Raped then murdered on the evening of 12 July 1963 by a knife cut to the throat. Discovered on 1 July 1987. The body was found well preserved, 150 yards from the A635, with her body positioned on her left side, knees bent toward her torso, facing the road.



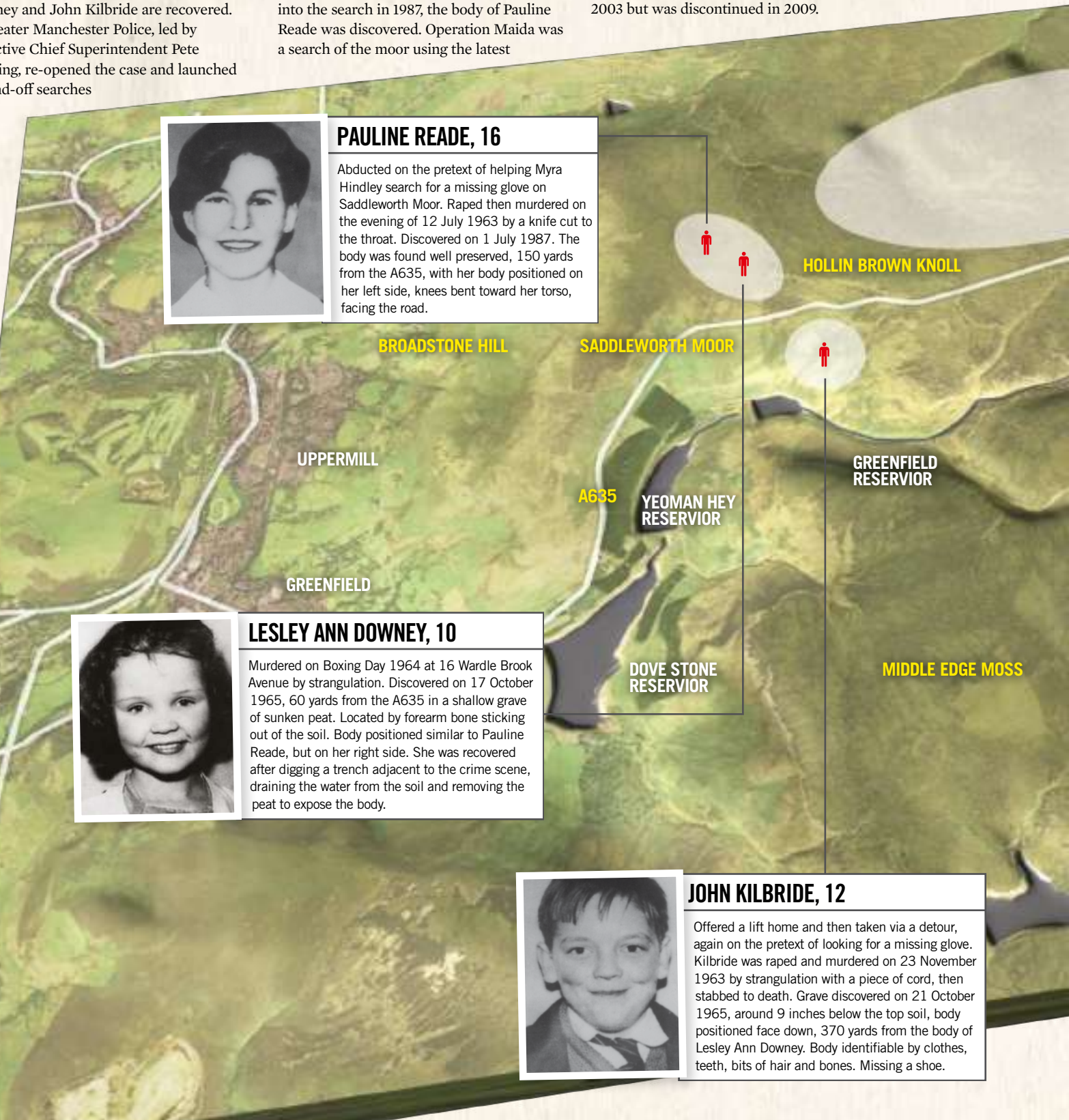
LESLEY ANN DOWNEY, 10

Murdered on Boxing Day 1964 at 16 Wardle Brook Avenue by strangulation. Discovered on 17 October 1965, 60 yards from the A635 in a shallow grave of sunken peat. Located by forearm bone sticking out of the soil. Body positioned similar to Pauline Reade, but on her right side. She was recovered after digging a trench adjacent to the crime scene, draining the water from the soil and removing the peat to expose the body.



JOHN KILBRIDE, 12

Offered a lift home and then taken via a detour, again on the pretext of looking for a missing glove. Kilbride was raped and murdered on 23 November 1963 by strangulation with a piece of cord, then stabbed to death. Grave discovered on 21 October 1965, around 9 inches below the top soil, body positioned face down, 370 yards from the body of Lesley Ann Downey. Body identifiable by clothes, teeth, bits of hair and bones. Missing a shoe.



EDWARD EVANS, 17

Murdered on 6 October 1965, bludgeoned to death with an axe in the living room of 16 Wardle Brook Avenue. Discovered by Superintendent Bob Talbot in a back bedroom. Evans had been wrapped in a blanket and hidden under a pile of books.

**WESSENDEN HEAD**

LAYBY

KEITH BENNETT, 12

Abducted under the pretext of helping Hindley and Brady move some boxes. Raped and murdered on 16 June 1964 by strangulation with a piece of cord on Saddleworth Moor. Body location unknown, but speculation focuses on this area of the Moor.

**WESSENDEN HEAD MOOR**

LEFT Saddleworth Moor is part of the Peak District National park in northern England, near the city of Manchester



of countless books and magazines. The harsh, flatly lit black-and-white images capture the impassive stares of two individuals we suspect of entirely lacking human qualities. Those two photos, often placed side by side in the media for maximum effect, are icons of evil.

The crimes of Brady and Hindley occurred at a time when there was a large amount of media focus on the North West of England. Acclaimed British New Wave films set predominantly in northern cities and towns exposed audiences all over the world to previously unknown regional accents and dialects. The lives of the English working class were captured by filmmakers in what became known as 'kitchen sink dramas'. In 1960 the landmark television soap opera *Coronation Street* began a run that continues to this day. With its terraced houses, cobbled road and the mournful theme tune that was originally 'Lancashire Blues' by composer Eric Spear, it helped cement culturally iconic associations of the North West. It was in that same close-knit world of factories, dance halls, boozers and local picture houses that Brady and Hindley were raised.

Ian Brady was born on 2 January 1938 in Glasgow, as Ian Duncan Stewart, at 'Rottenrow' maternity hospital. The boy was raised by a foster family after his mother, an unmarried waitress named Patricia Stewart, put him up for adoption. The Stewarts were a solid working-class family at the respectable end of the social scale. Young Ian was prone to temper tantrums, but was clever and passed entrance exams to the Shawlands Academy. Yet his rebellious nature and bullying increasingly turned sinister. His nicknames at school were 'Big Lassie', on account of his lame performances in sporting activities, and on the other end of the scale, 'Dracula'. For a while, he had a penchant for torturing animals and he soon began breaking and entering, ending up in a borstal and, later on, prison. When he moved south to Manchester to be reunited with his birth mother, who'd married a man named Patrick Brady, it's said that Ian wished and tried to play the model son and a decent member of society, trying hard to fit in and leave his miscreant past behind him. It did not last long and he was soon in trouble again for various offences.

Myra Hindley, born in 1942, grew up in the Gorton area of Manchester, east of the city centre, where an education was as likely to be provided by the school of hard knocks as inside the classroom. In those days, it was a slum ready for clearance. Folk were resettled to other parts of the city or into newly built housing estates just over the county line, from land purchased from Cheshire County Council. When the two met at Millward's Merchandising, Hindley fell head over heels. But they didn't begin dating for a whole year, with Brady acting aloof around her much of the time. She obsessed over him and kept a diary of her romantic anguish. When he eventually invited her on their first date, they went to the pictures. Hindley

claimed they went to see Nicholas Ray's *King of Kings* (1961), which was an interesting choice given Brady's avowed atheism. However, others record the film as *Judgement at Nuremberg* – a title much more in line with Brady's sinister Nazi obsessions.

They became inseparable. She was nicknamed 'Hessie' – presumably after Hitler's number two, Rudolph Hess – and her pet name for him was 'Neddie', after a character in *The*



ABOVE Taken in the 1960s, Hindley and Brady pose for a self-portrait on Saddleworth Moor, where they buried their victims

RIGHT Taken on 1 January 1965, policeman continue to dig in the location at which victim Lesley Ann Downey's body was discovered, but no further remains were found in this spot

FAR-RIGHT A canvas screen is erected for privacy as excavation work is undergone on 21 October 1965. A second body was discovered on the site and the pair were charged for the murder



Goon Show. Over time, they fostered in each other a taste for doing terrible things. Other serial killers and sexual sadists have boasted far higher body counts, yet what grabbed the world's attention when the crimes were revealed, was the involvement of a young woman. Hindley was only 23 when she was arrested and charged. A somewhat rum Lancashire lass with peroxide hair was catapulted into infamy and has since become an enduring symbol of human evil. Hindley may have portrayed herself in later years as another victim of Brady's wickedness, but she was crucial to the kidnappings, reportedly turned on by how the murders brought her closer to Ian (although she denied the killings sexually aroused her). Hindley drove the car because Brady could not drive (he rode a Tiger Cub motorbike). Colluding with Brady, she selected vulnerable children to approach, her outwardly friendly demeanour masking what psychologists and writers have identified as an egocentric personality entirely lacking in compassion. An expert in manipulation, she disguised herself in a black wig and leather jacket, so as not to be recognised in the neighbourhoods she had once called home.

Hindley might have later rallied against her reputation and expressed remorse, but she was the reason the case captured the public's imagination and ire in the first place. When children are told never to talk to strangers, it is always men that are cautioned against. Hindley obliterated the notion

that women could never be involved with the abduction and murder of children. She wasn't akin to some old crone baby farmer from the Victorian era or a dodgy individual that everybody in the neighbourhood reckoned was a wrong'un. Myra was the girl in the terraced house next door, and it was this everyday-ness that allowed her to approach kids and enlist their implicit trust.

A QUIET PLACE TO KILL

Until the mid-1960s, Saddleworth Moor was just another beauty spot for weekend hikers and picnickers to enjoy. The terrible legacy since has become enduring and immovable. It is etched into the cultural fabric and local history of modern-era Manchester and its environs. At least three of the five victims were abducted, raped, murdered (by either knife or strangulation with a piece of cord) and buried off the A635. Lesley Ann Downey, the youngest victim, was killed at the home of Brady and Hindley on Boxing Day 1964. The couple had intended to dispose of the body the same evening but heavy snowfall imperilled the journey and threatened exposure if they had been involved in an accident along the way. Instead, Lesley Ann was wrapped in a bedsheet along with the clothes she was wearing at the time of her abduction (pink cardigan, blue coat, tartan skirt) from Silcock's Wonder Fair. She was buried on Saddleworth the following day.

15 miles east of Manchester, the magnificent lower spine of the Pennines meets the Peak District National Park. Described as the 'backbone of England', the breath-taking hinterland of undulating hillsides of acid grassland and peat bogs, and impressive gritstone formations pockmarked by pretty lilac heather, effectively cuts the North right down the middle, separating Lancashire from its old foe, Yorkshire. 400

“THE AREA OVERLOOKING GREENFIELD RESERVOIR, WHERE THREE BODIES WERE EXHUMED, HELD A PARTICULAR DRAW FOR THE PSYCHOPATH”



square miles of rugged beauty and isolation, it's a vision far removed from trite clichés of industrial northern England. A barren and sparsely populated area of occasional farmsteads, on a clear day on Saddleworth Moor, you can see right down onto the Cheshire Plain and the bucolic greenery beyond. The wind rushing through the cottongrass and the sound of thundering streams are the only sounds for miles around.

The area overlooking Greenfield reservoir, where three bodies were exhumed, held a particular draw for the psychopath. Inspired by the writings of the German philosopher, Friedrich Nietzsche, but signing up to the thoroughly warped Nazi interpretation and developing his own creed of moral relativism, Brady imagined himself as an Übermensch looking down at people from his mountaintop. Brady cast himself as a modern version of Caspar David Friedrich's 'Wanderer above the Sea of Fog' (1818) painting. In *The Gates of Janus*, Brady summed up the allure of natural landscapes on the imagination. "Confronting a sea, a moor, or standing on a mountain, you can almost hear the unknown, invisible presences: you know they are there... you feel the power rise up within you as you become a receiver." He used this mystical-sounding mumbo-jumbo and pseudo-intellectual nonsense to mask his sexually sadistic desires.

Saddleworth was historically part of Yorkshire (West Riding) until 1974, when boundary changes made it part of Oldham and thus part of the very outer fringes of Greater Manchester. This means four of the crimes started in Greater Manchester or Cheshire but ended in Yorkshire. When it was time to launch an investigation, it led to ill communication between various forces and them stepping on each other's toes. Ultimately, it was Cheshire Constabulary, led by Detective Chief Superintendent Arthur Benfield, that took control. This was because the murder of 17-year-old

TOERAG AND TEARAWAY

HOW DAVID SMITH FOUND HIMSELF IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG TIME

17-year-old David Smith's unfortunate involvement in the last of the killings reads as a cautionary tale about the perils of doing the right thing. He was in the living room of 16 Wardle Brook Avenue when Ian Brady battered Edward Evans to death with an axe, hitting him 14 times in the head and torso. He also helped clean up the murder scene. But what he did next was not what Brady and Hindley imagined. After going home and breaking down in front of his wife, Maureen, Hindley's younger sister, they went to straight to the police. Convinced that Ian and Myra were going to appear at any moment, Smith carried a screwdriver and kitchen knife to the station. What he told the police seemed far-fetched. That sort of thing doesn't happen around here, they scoffed. But it did. And it had.

Brady, at some point, had decided to groom the lad whom he believed possessed the same darkness as he. Smith's presence during the episode is said to have been a test. He was a tearaway and a toerag, for sure, but Brady was mistaken to think the boy had it in him to murder and help procure victims. When the perpetrators were finally caught by the police and arrested for the murder of Edward Evans, they each blamed Smith. Some detectives believed Smith was as guilty as Brady and Hindley, and applied the classic interview-room pressure to break him.

Ashton-Under-Lyne detective Joe Mounsey saw Smith for what he was – a young lad suddenly thrust into a world beyond his comprehension. Smith was 'a little bleeder', as the northern expression goes, but he was no killer and had helped clean up the scene in an act of self-preservation. Smith became the chief witness in the trial at Chester Assizes, but instead of being hailed a hero, he became the target of public venom. Folk in Manchester and around the country could not accept that Smith and Maureen were blind and clueless to the actions of their family members. Hadn't they been friends and hung out together often? Were Brady and Smith not bosom buddies? Hadn't they all been up on the moor for picnics and target practice with guns (Myra owned a Smith & Wesson .38 and a Webley .45) bought through her membership to Cheadle Rifle Club?

It may have taken decades, but Smith's reputation has been rehabilitated. Today, he can be considered as a man who did the right thing, even if he spent the rest of his life haunted by that night in Wardle Brook Avenue. He died from cancer in 2012, aged 64. Maureen had died in 1980, aged 34, from a brain haemorrhage. They had divorced in the early 1970s, the recent past too heavy on their lives to ever settle down and move on.



David Smith, here aged 23, witnessed the murder of Edward Evans

Edward Evans, which took place on 6 October 1965 at 16 Wardle Brook Avenue – the home of Brady, Hindley and her grandmother – was technically on his patch.

THE PERFECT MURDER?

That Keith Bennett has not been recovered from his elusive grave on Saddleworth Moor means that for now, the crime represents Brady's much dreamed-of 'perfect murder'. When US publishing outfit Feral House made available Brady's study of serial killers, titled *The Gates of Janus* (2001), company director Adam Parfrey was interviewed by the BBC, saying, "There have been many criminals over the years who have killed children, and nearly all of them are forgotten. But not Ian Brady. Why?" Apart from decades-long tabloid-stoked sensationalism and exploitation to sell papers, the answer is almost certainly Keith Bennett. However, Parfrey's comments skirt around the real reason for the continued interest, which has always been the involvement of Myra Hindley.

“HOW MANY TIMES HAVE THE SEARCHERS BEEN WITHIN A HAIR'S BREADTH OF KEITH'S REMAINS... AND MISSED THEM?”

CROCODILE TEARS

MYRA HINDLEY'S SO-CALLED REMORSE

Myra Hindley spent the rest of her life in various British prisons, dreaming of freedom. The idea of redemption became her one shot at salvation, if only in the eyes of her God, rather than the British public and the families of the victims. Over the years, she was attacked by newspapers whenever they got wind of her activities, for example when she obtained a Bachelor of Arts degree in Humanities in January 1980, when she expressed remorse (complicated at times by an astonishing lack of self-awareness and the fact she kept schtum about Reade and Bennett for over 20 years), when she was allowed occasional walks on Hampstead Heath as part of a rehabilitation programme and during her legal battles against her life tariff. From 1965 until her death in 2002, public opinion has been – and continues to be – enduringly vitriolic.

Hindley did win the sympathy of high-minded and charitable individuals, who believed in the power of redemption and prisoner reform. She was encouraged to return to the Catholic Church, and in January 1970 she attended Mass for the first time since a teenager. She befriended Frank Pakenham, 7th Earl of Longford (1905-2001), and he became a champion of Hindley's bid for parole, for which he naturally earned the opprobrium of the families. Of their shared faith, Hindley wrote in the early days: "I wish I could put complete trust in God, but I'm frightened to do so, for

my faith is full of doubt and despair that I'll never be good enough to merit complete forgiveness."

Over the years, Hindley altered the narrative of events to be seen as another victim of Brady. She wrote an unpublished autobiography stating that she had been completely dominated by her boyfriend. Yet her coldness and egocentricity disturbed this revisionist narrative. In letters she often complained about Winnie Johnson and Ann West as annoyances for holding their grudges over the years. In a recorded telephone conversation with journalist Duncan Staff, aired on a television documentary, *The Moors Murders Code* (2004), she still refuses face the truth of her involvement. "I'm finding it very difficult to do the Lesley Ann Downey thing. I have to be as brief as possible. It just hurts so much... to think I could be such a cruel bastard."

It is said, too, that Hindley only began helping the police search for Pauline Reade and Keith Bennett because she thought it would aid her bid for parole and redirect attention to Brady. In 1997 she won a judicial review, despite the actions of a succession of Home Secretaries to keep her behind bars. A poll taken by the BBC in the same year saw public opinion still in favour of keeping Hindley locked behind bars. When she passed away in 2002, however, it looked very much as if the dragged-out court hearings would have found in her favour.



A headshot of Myra Hindley, taken in the early 1970s





THE LAST WORD ON IAN BRADY

THE CHILLING DETAILS OF THE MOORS MURDERER'S CRIMES DOMINATED NEWSPAPERS FOR DECADES, BUT NOW THAT IAN BRADY IS DEAD, WHAT IS THERE LEFT TO LEARN ABOUT HIM? WE'VE SPOKEN TO DR ALAN KEIGHTLEY, BRADY'S ONLY CONFIDANT, WHO IS FINALLY ABLE TO REVEAL THE SECRET DETAILS OF HIS MANY INTERVIEWS WITH THE CHILD KILLER

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS



Many regarded Brady as a loner in his younger years. However, Brady kept all of his friends at arm's length and separate from each other so he could switch his façade at the drop of a hat

The news that Ian Brady, one of Britain's vilest child killers, had died on 15 May 2017 was met with conflicting feelings. The 79-year-old was serving three life sentences for slaughtering five Manchester children in the 1960s with his lover and accomplice Myra Hindley. This murderess, who became the most hated woman in Britain for her part in the killings, died in 2002. After months of ill health Brady was discovered dead at Ashworth Psychiatric Hospital where he had been incarcerated for almost three and a half decades. Some believed that this meant nothing more than the fact taxpayers could stop shelling out for his care – where force-feeding had kept him alive since 1999 – and his time in the

media spotlight could finally come to an end. Others were horrified that Brady had drawn his last breath while taking his biggest secret to the grave: the whereabouts of 12-year-old Keith Bennett's body.

Despite the cry for Brady's name to be stricken from memory and for the media to stop feeding his notoriety, there are still so many unanswered questions and untruths about the psychopath. It's time to set the record straight about one of the most talked about serial killers in history. Dr Alan Keightley is the author of *Ian Brady: The Untold Story Of The Moors Murders* who visited and corresponded with Brady for 25 years. He says that half a century of high-profile media coverage has created a skewed image of the child killer. His crimes were catastrophic, demonic and caused huge devastation to numerous families, but the killer's sole confidant can recall how Brady could be "as generous as he was merciless."



ABOVE Brady, his mother and stepfather moved to the Manchester area in 1958. Six years later Keith Bennett was walking to his grandmother's home in the same city when the Moors Murderers picked him up

LEFT Brady's signet ring, with the initials "ISB" – Ian Stewart Brady, the name he went by after he was imprisoned

A MIRACULOUS MISCONCEPTION

Brady was born on 2 January 1938 in Rottenrow Maternity Hospital in Glasgow, Scotland. It was a Sunday, and the northwesterly winds brought freezing temperatures. His mother Margaret 'Peggy' Stewart was a single parent in pre-war Britain, and her son, born Ian Duncan Stewart, was a bastard. With finances strained, Peggy was forced to work full time and found a foster family to look after her son – the Sloan family. She regularly visited her son in the Gorbals area of the city, but Mary and John Sloan – 'Ma' and 'Da' as Brady called them – raised him along with their own four children.

This picture was taken by Hindley in Bollington, just a few months before Brady killed Pauline Reade



A hapless incident during his childhood resulted in a broken leg and left Brady with a slight limp, but other than this he never set foot in a hospital: there was no archetypal traumatic head injury that brought on Brady's merciless murders later in life. A neighbour to Brady as a child would later recall how Brady had thrown a cat from a multi-storey property and had buried another alive, "to see how long it would last." But in conversations, the killer told Dr Keightley that as a young boy he did not torture animals. Dr Keightley explained how Brady had a fondness for them, much more than he did for people and children. "To put it bluntly, he loved animals, but killing people didn't bother him."

As he grew into a teenager, alcohol, crime and violence became a major part of his life. He and his small group of friends began to burgle houses, leaving him with a criminal record in his early teenage years. When he was 15 and approaching the end of his time at school, Brady got his first taste for blood during a scrap. Using a handmade cosh, he bashed his enemy across the face, leaving him bloodied and cowering. The sensations he felt in the throws of a passionate love affair with his own adrenaline sent him spiralling into a psychotic bid to relive the event.

BLACK LIGHT

Unable to continue living off his Ma and Da, Brady was forced into the world of work shortly after he left school. Dr Keightley's book notes how authors such as Emlyn Williams have fixated on Brady's job in a butcher's shop as the possible place where his murderous thoughts spawned. Williams's book *Beyond Belief: The Moors Murderers: The Story of Ian Brady and Myra Hindley* was one of the first to be published after the pair's 1966 trial. It was criticised for its overly speculative and sensationalist content, given that the

"TO PUT IT BLUNTLY,
HE LOVED ANIMALS
BUT KILLING PEOPLE
DIDN'T BOTHER HIM"

author had little contact with those involved in the case. Dr Keightley, having corresponded directly with Brady for 25 years, feels that the gory stench of dead animals was not the trigger that many, including Williams, believed it to be.

Following the Gorbals affray, Brady became obsessed by what he described as a "black light". Dr Keightley described the incident, explaining that, "Brady went for an interview for an estate of factories and he couldn't remember the interview or whether he got the job or not. On his way back, while on Paisley Road he had a strange feeling that he had never had before. It was a drizzle rain but he took refuge under the newspaper shop to hide from the rain. The experience completely changed his life. He had this feeling, which he described as 'black light'."

He defined the feeling to his sole confidant in a letter as a "heightened perception"; a "hyper altered state" when all of Brady's senses became "supranormal". Following this incident, Brady came to identify himself as existentialist, believing that it was up to the individual to live however he or she saw fit. His outlook on life was that it was meaningless and without purpose. However, Dr Keightley recalled that when Brady was feeling compassionate, particularly towards animals, he was feeling what he described as "green light".

His proclivity for crime and violence grew, and the juvenile courts, fed up with his multiple appearances before them, exiled him from Glasgow when he was 17. He was forced to retreat to Manchester to live with his mother. In his new home he took on the name 'Brady' after his stepfather, a man named Patrick Brady, and began to cultivate a Manchester accent after growing tired of repeating himself to people who couldn't understand his Glaswegian brogue. He never formally met his biological father, a journalist for a Glasgow newspaper according to Peggy, but Dr Keightley's book describes an incident in which Brady commented that he might have encountered him as a child. Yet these incidents are only a string of memories from a six-year-old.

According to Dr Keightley, one of the biggest misconceptions was that Brady had an unhappy childhood and grew up abandoned by his mother and abused by his adoptive family. "All the books painted him as having a bad childhood. It's absolute rubbish. He adored his stepfather and mother," he said. But despite a supposedly happy childhood, Brady ended up in

BELOW Speaking about his growing relationship with Hindley, Brady confided in Dr Keightley that, "It wasn't master and slave. It was more like teacher and student. Bit by bit we were moving towards an almost telepathic relationship"





Downey's mother Ann West became the face of a national campaign to ensure Hindley remained behind bars, for killing her daughter and helping Brady to bury her naked body



Dr Keightley recalled the killer asking, "How many instruments of murder do you think are in this room?" during his initial visit

prison for theft and spent three months in Strangeways and another two years in Borstal, where he immersed himself in the works of authors such as Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*, which became the "Bible by which he lived his life," according to Dr Keightley.

Upon his release in 1957, it was part of Brady's probation conditions that he find a stable job. This condition eventually led him to Millwards in 1959, a Lancashire wholesale chemical distributor in Gorton. His job was in the stock control department. At night the 'real money' would roll in, as he and his criminal friends from prison would commit a string of robberies.

Myra Hindley began working at Millwards in 1961. She was 18 years old and the unremarkable daughter of a working-class family from Manchester. Then she met Brady, an intelligent, older and more sophisticated man than the juvenile boy she had been engaged to just months earlier, her long-term childhood sweetheart Ronnie Sinclair. In a letter to the *Guardian* newspaper in 1995 she expressed how she had been "emotionally immature, relatively unsophisticated and sexually inexperienced," when she met Brady. For her it was love at first sight. For Brady it took a little more than a year before he started to look at Hindley as anything other than just another woman working beside him.

As their bond deepened, Hindley changed her hair and denounced her Catholic faith. She saw no point in life and what it had to offer, which delighted Brady. He offered to rid her of Sinclair, a prospect she readily accepted. But Brady,

concerned that the murder could be traced back to them, spared him. By June 1963 the pair were living at Hindley's grandmother's house on Bannock Street, where talk of committing 'the perfect murder' began to take over their discussions. Brady told Hindley: "pick up anyone you choose – it is of no consequence to me." He told her it would be an "existential exercise of sheer will. A sacrifice." It wasn't long before the pair had their first victim.

HE MADE THEM SUFFER

Hindley and Brady's versions of how 16-year-old Pauline Reade came to be in their company differ. Regardless, it was Hindley who enticed the young girl into her black van as she sat on Gorton Lane on 12 July 1963. Hindley knew the young girl – she was a friend of her sister's boyfriend, David Smith, and lived two doors down from him on Wiles Street. Reade left her home at around 745pm to go to a dance at the Railway Workers' Social Club, less than a ten-minute walk away. She was wearing a brand-new pair of white stiletto heels.

On Gorton Lane Hindley pleaded with the young girl to come and help her find an expensive glove she had lost on Saddleworth Moor. For helping Hindley, Reade suffered a degrading humiliation followed by a horrific death. Brady's version of events, detailed in Dr Keightley's book, show that in a flash Brady attacked the young girl when the three of them reached a secluded spot. As she cowered on the ground she pleaded with Hindley for help. Instead Hindley undressed and sexually assaulted her prey, arousing Brady, who in turn joined in. As the daylight faded Brady told the girl to dress herself. When she reached for her gold medallion brooch Hindley snatched it up and taunted her: "You won't be needing that where you're going." Brady struck Hindley across the face for stealing away the suspense of



ABOVE Lesley Ann Downey

"TALKING OF COMMITTING 'THE PERFECT MURDER' BEGAN TO TAKE OVER THEIR DISCUSSIONS"

HER PLEA TO LIVE

BRADY AND HINDLEY MADE A SICKENING TAPE AND PHOTOGRAPHED LITTLE LESLEY ANN DOWNEY, BEFORE AND AFTER THEY KILLED HER

The audio tape with the heart-wrenching recording of ten year-old Lesley Downey's murder has never been publicly released. It was played in the court at the Moors Murderers' trial and at the police station: it reduced those in the public gallery and hardened police officers alike to tears. Former police chief John Stalker was a detective sergeant on the case when he first heard it at the police station. In an interview with *The Sun*, he said he was unable to listen to the Christmas song that played in the background as Brady and Hindley tortured the little girl, without feeling a chill down his spine: "When the 16-minute tape was played at the police station before the trial, I saw senior detectives and legendary crime reporters – hard men who had been through the war and seen terrible things – dissolve into tears. The song brings back terrible memories... Nothing in criminal behaviour has penetrated my heart with quite the same paralysing intensity." Ann West, Lesley's mother, had to confirm the identity of the victim on the recording. Naturally, she could barely listen even to the first a minute of it.

[Little Drummer Boy by Katherine Kennicott Davis plays]

BRADY - Put it in. Keep it in. Stop it now. Stop it now.

HINDLEY - I'm only doing this and you'll be all right. Put it in your mouth. Put it in. Will you stop it, stop it.

(Lesley whimpers)

HINDLEY - Shut--

BRADY - Quick. Put it in now.

(Lesley whimpers)

(Retching noise)

BRADY - Just put it in now, love. Put it in now.

(Retching)

DOWNEY - *(muffled)* What's this in for?

BRADY - Put it in.

DOWNEY - Can I just tell you summat? I must tell you summat. Please, take your hands off me a minute, please, please – Mummy -please. I can't tell you.

(Grunting)

DOWNEY - I can't tell you, I can't breathe. Oh. I can't - Dad - Will you take your hands off me?

(Brady whispers)

BRADY - No. Tell me.

DOWNEY - Please God.

BRADY - Tell me.

DOWNEY - I can't while you've got your hands on me.

(Mumbling sound)

BRADY - Why don't you keep it in?

DOWNEY - Why? What are you going to do with me?

BRADY - I want some photographs, that's all. Put it in.

DOWNEY - Don't undress me, will you?

HINDLEY - That's right, don't --

DOWNEY - It hurts me. I want to see Mummy, honest to God.

MAN - Put it in.

DOWNEY - I'll swear on the Bible.

BRADY - Put it in, and hurry up now. The quicker you do this, the quicker you'll get home.

DOWNEY - I've got to go, because I'm going out with my Mamma. Leave me, please. Help me, will you?

BRADY - Put it in your mouth and you'll be all right.

DOWNEY - Will you let me go when this is out?

BRADY - Yes. The longer it takes you to do this, the longer it takes you to get home.

DOWNEY - What are you going to do with me first?

BRADY - I'm going to take some photographs. Put it in your mouth.

DOWNEY - What for?

BRADY - Put it in your mouth. Right in.

DOWNEY - I'm not going to do owt.

BRADY - Put it in. If you don't keep that hand down, I'll slit your neck.

(pause) Put it in.

DOWNEY - Won't you let me go? Please.

BRADY - No, no. Put it in, stop talking. What's your name?

DOWNEY - Lesley.

BRADY - Lesley what?

DOWNEY - Ann.

BRADY - What's your second name?

DOWNEY - Westford. Westford.

BRADY - Westford?

DOWNEY - I have to get home before 8 o'clock. I got to get. . . Or I'll get killed if I don't. Honest to God.

BRADY - Yes.

LEFT Brady made two copies of the tape that captured Downey's cries before he killed her. He kept them and the original along with the sick and twisted pictures he took of the victim in a secret suitcase at Manchester Central railway station



"BRADY STRUCK HER ACROSS THE FACE FOR STEALING AWAY THE SUSPENSE OF WHAT THEY WERE ABOUT TO DO"

what they were about to do. He was further enraged when he learned that Hindley hadn't selected a random, untraceable victim but instead a friend of her sister's boyfriend.

Removing a sheath knife that he had tucked away beneath the wrist of his coat, he knelt down and slashed Reade's throat twice. He watched as the blood trickled out of her lifeless body, then buried her out on the moors in her white stiletto shoes. According to Dr Keightley, the pair were scrupulous in the aftermath of committing a murder. "They used to go back to the house having killed somebody and would burn everything; the shoes, the trousers." This was part of the pair's master plan for their crimes – leave no trace, no connection to the victim. Reade's father became a suspect, and the pair moved onto their next "existential exercise". On 23 November John Kilbride became their next target.

Although the plan had been made weeks in advance to pick up a random stranger, the pair realised that with the world rocked by the John F Kennedy's assassination the day

before, it would provide them with a perfect distraction.

Kilbride was lured from the streets of Ashton-under-Lyne in Lancashire with the promise of a bottle of sherry for helping to find a lost glove on the moors, according to Hindley, who said she sat in the van wearing a black wig to remain unrecognised. Brady claimed that Hindley – without a wig – sweetly swayed the boy to help her look for her lost glove. Up at Saddleworth Moor the pair began their sickening attack on the boy. Brady sexually assaulted him before strangling him with his bare hands.

Next it was Keith Bennett's turn to suffer. In the summer of 1964 he was picked up by Hindley, who requested that he help her load some boxes from the off-licence. Then came the story of the lost glove. She picked Brady up shortly after that. Brady told Dr Keightley that, as the trio walked along the moor, they had passed Shiny Brook and followed the streambed that ran parallel to the road. Suddenly Bennett became anxious that his grandmother would wonder where

BELOW Brady and Hindley, flanked by officers, are taken from Chester Crown Court in a police van on 7 May 1966, while the jury considers its verdict. In his closing remarks following their trial, Mr Justice Atkinson described the murders as a "truly horrible case"



WHERE IS KEITH BENNETT?

THE WHEREABOUTS OF HIS MISSING VICTIM'S BODY WAS THE REMAINING SECRET THAT IAN BRADY TOOK TO THE GRAVE. OR WAS IT?

When asked why Brady had never revealed where Keith Bennett was buried Dr Keightley made a startling revelation. "He told them it was three miles into Shinybrook – you could bet it to the inch with Brady. But when he took them to Shinybrook they couldn't find it because of the movement of the peat." Dr Keightley confirmed that he had disclosed the information Brady gave him to Greater Manchester Police during their multiple attempts to find the body, but suggested that the search did not "go far enough" in their endeavours to locate Bennett's remains. When speaking to us, Dr Keightley said, "I asked him 'did you really try to find

Keith Bennett's body?' and he said 'Yes.' He told me he spent a whole day looking for where Keith Bennett's body but as I say, they underestimated the movement of the peat and he couldn't find it."

Real Crime reached out to the force about the information given to them by Brady and Dr Keightley on the victim's whereabouts. A Greater Manchester Police spokesperson said: "As with any investigation, if new and credible evidence or information comes to light, we will keep an open mind however, we do not confirm whether specific pieces of evidence or potential evidence forms part of active lines of enquiry."

he had got to, but Myra soothed the young boy, assuring him they would return soon. Brady whistled 'When You Wish Upon A Star'. It was the signal that he was about to strike.

As Brady had done with Reade, he grabbed Bennett by the throat and forced him to the ground. Bennett screamed for his life, but the sound only carried across the moors into the hollow distance. Hindley pinned the boy down while Brady sexually assaulted him. Within minutes he had strangled him to death with his bare hands. Brady photographed the young boy's corpse before they buried him.

Sweet little Lesley Ann Downey had gone to the fair in Ancoats with her siblings and friends on Boxing Day 1964. The other children were eager to get home, but Downey wanted to look at the lights just one more time. As she stood mesmerised by the twinkling bulbs Hindley moved in for the kill. Feigning innocence, she dropped her groceries. Downey saw and tried to help. With a beguiling smile, Hindley asked the girl to help her take the boxes home to 16 Wardle Brook Avenue. Brady, Hindley and her grandmother had moved to the new home earlier that year, re-housed as part of the post-war slum clearances in the city. Hindley's grandmother was at a relative's house for the night, leaving the house empty.

Once inside the house, Downey was forced to undress herself. She was shy and frightened, but – ruthless paedophile that he was – Brady gagged her and took pictures of the girl in a variety of positions before and after her death. A 16-minute tape captured her final terrifying moments with the Moors Murderers. "Brady raped her," Dr Keightley told Real Crime. Brady told him it was Hindley who strangled the girl with a nylon cord, which she carried around for months afterwards as a macabre trophy. Downey's mother always believed it was Hindley who had killed her daughter, based on the tape of her daughter's cries for help. The next day her body was taken to the moors and buried in a shallow grave.

Life at Wardlebrook Avenue was working out well for Brady. Hindley's sister Maureen had married David Smith, and the pair were living nearby in Underwood Court. Brady became close friends with Smith, who was "in awe" of him. Brady soon became aroused by the idea of bringing Smith into their murderous fold. A month before what would be his final murder, Brady and Hindley visited Smith and Maureen at their home. With the women asleep after an evening of drinking, Brady turned to Smith and asked, "Are you capable

ABOVE In 2009 Greater Manchester Police officially gave up the search for Keith Bennett. They said, "only a major scientific breakthrough or fresh evidence would see the hunt for his body restart"

of murder?" He went on to tell him, "I've done it. I've killed three of four... You don't really believe me do you? Their bodies are buried on the moors... you and Maureen were sitting near one of them," he taunted, reminding him of an outing to the moors they had taken previously. Smith thought it was all talk. A few days later, again under the influence of alcohol, Brady told him: "I'll do another one. You don't believe me... it will be done."

When Smith faced eviction because of crippling debt, Brady told him he would lend him the money by "rolling a queer", meaning he would entice a homosexual back to his place under the pretence of having sex and then rob him. In the 1960s homosexual acts were illegal, so victims rarely went to the police. Brady's victim didn't stand a chance.

Brady had been fond of the Sloans' dog Sheila. Dr Keightley said that Brady took it very hard when she died



BRADY, IN A DIFFERENT LIGHT

SOME OF THE KILLER'S TREASURED POSSESSIONS WERE BEQUEATHED TO DR KEIGHTLEY. THEY GIVE AN INTRIGUING, MORE PERSONAL INSIGHT INTO THE MONSTER OF THE MOORS



TORTOISE SHELL GLASSES

Dr Keightley commented on how he would take the killer's glasses to the opticians to be repaired if they ever broke. Among the possessions left to him by Brady were several pairs of these reading glasses.

THE HUMAN IMAGE

× PITY could be no more,
If we did not make somebody poor;
And Mercy no more could be,
If all were as happy as we.

And mutual fear brings Peace,
Till the selfish Loves increase;
Then Cruelty knits a snare,
And spreads his baits with care

He sits down with holy fears
And waters the ground with tears;
Then humility takes its root
Underneath his foot.

Soon spreads the dismal shade
Of Mystery over his head;
And the caterpillar & fly
Feed on the Mystery.

And it bears the fruit of deceit,
Ruddy & sweet to eat;
And the raven his nest has made
In its thickest shade.

The Gods of the Earth & Sea
Sought thro' nature to find this tree;
But their search was all in vain:
Till they sought in the human brain.

They said this mystery never shall cease;
The priest promotes war & the soldier peace

There souls of men are bought & sold,
And milk-fed infancy for gold;
And youth to slaughter houses led,
And beauty for a bit of bread.

[First draft of "The Human Abstract" in the Songs of Experience; see p. 75.]



SIGNET RING

Brady's signet ring, inscribed with his initials (Ian Stewart Brady) was given to Dr Keightley after Brady hit a losing streak on the horses. On the back of the ring an inscription reads, "My heart belongs to daddy. Christine." Christine Hart's biography *Devil's Daughter* was released in 1993 detailing her (untrue) belief that Brady was her biological father. In the summer of 1994 she falsely accused Brady of sexually assaulting her in his room during a visit in January.



BRILLE PENNANCE

While in Ashworth, Brady taught himself braille and began to translate literary works into a format that the blind could understand. It was something that he was incredibly passionate about, but when he was transferred to the Newman Ward his machine was confiscated for fear that he could use the metal parts to harm himself or others. Dr Keightley said that this was one of the ways Brady would quietly repent for his crimes.

THIS edition of Wordsworth's poems contains every piece of original verse which we know to have been published by the poet himself, or of which he can be shown to have authorized the post-humous publication.

The *Prelude*, which is here included in the text of 1850, is also issued, in the text of 1805, as a separate large-type volume in this series, edited from the manuscripts, and with an introduction and notes, by Ernest de Selincourt.

The wood engraving on the jacket is by Diana Bloomfield



BUDDHA FIGURINE

Brady was far from religious, but in his cell at Ashworth he kept the smiling Buddha next to a carved wooden figure of the literary protagonist Don Quixote, protagonist of the renowned Spanish novel by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.



CUFFLINKS

"These were Brady's. He had a sense of humour." Dr Keightley told Real Crime when we opened a small square box containing the handcuff cufflinks worn by Brady. It was certainly a dark sense of humour.

I.S. Brady
NEWMAN WARD
ASHWORTH

TOBACCO TIN

Dr Keightley remarked how Brady would make a point of inscribing his name on all of his personal belongings, such as his cigarette case and lighter.

**SUNGLASSES**

During the early years of World War II the infant Brady suffered from measles. The illness damaged his sight, leaving his eyes sensitive to bright light. Dr Keightley recalled how sometimes in the winter the pair would sit in the dark, deep in conversation and avoid switching on the bright lights

**FRENCH CIGARETTE**

Brady was a chronic smoker, particularly before the public smoking ban of 2007 in England and Wales. His preferred brand of cigarettes were Gauloises, which Dr Keightley would bring him each and every visit, among other things.



Aldermaston College

PSYCHOLOGY CERTIFICATE

While locked up in Wormwood Scrubs prison, the place where he would come face to face with the Yorkshire Ripper Peter Sutcliffe, Brady began a correspondence course with Aldermaston College, receiving his certificate in applied psychology. In Dr Keightley's book he recalls how the killer told him, "I was trying to expand my mind. I was going nowhere so the mind was the only place I could expand."

Has completed our full syllabus of studies in
Practical and Applied Psychology
and has satisfied the tutors in all
tests and examinations prescribed for
the following subjects
Psychology
Management
Psychology
this

DRIED HEATHER

The poetical works of Wordsworth was a gift from Hindley to Brady, exchanged during their prison years. Hindley was extremely fond of the poet's work, which had been introduced to her by Brady in the early stages of their relationship. The inscription reads, "To Ian, with love from Myra" followed by seven kisses. A pressed piece of heather found inside was also included – a single flower taken from the moors where the pair buried their victims.



"WHY CHILDREN?" I DEMANDED
TO KNOW. HE ANSWERED IMMEDIATELY:
'EXISTENTIAL EXERCISES'"

"THERE'S NO MAN HERE"

On the evening of 6 October 1965, Hindley drove Brady to Manchester Central train station where he picked up 17-year-old Edward Evans, who had been stood up by his friends. Back at Wardle Brook Avenue, they began to unwind, and Brady insisted that Hindley fetch Smith from his home and bring him to join the festivities. When Smith arrived Brady brought him into the kitchen and disappeared momentarily.

All of a sudden Smith heard a blood-curdling scream and his sister-in-law shouting for his help. In the lounge Smith witnessed Brady attacking Evans with the flat of an axe. His skull was smashed 14 times with the hatchet before Brady strangled him with an electrical cord. Smith was handed the axe – leaving his fingerprints on the handle – and forced to help bundle and move the body into the same room where Downey's body had lain in waiting before it was buried. At around 4am Smith told the pair he had better go home to Maureen. He forever considered himself lucky he had been allowed to leave, fearful that if he had not convinced Brady he was on board he would have been murdered too. Once safely inside his own home 300 yards away he began to violently retch, and with his wife at his side, having heard the

commotion of her husband returning home, he told her what he had witnessed.

It was 6.07am when Constable Keith Edwards answered the phone to hear a man on the other end of the line: "My name is David Smith. I'm speaking from Hattersley... There's been a murder." After hearing Smith's outrageous account of what had happened, more than 30 policemen surrounded Wardle Brook Avenue. They were waiting for Brady to leave for work, but when there was no sign of him, Superintendent Bob Talbot donned a white coat from a nearby bakery deliveryman, and armed with a basket of fresh bread he approached the front door of number 16. Hindley answered, which threw the officer: he hadn't been expecting to see a woman there, but he persisted: "I am a police superintendent and I have reason to believe there is a man in the house," he said. "There's no man here," came Hindley's retort. Meanwhile Brady sat in the living room writing a sick note to his boss.

Undeterred, Talbot brushed past Hindley and into the room where he found Brady. Upstairs sat Hindley's grandmother sipping tea, unaware of what had taken place the evening before. A second bedroom was locked. Hindley tried to throw the policeman off the scent of his suspicion,

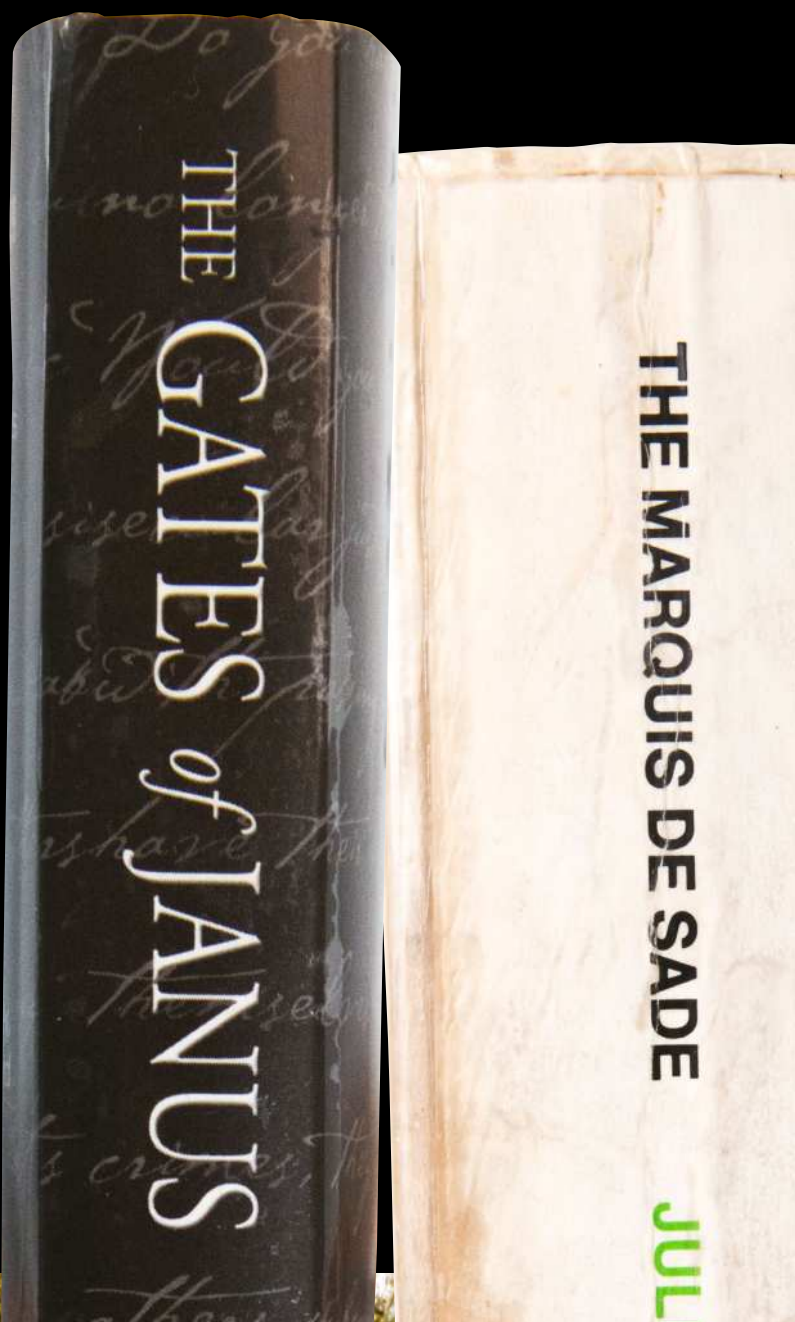
NAZIS, SADISM AND A CHRISTMAS CAROL

FOR DECADES THE MEDIA SPECULATED ON THE TEXTS THAT OCCUPIED BRADY'S BOOKSHELF AND MIND, BUT A CLOSE LOOK AT HIS LIBRARY OPENED UP A NEW CHAPTER ON THE KILLER

Brady was a very well read individual both in and out of captivity. From poems to literary classics, he was very opinionated and extremely literate. The Russian author Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment* was a personal favourite of Brady's for many years. He also read *A Christmas Carol* every Christmas and enjoyed the works of William Blake. But what about the infamous books the media reported for decades as being central to the murders? According to Sir Elwyn Jones, the attorney general during their trial, the French writer Marquis de Sade was a "major influence" on Brady due to his introduction of sadism into sexuality. Brady dismissed this as "nonsense," recalling how he had read it but was "bored rigid" by parts of it.

For decades the press has reported how the Moors Murderers would speak and read German to each other, enthralled by Nazis and Adolf Hitler's ideals. But Dr Keightley commented that Brady was in fact not fascinated with Nazism at all, and that the killer, aware of these rumours, had once told him that it was the public's way of "projecting their guilt for their own fascination and obsession with Nazism, Hitler and crime in general." However, in a letter written to Dr Keightley in 1993, Brady had commented how he felt Hitler was the only politician who could "roar and be believed".

Brady's own book, *The Gates of Janus: Serial Killing and its Analysis* was published first in the US in 2001, with the book's profits going to his elderly mother Peggy and to charity. The publication of the book in the UK was temporarily blocked after it spurred outrage from many of the victims' families, but Winnie Johnson believed that the book potentially held clues to her son's whereabouts. Brady has requested in his final wishes that his autobiography be published in full and named *Black Light* after the sensation he says drove him to kill his victims.



but Brady broke the spell: "A fight got out of hand last night. It's upstairs." Inside the room the police found Evans' body bundled in a heap.

Brady was taken in for questioning, where he did his best to remove Hindley from the murder and pin the accomplice status on Smith. Although police charged Brady with Evans' murder, it took another four days before they went to arrest Hindley, despite questioning her days earlier. She used the four days to gather and destroy as much evidence as she could, tossing important documents into the fire. Brady later told Dr Keightley that these documents could have helped to

locate Keith Bennett's body. On 11 October 1965 Hindley was finally arrested over Evans' murder.

A ticket stub retrieved from the spine of Hindley's Bible sent the police to Manchester Central, where they discovered a hidden suitcase in the left-luggage lockers. Inside were photographs taken of Downey, the tape of her last few minutes alive and a plethora of incriminating evidence in relation to the murder of Kilbride. Some also pointed to the murders of Bennett and Reade. Thanks to Smith's cooperation with the police and the testaments from their 16-year-old neighbour, who had gone to Saddleworth Moor with them on many occasions, Downey's body was the first of the victims to be discovered shortly after Brady's arrest, followed by Kilbride's a few days later.

It would be more than 20 years until police would find Reade's long-lost body. They would never bring Bennett's remains home to his mother. At the time of their trial in April 1966, capital punishment had only just been abolished in England. Brady and Hindley pleaded not guilty to the murders of Evans, Downey and Kilbride, but Brady was given three life sentences, Hindley was given two life sentences and a seven-year charge for harbouring Brady knowing he had killed Kilbride.

"TO WHOM SHOULD I APOLOGISE,
AND WHAT DIFFERENCE WOULD
IT MAKE TO ANYONE?"





DR KEIGHTLEY

Dr Keightley's book *Ian Brady: The Untold Story Of The Moors Murders* is available to buy from pavilionbooks.com

A CAGED ANIMAL

After sentencing, Brady was taken to Durham Prison. For almost two decades he was transferred between mainstream prisons across the UK before he was eventually diagnosed as a psychopath and sent to Ashworth Psychiatric Hospital in 1985, a high-security facility in Sefton. Throughout their incarcerations, Brady and Hindley continued to write to one another using a secret code. They applied to be married, but the request was denied. For 20 years Reade and Bennett remained on the police's missing person's list, but in November 1984 journalist Fred Harrison was the one to whom Brady hinted that he had killed them both, leading to the discovery of Reade's body.

Dr Keightley claims there are more murders that the police have not investigated, and the total tally of victims is more than the killer has been convicted of. In prison Brady resigned himself to the fact that he would never be released, but Hindley attempted to prove that she was, in a way, also a victim of Brady, a move that angered the public. Eventually Brady distanced himself from her efforts to evoke sympathy and leniency.

Before visiting Brady, Dr Keightley had been head of religious studies at King Edward VI College in Stourbridge. His class, which focused on 'the problem of evil', meant that the students were graced with many a public speaker who had been on both ends of 'evil'. One such visitor was Ann West, Downey's mother. Prompted by West's requests, Dr Keightley wrote to Brady in 1992. "They wanted more details on the murders and to ask, 'why did you do this to my daughter?' which I did, and I didn't expect a response, but he did respond after about a month. We became pen pals," explained Dr Keightley.

But then one day Dr Keightley was summoned to a place where few had gone before. "I corresponded with him for two years, and then he suggested to me that I could come in the flesh." A ritual began: Dr Keightley would bring French Gauloises – Brady's favourite brand of cigarettes – and sweets to their meetings inside the hospital. Brady would bring coffee. For hours the pair would talk about philosophy, religion and literature.

Dr Keightley recalled asking the burning question that everyone wanted to know: "Why children? I demanded to know. He answered immediately, not batting an eyelid: 'Existential exercises'." According to Dr Keightley, Brady had feigned insanity for an easy ride in the psychiatric hospital. In 1999 he went on hunger strike in a protest over an alleged assault when he was moved to a new ward at the secure hospital. When the nursing staff intervened under the Mental Health Act and force-fed him through a tube, Brady demanded that he be sent to a prison where he would be allowed to starve himself to death. The psychiatric hospital refused his demand.

Dr Keightley was adamant that the serial killer was remorseful for what he had done but that he refused to advertise it, feeling that it wouldn't make a difference. Instead he tried to make amends in his own way. Forensic psychologist Chris Cowley, whose book *Face To Face With Evil* described his short correspondence with Brady, partially agreed that Brady was remorseful. Cowley, though, suggests it was not necessarily for the crimes themselves but more for their consequences. In Brady's 2001 book *The Gates of Janus* he wrote, "To whom should I apologise, and what difference would it make to anyone? You contain me in a concrete box that measures eight by ten and expect public confessions

"I REGRET HAVING LIVED THIS LONG, THOUGH IT HASN'T BEEN WASTED AS YOU WILL DISCOVER ON MY DEPARTURE"

of remorse as well?" He later added, "Remorse is a purely personal matter, not a circus performance."

Winnie Johnson, the mother of Keith Bennett, continually begged for Brady and Hindley to tell her where her son's remains were. Her pleas went unanswered, and in 2012 she passed away. As Brady circled the drain, hopes renewed that perhaps on his deathbed the killer would contribute more to the search for the body of missing Keith Bennett. But Dr Keightley, reading from the postscript of his book, spoke of how Brady had only three regrets: "I regret having lived this long, though it hasn't been wasted as you will discover on my departure." His second regret was that he "failed to fully appreciate and took for granted the vast number of good and loyal people I knew during my lifetime." His final regret was a reflection on crime: "I caution stereotyped hacks that a life entirely devoted to criminal pursuits, to a degree more than good sense and necessity demands, will find it as tedious and soul-diminishing as prison itself."

Brady's breathing grew shallow as a result of a chronic obstructive pulmonary disease in May 2017. Eventually his body gave in to the inevitability of death. Dr Keightley, who was named as the killer's sole heir following his death, said that the world would never forget what the Moors Murderers had done.

For the families still alive and able to mourn the children snatched and tortured by Brady and Hindley, even his death leaves a painful reminder – that the killer will always be referred to when their loved ones are remembered.

LEFT A memorial left on a Saddleworth Moor fence post to missing Keith Bennett. His family don't even have the closure of being able to mark the murdered boy's burial site

BELOW Brady was found dead inside room 35 of the Newnham Ward at Ashworth hospital earlier this year. His death was verified at 6.02pm





BIO **TOMMY RHATTIGAN**

Tommy Rhattigan is an author, songwriter and survivor of child killers Ian Brady and Myra Hindley. He lives in the south east of England. His book *1963: A Slice Of Bread And Jam* is available to buy from mirrorbooks.co.uk

INTERVIEW

“I ESCAPED THE MOORS MURDERERS”

AS THEIR BLACK-AND-WHITE MUGSHOTS BURNED THEMSELVES INTO THE PUBLIC'S MINDS AND THEIR PERVERSE CRIMES MADE HISTORY, ONE BOY REALISED HE HAD MET THE 'MOORS MURDERERS', AND UNLIKE THEIR VICTIMS HE HAD LIVED TO TELL THE TALE

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

Growing up in poverty-stricken Manchester in the 1960s, Tommy Rhattigan recalls how, despite the hard times, communities were close, residents didn't feel the need to lock their doors and children felt little need to be wary of strangers. Just seven years old, Tommy went home with what he thought was an “ordinary” young couple that had offered him a slice of bread and jam to stave off his hunger. Unaware that the man and woman stood only a few feet away from him were child killers Ian Brady and Myra Hindley – the couple who would a few years later be dubbed the ‘Moors Murderers’ – Tommy agreed to

go home with them. But as he sat at their table in the home they shared with Hindley's grandmother, he knew something “wasn't right” – he just sensed that he needed to get as far away from them as quickly as he could.

After the images of the killer couple hit TV screens with the news that they had abducted, raped and killed five other children in Manchester, he came to realise he had escaped a couple so evil they would be locked away for life. Real Crime spoke to Tommy about his up close and personal experience with two of the world's most notorious child predators and how they lured victims to their deaths.

Tommy Rhattigan recalled how Myra Hindley approached him as he sat on a swing in a park in Longsight, on the border of Gorton where the child killers lived with Myra Hindley's grandmother



RIGHT Myra Hindley always claimed that she had been forced into her lover Brady's sick crimes, an excuse that many have refuted since her arrest



What sort of childhood did you have growing up in Manchester?

The childhood I had was different from a lot of other children, but at the same time there were a lot of children in the same position. My family were Irish immigrants. We came over in the late 50s to Manchester. The house we lived in was an absolute slum; there were 15 of us in the family.

Our parents were alcoholics. When I came over I was only five so I wasn't educated, and it wasn't encouraged by my parents. We would be out on the streets begging off people, or sifting through the bombed houses. We would pick chewed sweets off the floor and pick up chewing gum that had been spat out. We would chase pigeons away and eat the bread they had eaten – they were very hard times. Sometimes we would knock on someone's door and ask them for a glass of water, and they would bring you a glass of water or orange juice or lemonade, sometimes they would bring us biscuits or sweets. But on a lot of occasions they would say, "Come in, I'll get you a sandwich, you look hungry."

Prior to your encounter with Ian Brady and Myra Hindley, were you aware of any of the crimes that they committed?

There was only one person that I knew of that the police were looking for and that was Pauline Reade. I was only aware that Pauline hadn't come back to her house and

“ I LOOKED UP AT BRADY AS HE CLOSED THE DOOR, AND THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I SAW HIS FACE PROPERLY. HE HAD A SORT OF SMILE; IT WAS ONLY BRIEF ”

she was missing. Truthfully, I believe if it had been one of us [in Tommy's family] there wouldn't have been such a commotion. Pauline came from a very close family: we were close too, but if we were gone for a few days it was normal. I remember her parents talking outside the school and there were pictures of her all over Manchester.

How would you describe that first encounter with Ian Brady and Myra Hindley?

I can always remember her because I can remember that pungent whiff; a mixture of perfume and hairspray. I saw him, but the only time I got a good look at Ian Brady was in the house; most of the time he stood back. I could see him with one of his hands in his pocket smoking a cigarette. When I think about it now he was agitated, but at the time I thought he was just looking around.

When Myra Hindley invited you back to their house for something to eat, were you suspicious of either of them at first?

To me they were just ordinary people. We had lots of senses as children; there were some people we didn't go with. We would never go with a man on his own, it didn't matter what he promised. A woman on her own we would go with and a man and woman we would because we never thought women could hurt you. There was a lot of stuff going on regarding Pauline, and teachers were telling us not to talk to strangers, but if we didn't talk to strangers we

would starve to death so we took no notice of that. We had been invited into people's houses before so for her to ask me, "Do you want a jam butty?", of course I'm up for that. I was slightly taken aback when I had gone to put my hand out for her to hold and she quickly dumped both her hands in her pockets and said, "You mustn't be seen with us or you'll get into trouble." I look back and think, 'What a crafty cow' to say I would get into trouble because that's using a child's fear.

As she walked off she sort of looked at me and said, "Cummon" and I started to follow her. I can remember walking behind her making sure I kept pace. If she turned the corner she would stand for a moment so I could catch up with her. Brady was just following behind. We walked along Taylor Street, and I can remember a pub on the corner where we used to beg at times. Just as we passed that pub a group of young lads wolf whistled at her, and one of them stood in her way and she just barged into this bloke. When I turned around I noticed Brady wasn't there anymore. Perhaps he didn't want to be seen with us because he's known in that area, or perhaps because those young lads might have remembered him, so he decided to go a different way. She walked across one of the alleyways, and when I got to the end she told me to hurry up. As I got to the door I felt someone put a hand on my shoulder, and I was aware it was Brady. She walked along this short corridor and I followed her in. I looked up at Brady as he closed the door and that's

the first time I saw his face properly. He had a sort of smile; it was only brief.

What do you remember about being inside their house?

I must admit my first impression when I walked in there was all the old furniture. For a seven-year-old kid I know that's a bit odd to think, but I had been in a lot of houses and old people had this sort of furniture. She took her head scarf off and that went on the table, but she

RIGHT Tommy became suspicious when Myra Hindley gave him bread and jam without margarine: instinct alerted him to the fact something was not right about her



“ I GOT OUT AND I HEARD HER SAY ‘THE LITTLE SHIT’S GETTING AWAY’. SHE TRIED TO GRAB HOLD OF MY FOOT ”

took this black scarf off and she neatly folded it – it was like a ritual fold – and put it on the back of the chair and told me, “Sit here”. I sat on the opposite side facing the sash window. Someone later told me that she used her black scarf to strangle some of the victims. Also the smell of sherry, I can still smell it now. She had a large tumbler of the stuff. She gave me the slice of bread and jam and said, “Hurry up and get that down you, and we’ll get you home.” Something in her voice made me look up at her – it was quite sharp. When she plonked the plate of food down it was one thick knocker full of jam – and how ridiculous [it was for me] to think “She’s not put any margarine on it,” but thinking back it was hurried. Ask me why I didn’t eat it, I haven’t got a clue, but there were certain things that weren’t right.

What prompted you to think that something wasn’t right about the situation?

It’s her. She’s changed. When I look up into her eyes they’re not those smiling eyes that she had when she was sending me that coy look on the swings. They seemed glazed over. She seemed nervous. When I looked at her hands as she put the plate down, I thought I saw her hands shaking. She went back into the kitchen, and she said something to him, I couldn’t hear what they were saying. What I do remember was him saying, “Fucking wait.” It was just a very quick snap but there was anger in it.

I started to get a little bit frightened because I wondered what I was doing there, and I didn’t want to be there anymore. There was this subconscious feeling that I had to get out of there. All I wanted to do was go, and the nearest thing to me was the sash window – that was the quickest way for me to go. I felt really ill when I pulled the catch back and lifted the window up. I was so frightened because I was trapped – the window wouldn’t open. It opened up to about four inches, and I assumed that they had wooden blocks on it. I pushed up, and the weight must have been stuck because



ABOVE One of a collection of chilling photos of children playing in Ryder Brow School, Gorton, taken by Brady from the passenger seat window of Myra Hindley’s car

ABOVE RIGHT It was only once he was inside the house on Bannock Street that Tommy got a good look at Brady, who remained a silent and shadowy figure until he snapped at Hindley, prompting their dinner guest to abscond

I heard the weight drop and the whole window flew up. I got out, and I heard her say, “The little shit’s getting away.” She tried to grab hold of my foot. I thought at first my foot had got caught in the curtain and I was stuck, but it was once I got through that the hand grabbed at the back of my heel. I headed across the back yard and I heard a bolt going and him saying, “Little bastard”. I remember bits and pieces of machinery, and I believe they were bits of his motorbike, which was leaning up against the back wall covered by a hessian throw. I ran out and jumped over the wall.

How narrow an escape was it?

I think if I hadn’t got out of there I would have been dead within minutes, or they would have done what they did

A STICKY SITUATION

THE MOORS MURDERERS LURED THEIR VICTIMS INTO A TRAP, ENTICING THEM AWAY WITH CAREFULLY CHOSEN INCENTIVES AND CREATING OPPORTUNITIES TO STRIKE

PAULINE READE

Hindley drove past 16-year-old Reade, who was on her way to a dance at a local social club and asked her if she would help to look for a lost glove out on Saddleworth Moors. She promised her victim vinyl records in return for her time.



TOMMY RHATTIGAN

A poor boy from Hulme in Manchester, Rhattigan was waiting for his siblings at a park on the border of Longsight and Gorton when he says Hindley approached him. She offered to feed him if he came home with her and Brady. Luckily he escaped before it was too late.

JOHN KILBRIDE

According to Hindley’s version of events, Brady approached the 12-year-old victim and offered him a bottle of sherry if he helped to look for a lost glove out on the moors. Brady denied this event and claimed it was Hindley who had targeted the boy in Gorton.





Tommy suggested that one of the most shocking aspects of the Moors Murders was that prior to their arrest, Hindley and Brady were "so ordinary to the people of Manchester"



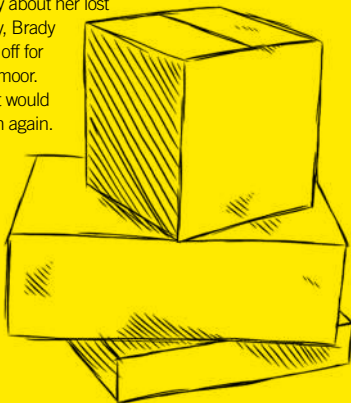
to the other kids. At the end of the day what chance has a young kid got? I was a skinny little thing anyway. I can run, shout and scream but I can't fend off two adults. What could have happened to me does go through my mind quite a lot. Whenever I think of Lesley Ann Downey, as I told her brother Terry, I get so sad when I think about her – it was a horrible thing those bastards did to her, and I think the same would have happened to me. I was caught in a trap.

How would you describe the way they operated as a pair? What were their roles?

She was the person the kids would trust. A child would always trust a woman. A stranger, to me as a child, was a man. Nobody ever said, "Don't speak to strange women," it

KEITH BENNETT

As she sat in her white Morris mini-van, Hindley asked a prepubescent Bennett to help her load some boxes from the off-licence. Later she told the young boy about her lost glove. Hindley, Brady and Keith set off for Saddleworth moor. Keith Bennett would never be seen again.



LESLEY ANN DOWNEY

On Boxing Day 1964 Lesley Ann Downey went to the funfair with her siblings. As she stood gazing at the sights of the fair Hindley approached the little girl and asked for help when she dropped some shopping at her feet, offering her some money in return. They took her to 16 Wardle Brook Avenue where they raped and killed her.



EDWARD EVANS

Brady had seen Evans in Manchester's gay clubs on a number of occasions and decided to approach him one evening when he bumped into him in the city centre. Evans accepted an invitation from Brady to go back to Wardle Brook Avenue for a drink, a clandestine request for sex.



was always, “Don’t speak to strange men”; “Don’t take sweets off strange men”; “Don’t get in a car with a strange man”.

Without her, Brady would not have been able to do what he did. Two young girls told me that when they were younger Brady tried to entice them to the car to look at some puppies and they almost fell for it. I think Myra Hindley was the bait, and I think without her they probably wouldn’t have been able to get a hold of those kids. He may have been the driving force behind her, but she was not afraid of Ian Brady. She was not a victim of Ian Brady, and I could see that.

Have you faced any doubts or criticism about what you went through?

I’ve had people say, “It doesn’t follow how Myra Hindley and Ian Brady acted” because she wasn’t wearing a wig and there was no car. I found out that after I encountered them they had to hire a car to take John Kilbride away, so during that time they didn’t have a car. I do honestly, truthfully think it was an opportunistic moment. I might have walked past them before in the area – I didn’t know the area very well but Taylor Street was one of the main roads I knew at the time and perhaps I had come across them, you just don’t know.

What made me not say anything during that earlier period was when I was in pre-school in 1966, when I first saw pictures of them on the television I knew straight away it was them. I said to the teacher, “Sir, I know them two, I’ve been to their house,” and he said, “Yeah and I bet they sent you off with a fucking lucky bag,” and I didn’t think anything of it – the severity of it didn’t register.

While writing your book you say that you have come across others who have shared their stories of Brady and Hindley. What did you learn from all these different perspectives?

I’ve learned that the chances are there are possibly more victims. I just can’t see how they had six months or years between the murders. A lot of children did go missing in Manchester at the time. There was a lot of building work – they had these huge holes, and it would have been so easy to bury them there.

Now that both of them are dead, do you think the world can begin to move on from what they did?

When he died my daughter phoned me and this chill went through me. I thought about Lesley Ann Downey and Winnie Johnson, such a devoted mother, and I just wondered how she would have felt at the time.

One of the things that was most upsetting for me in all of this was Winnie Johnson sending Brady a letter, and all she was asking for was the body of her son and she would be happy; she wasn’t asking for her son, he was gone, but she was begging this bastard for her son’s body so she could have some peace, and for me it’s beyond words.

I don’t think the world will move on. Some people have said, “Isn’t it about time this stopped and it was all laid to rest?” Any time the victims are mentioned, Brady and Hindley will always crop up.



RIGHT Ian Brady at Ashworth Secure Hospital in 1995. Brady spent the first 19 years of his life sentence in prison before he was diagnosed with psychopathy in 1985 and transferred to Ashworth. He died there on 15 May 2017. Myra Hindley died in November 2002 after 36 years in prison, a matter of weeks before her possible release

“ THE CHANCES ARE THERE ARE POSSIBLY MORE VICTIMS. I JUST CAN'T SEE HOW THEY HAD SIX MONTHS OR YEARS BETWEEN THE MURDERS ”

ON A FINAL NOTE

YEARS LATER TOMMY PENNED A LETTER TO THE MAN WHO HAD WANTED TO KILL HIM. THE CORRESPONDENCE HE RECEIVED WAS SHOCKING

“Dear Mr Rattigan,

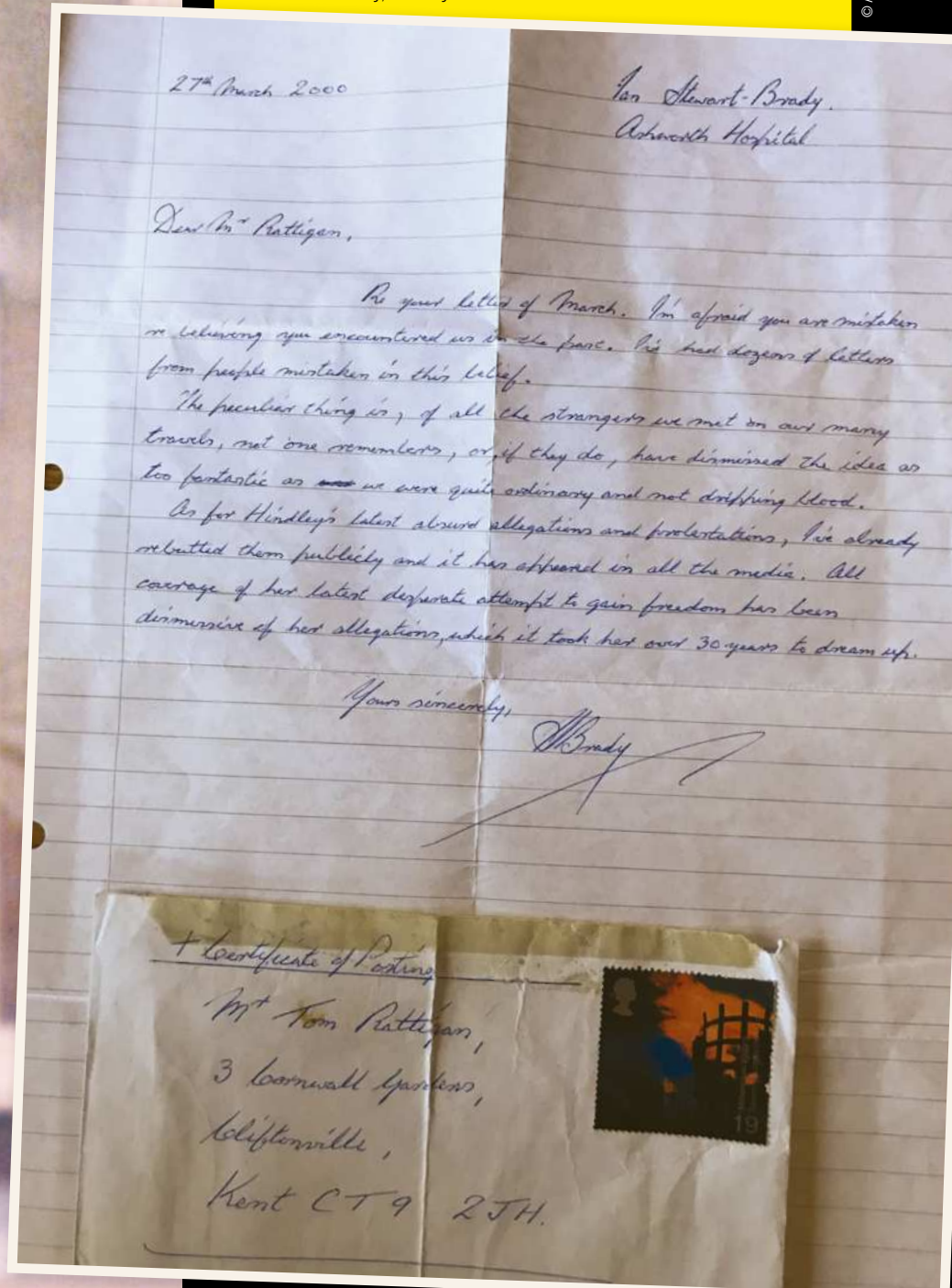
Re your letter of March. I'm afraid you are mistaken in believing you encountered us in the past. I've had dozens of letters from people mistaken in this belief.

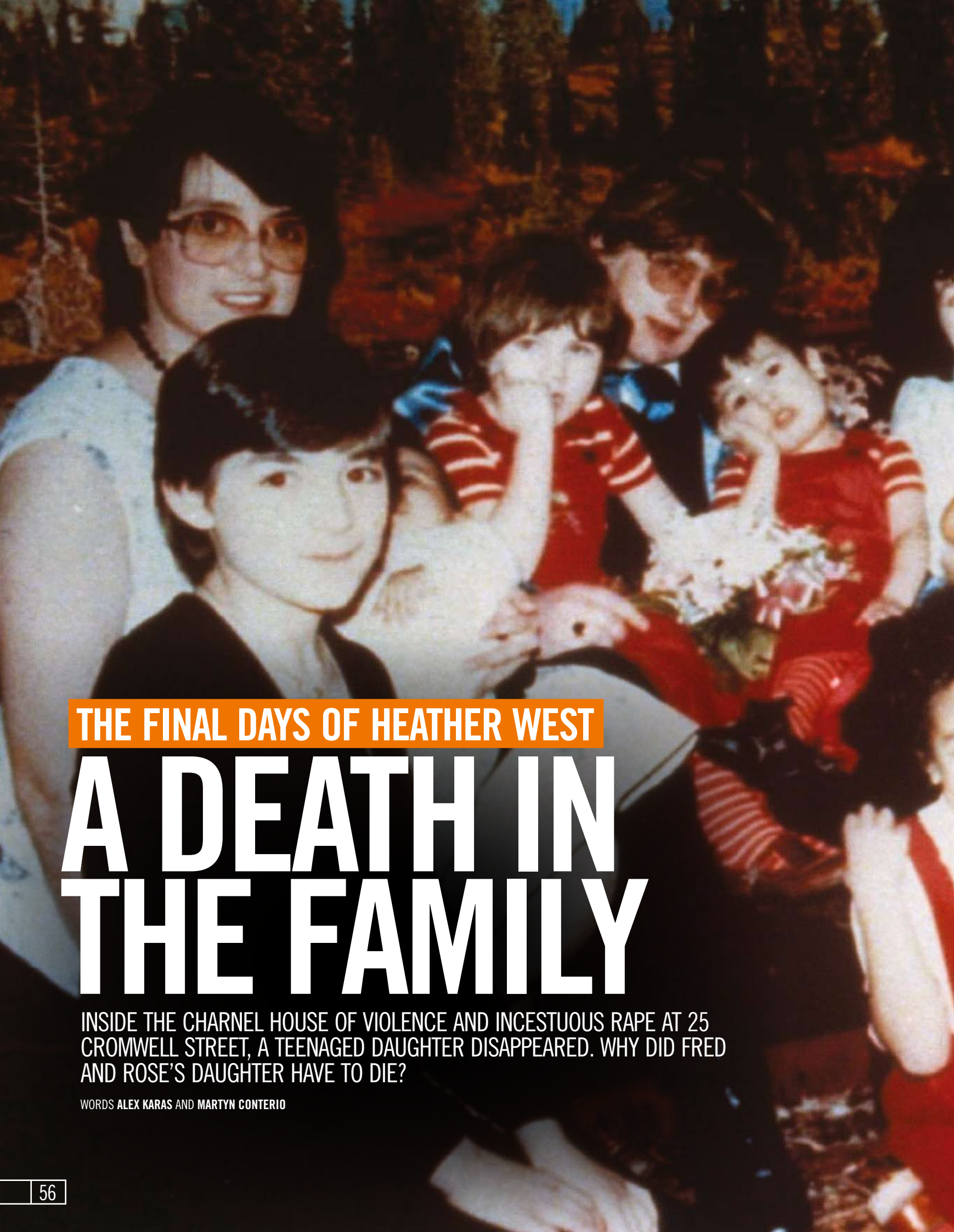
The peculiar thing is, of all the strangers we met on our many travels, not one remembers, or, if they do, have dismissed the idea as too fantastic as we were quite ordinary and not dripping blood.

As for Hindley's latest absurd allegations and protestations, I've already rebutted them publicly and it has appeared in all the media. All coverage of her latest desperate attempt to gain freedom had been dismissive of her allegations, which it took her over 30 years to dream up.

Yours sincerely, I Brady”

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THE FINAL DAYS OF HEATHER WEST

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY

INSIDE THE CHARNEL HOUSE OF VIOLENCE AND INCESTUOUS RAPE AT 25 CROMWELL STREET, A TEENAGED DAUGHTER DISAPPEARED. WHY DID FRED AND ROSE'S DAUGHTER HAVE TO DIE?

WORDS ALEX KARAS AND MARTYN CONTERIO



When two severely damaged people meet, as Fred and Rose West unfortunately did, it can ignite a disturbing fire within them. In this case it led to the creation of a pervert's paradise for the Wests, and a living nightmare for those they selected for abuse or death. While all the West children suffered to varying degrees, it was Heather West (1970-1987) who became the focal point of the police investigation, which unexpectedly broadened from a social care case into exposing a pair of serial killers.

On 19 June 1987, sixteen-year-old Heather West vanished from her home at 25 Cromwell Street, Gloucester. It was eight days since she left school and she was alone in the house with her parents, Fred and Rose West. Heather had been raped and abused by her parents for most of her young life, and home was the last place she wanted to be. Sometime that morning, she was murdered, dismembered and placed in a dustbin. A few days later she was buried in the back garden, like many of the Wests' victims that had gone before her.

"The fact her remains were found with lengths of rope," writer Howard Sounes told Real Crime, "indicates that some sort of bondage / sex game/ rape was in progress before she died, which is consistent with many of the other deaths, and indeed this was part of the prosecution's argument at Rose's trial. Had she lived she may well have gone to the authorities at some stage to tell them about the abuse she and her siblings had suffered, which is a strong motive to murder."

BLOOD TRAILS

Heather Ann West was born at 2.45am on Saturday 17 October 1970, at Gloucestershire Royal Hospital. "She was a delight; always smiling and cheerful," recalled her half-sister, Anne Marie. "She was never any trouble."

Heather would spend the first months of her life in an atmosphere of violence and fear as her teenage mother struggled to cope. One of the children would disappear. By 1972, Fred and Rose had married and moved to 25 Cromwell Street to accommodate their expanding family. It was a three-storey, semi-detached terraced house at the end of a row. They took in lodgers and Rose worked as a prostitute. Caroline Owens was newly installed as a nanny. "I instantly fell in love with them, especially little Heather," she later recalled. The prolonged sexual assault that would later be inflicted on Caroline Owens would herald the start of the West's murderous career.

By the early 1980s the Wests had eight children, including Rose's three mixed-race babies sired by a Jamaican client. Rose's brother Graham would remember 25 Cromwell Street as having an "eerie" atmosphere. "Whenever we walked into the house, there was never any noise. Even with nine or ten children around, you could hear a pin drop. Barbara [Graham's wife] and I felt that it was probably because Rose was so strict with them. If the children looked like playing up, just a half-glance from Rosie was enough."

Joe Hefferan, a neighbour of the West's for 22 years, described them as "a lovely family" and used to greet the children as they were going to school. "I knew Heather, and I was shocked when I heard what had happened." Barbara Jones was a lodger at 25 Cromwell Street and remembers "little Heather" being shy and nervous. It would take a lot for her to open up. Maria De Medico and her family lived near the Wests in Gloucester. She was a child when she and her brother visited 25 Cromwell Street with their father.

"I remember the West children particularly well. I'd see Stephen, Anne Marie and Mae most times, but the one I got



Heather West's disappearance proved to be her parents' undoing, triggering a murder investigation

EXPERT



HOWARD SOUNES

Howard is author of numerous biographies including the groundbreaking *Fred & Rose*, one of the world's most popular true crime books, selling 60,000 copies in its first weeks and reprinted over 30 times.

LEFT Fred and Rose were an amiable towards their neighbours, as was Heather. The family secrets were well-hidden

on best with was Heather. I remember loving her hairstyle. I admired her sense of independence and strong will, too, although I expect it's why they killed her."

Rose was a sadistic disciplinarian. She punched her children in the face and stabbed them with kitchen knives, jabbing repeatedly until they were covered in cuts. "She'd hit one of us and then she'd want to hit us all because she was in the mood," said Mae.

They were expected to do the housework, including their own laundry, feed and change the babies, and cook their own meals from an early age. "We used to come home and do it straight away without talking. If you spoke or it wasn't done properly, mum would go mad," remembered Stephen West.

Fred wasn't as volatile as his wife, but according to Stephen he was "vicious when he was angry." One night he came home late from work. Heather was ironing in the living room and she informed him in a light-hearted way that his dinner would be spoiled yet again. Fred responded by punching her so hard in the shoulder that she was knocked several feet sideways. Then he resumed eating his dinner.

ONE BRAVE GIRL

Heather attended St Paul's Infants and Junior School in New Street, moving up to Hucclecote Comprehensive School when she was 11. "We would have been treated like other kids if mum hadn't dressed myself and Heather like boys," remembered Mae. "It was so bad we packed another set of clothes and shoes in a bag and changed as soon as we got outside the house." Their androgynous appearance did not stop at the school uniform. "We'd even have short back and sides as mum couldn't handle combing long hair."

Both girls protected each other against their father's relentless attention. "Because we went through it at the same time, Heather and I didn't have to warn each other, we knew it was coming and we tried to stick by each other," said Mae. With 18 months between them, the sisters were close.

WEST'S TORTURE CHAMBER

MANY DOOMED YOUNG WOMEN DIED IN THE CELLAR AND SLAUGHTER ROOM AT 25 CROMWELL STREET, BUT THE WEST'S DAUGHTER RECEIVED SPECIAL TREATMENT

The extensive cellar at 25 Cromwell Street ran the length of the house. It was self-contained, and anyone could go about whatever they liked there, safe in the knowledge that they weren't going to be disturbed and that the neighbours weren't going to hear. Unlike other victims, Heather was probably murdered in the hallway by Fred with the assistance of Rose, although she was likely dismembered in this ghoulish place afterwards. Orange and brown nylon fibres from a tufted carpet in the hall were found embedded in two lengths of orange cord – 22 inches and 15 inches long – recovered from her grave and what remained of her hair. This suggests that Heather was held down when she was tied up. No clothes or gag were found, suggesting a sexual act was forced upon her.



The basement of 25 Cromwell Street was where the worst of Fred and Rose's crimes took place. Fred later converted it into a play room for the children

"A STRONG MOTIVE TO MURDER"

HOWARD SOUNES REFLECTS ON THE HEATHER WEST CASE AND HIS TIME AT ROSE WEST'S TRIAL

What was your reaction to the discovery of human remains at 25 Cromwell Street?

My initial reaction... was that it was just another story. I was a reporter and this was what I did. It was an unusual murder story with macabre aspects, but that is attractive to a journalist, and I enjoyed the excitement of breaking the full extent of the story in the *Sunday Mirror*. It was the following week that I began to understand that it was one of the biggest murder cases in British history, a story that could only properly be told in a book, and researching and writing *Fred & Rose* became the exciting part of it all for me. I then worked on the story more or less full-time for the next 21 months.

Tell us about your journey with the case, from breaking the news to the trial.

In 1994, I was a youngish staff reporter for the *Sunday Mirror*. On Saturday 5 March 1994, as that week's newspaper was being prepared for publication, I happened to take a call about a murder investigation in Gloucester. It was a case that had attracted some publicity in recent days as a local domestic murder. In late February a builder named Fred West had been charged with the murder of his missing daughter Heather after human remains had been found at his house at 25 Cromwell Street. This was not in itself a big story. Fred West was not in any sense well-known. The case had developed during the last week in February as two more sets of human remains had been found at his property, but still it was not a national sensation. The information I was given that Saturday was sensational. The case was far bigger than the press knew: 25 Cromwell Street was a charnel house, filled with the remains of many young women, with other victims buried nearby... This is the story I wrote up that Saturday, and it was published on page one of the *Mirror On Sunday* under the headline "HOUSE OF HORRORS".

What are your experiences of Rose's trial?

Rose West's murder trial began with a sense of doubt and anticlimax because Fred wasn't there, having committed suicide. Fred was much more interesting and volatile character than Rose, and he would have been an extraordinary defendant. There is no knowing what he would have said in court, but having seen him at his remand appearances I was sure that he would be a lively and talkative defendant. Rose was by contrast a subdued, dowdy creature who was careful not to do or say the wrong thing. Nevertheless, the case was fascinating from the start. The witnesses for the prosecution gave vivid evidence about what had gone on at Cromwell Street. Anne Marie West and Caroline Owens were among the most compelling prosecution witnesses. One will never forget the Home Office pathologist who explained the practical difficulties of dismembering a human body, producing bones in the witness box to illustrate his points. Great criminal trials have a theatrical quality, and the leading QCs, for the Crown and Defence, were in many ways the leading actors in the drama. But Rose's evidence was the climax of the case. Though she was careful about what she said, and careful about the image she presented, she was caught in telling lies and there were glimpses of belligerence that made one think she could have done these terrible things.

THE WEST FAMILY TREE

TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD THEY APPEARED TO BE A HAPPY, LOVING FAMILY. BUT THEY WERE ALL HIDING THE DARKEST SECRETS IMAGINABLE



FREDERICK WALTER WEST
BORN 1941 SUICIDE 1995



ROSEMARY PAULINE WEST
(née Letts) BORN 1953

ANNE MCFALL (NANNY)

BORN 1949

MURDERED 1967

(while pregnant with Fred's child)

SHIRLEY ROBINSON

(TENANT)

BORN 1957

MURDERED 1978

(while pregnant with Fred's child)

CATHERINE WEST

(née Costello) BORN 1944

MURDERED 1971

CHARMAINE WEST

BORN 1963 MURDERED 1971

ANNE MARIE WEST

BORN 1964

LOUISE

BORN 1977

ROSE JR.

BORN 1982

LUCYANNA

BORN 1983

TARA

BORN 1977

HEATHER WEST

BORN 1970 MURDERED 1987

MAE WEST

BORN 1972

STEPHEN WEST

BORN 1973

BARRY WEST

BORN 1980



A sample of the range of riding crops that were recovered by investigators at the West house

"We went through a lot together and understood each other. She'd had me in trouble at school because she smoked and I didn't. But I didn't mind." The two girls were "quite happy playing silly games" as they walked home from school. "Heather blindfolded me, and I tried to walk without seeing, and we smoked rolled up paper towels with leaves in them. We didn't play like normal kids. We'd go to derelict houses in the docks and chase rats."

Coming up to 12, Heather took up smoking and alcohol. She went shoplifting, and in August 1982 she was caught stealing from WHSmith. Heather was charged and signed a note admitting three other offences, but because of her age the case did not go to court. "Heather became very withdrawn at school and was always in trouble. I used to hang around her in what was called the 'smokers' corner' when she had a few crafty fags," recalled Mae. Heather was nevertheless a bright girl and would pass eight CSE exams. She did not live to see the results.

Anne Marie eventually fled Cromwell Street after years of abuse, so Fred began pestering Heather for sex. Unlike Anne Marie, Heather resisted. "It was really bad for me and Heather when we reached puberty, at about 12 or 13," said Mae. Stephen recalled how his father "used to chase Mae and Heather around and touch them, grab their breasts or grab them between the legs." Heather did everything in her power to fight her father off but didn't always succeed. Fred often wrestled her to the floor and beat her. There was no lock on the bathroom door, and he was able to reach around the shower and fondle Heather and her sister Mae.

"A groping could last 20 minutes, and in the end Heather and I would stand guard outside the shower and warn each other when he was coming," said Mae. They would whistle to each other when he approached.

"The abuse really affected Heather. She just became really quiet and went into herself. She used to be moody. She never had boyfriends and at school she was always separate from

everyone else. She used to rock on her chair for hours and not talk to anyone. And she'd bite her nails till she had none at all. She just got quieter and quieter," recalled Mae in 1995. Heather started having nightmares and became convinced that "something terrible" was going to happen to her.

In 1984, Anne Marie married Christopher Davis. Heather confided in Davis not long after. She told him that she'd had enough of life at home and wasn't going to take it. Heather was seriously considering running away to the Forest of Dean. Davis ventured that she would make a good castaway and he later recalled how unpredictable she could be: for amusement Davis put on a clown's outfit one day. "I did everything but jump on her head if you like. [She] looked straight through me as if I wasn't there. Then again, if you've been molested, you switch off. [There's] that ability to distance themselves."

Heather and Mae became used to their father bursting in on them early in the morning when they were getting dressed, or pulling the sheets from their beds. "Heather and I shared a room up until the time she disappeared, and we discussed never letting him go too far," recalled Mae. "She was affected by this quite badly, more than me."

By the time Heather was 14 and Mae 12, Fred had bored holes in the door and punched holes in the wall so he could spy on them as they undressed. He would call Heather and Mae "bitches" and "frigid", and Rose would laugh. Visitors to the house remember Fred calling Heather "ugly" and being cruel to her. He was always on at her about being a lesbian. "When she became a teenager Fred began to tease her. That was the beginning of her slide into misery," said Anne Marie.

“HEATHER DID EVERYTHING IN HER POWER TO FIGHT HER FATHER OFF BUT DIDN'T ALWAYS SUCCEED. FRED OFTEN BEAT HER”

ABOVE Synonymous with acts of unspeakable evil, 25 Cromwell Street was demolished in October 1996, clearing a pathway into the next street



ABOVE A policeman stands guard outside the 'House of Horrors'. It's believed that Fred West killed more than 30 women, and he is said to have confessed to 20 additional murders

Because Heather was receiving more beatings than her siblings, she refused to comply with the rule to shower after sports at school. She was self-conscious about her body, wore long-sleeved blouses and pulled up her socks over her knees to hide her bruises. She was frequently sent to the headmaster's office as a result. Denise Harrison was Heather's closest friend. She only learned the real reason behind Heather's disobedience when she was forced to shower one day and Denise saw the weal marks and bruises all over her arms and legs.

"The whole atmosphere was really making Heather miserable," recalled Mae. "She just became a loner, a bit of a recluse. She wanted to be on her own. Her ambition was to live in the Forest of Dean. She was fascinated with that area. She liked the outdoors, the feeling of freedom. She didn't want to do what normal people did. She wanted to live like a hermit. She never wore shoes – she liked to walk barefoot."

By the spring of 1987, Heather was 16 and a half. She had grown into an exceptionally pretty teenager with dark eyes and raven hair. With her dark looks, Heather looked more Mediterranean than English. She was slim and petite, with slightly prominent front teeth and a passionate temperament. "She seemed more sexually aware than other girls our age," remembered one of her school friends, and she got into trouble on more than one occasion for bringing pornographic magazines to school. Heather developed an intense crush on a male teacher that resulted in Fred being called to the headmaster's office. "Mr West was very cooperative," a member of staff at the school later recalled.

"Heather was very wary of men and boys," said Mae. She absconded from a school camping trip on one occasion because she didn't like the male teachers. A school friend remembered Heather as being "quite unhappy, particularly at home," and that she was planning to "join the Army or go and work in a holiday camp". Another friend remembered



Heather, Mae and Stephen West lived in constant fear of their violent, sadistic parents

Heather as being “desperately afraid of her parents”. When gossip reached the pupils at school about the unorthodox lifestyle at 25 Cromwell Street, Heather unwisely told them it was true and let a few other details slip. As a result she was guarded more closely. One day, Denise Harrison found Heather in tears, who then confided in her friend. Heather had just found out that the father of a girl at school was also the father of her mixed-race sisters. She confronted the girl, who told her parents. There was a showdown at Cromwell Street. Heather suffered a terrible beating as punishment.

She told Denise that her father came into her room at night. “She said he was having sex with her,” recalled Denise “I said, ‘Haven’t you told your mum?’, and she said her mum didn’t believe her.” She encouraged her friend to inform the teachers. “I asked her whether she had told anyone and she said she was too frightened,” said Denise. She told her parents what Heather had said, but they just couldn’t accept it. “We left school about three weeks after this so I never saw her again.”

MISSING HEATHER

On Wednesday 17 June 1987, the whole West family attended the third birthday party of Anne Marie’s daughter at 52 Sapperton Road. It was evident from the moment they arrived that all was not well with Heather. “Don’t fucking stand there like a lemon,” Fred mocked. “Why don’t you leave me a-fucking-lone,” she retaliated. Heather distanced herself from everyone else. “Each time I tried to approach Heather to talk to her, my stepmother or my father would be there in an instant,” Anne Marie wrote later.

Hope was fleeting for the unhappy girl. “The night before she went she was very upset,” remembered Mae. “She had got a job as a chalet cleaner at a holiday camp in Torquay and was really looking forward to it. But that night, for some

reason, the job was cancelled. Heather went to bed sobbing and cried all night. I had never seen her like that before.”

It was raining hard the following day, 19 June. “In the morning she was back to her usual self, looking miserable, biting her nails and sitting on the couch bouncing back and forth as she sat. I don’t remember the last words I said to her, just how she looked and what she was wearing,” said Mae. Fred had been working on an outside building job but couldn’t work that day because of the rain. Heather was alone in the house with her parents.

Fred may have attempted to rape his daughter that morning. “I think if he tried to rape her she would never give in, and he would have to kill her. I think that’s what must have happened,” explained Mae. Fred confessed to strangling Heather in the hallway after the children had gone to school. She was standing with her hands in her pockets against the washing machine. “And I said to her ... ‘Now what’s this about you leaving home! ... You know you’re too young. You’re a lesbian and there’s AIDS and all that. I mean, you’re vulnerable to anything... Well, Heather, I’m not going to let you go,’ and she replied, ‘If you don’t fucking let me go I’ll give all the kids acid and they’ll jump off the church roof and be dead on the floor.’” Apparently she had “a sort of smile and a smirk on her face, like ‘you try me and I’ll do it.’”

Fred lunged at her “and grabbed her round the throat like that, and I held for a minute. How long I held her for I don’t know. I can’t remember... I can just remember lunging at her throat and the next minute she’s gone blue.” According to Fred, Rose was not involved. She was on a three-hour

“FRED CONFESSED TO STRANGLING HEATHER IN THE HALLWAY AFTER THE CHILDREN HAD GONE TO SCHOOL”

THE UNLOVING MOTHER

ROSE WEST WAS BELLIGERENT AND UNCOOPERATIVE DURING HER POLICE INTERVIEW. SHE PREVARICATED AND CONSISTENTLY SPOKE NEGATIVELY ABOUT HER DAUGHTER, AS IF SHE WAS TRYING TO JUSTIFY HER CRIMES

Detective Sergeant Terence Onions: Let’s talk about the sort of girl she was in terms of personality.

Rose West: Quiet, liked to be different to everybody else. She tried to do the opposite of everybody else.

TO: Was she a problem in the house?

RW: She didn’t go along with what the rest were doing...

Rose became hostile when pressed about the bank account she said she used to withdraw money for her daughter.

TO: As regards the bank account, we would like to find out if there’s some fact in your story. £600 is a lot of money. If it was me, considering that was a really stressful time for me, my first one moving away, and then I went to the bank to make sure she had some money, I would know which bank...

RW: I was upset at the time. I was upset... What do you think? I’m a fucking computer? In the last 18 months, I have had fucking hell. What more do you want?

TO: I’m trying to find out if Heather is still alive.

RW: If you had any brains at all, you could find her. It can’t be that difficult.

The officer strongly suspected that Rose was lying and confronted her with the reality of the search for missing Heather.

TO: The whole patio will be dug up – the garden and everything. If she is under there...

RW: There’s nothing you will stop at, is there?

Rose is then confronted with her husband’s recent murder confession.

TO: Why do you think you’ve been arrested today? For the most grave of offences. There has been a major development this morning. Fred has confessed to murdering Heather.

RW: What? So you know where she is?

TO: He has told us where she is.

RW: So she is dead, is that right?



shopping expedition at the time. When Heather's remains were eventually unearthed, two lengths of cord were also recovered. Nylon fibres from a tufted carpet in the hall were embedded in the cord and what remained of her hair. No clothes or gag were ever retrieved.

In 2005, Barry West gave a graphic account of Heather's death to a newspaper. He was seven at the time. He explained how Fred and Rose had set upon Heather early in the morning. Fred tried to force Heather to commit a sexual act, and when she refused, Rose slapped and kicked her repeatedly before stamping on her head five times until Heather "didn't move again". Rose is alleged to have said, "Right, let's clear this up. Let's get rid of this fucking whore." The account is not corroborated by what was already established about Heather's death, nor did it form key evidence at the trial.

Mae recalled in 1995 the day she came home from school and Heather was gone. Fred told the kids that she'd gone to a job in a holiday camp, which didn't seem unusual to Mae because they'd all been expecting Heather to take the job. But she remembered that Fred was, "really calm, smiling. He was just really good and mum stood by him."

"As to the precise circumstances of how and why she died," said Sounes, "We do not know exactly, but it is fair to speculate that she was killed while being raped by her parents, or she was killed because her parents wanted to shut her up, or both. But whether or not Fred and Rose thought that through with cold logic and executed her accordingly, or went berserk one day, is impossible to know."

THE GARDEN OF EVIL

In the weeks that followed, Fred extended the patio at the back of the house. He constructed a barbecue opposite the site of Heather's grave. "We used to be out in the garden with the music on and laughing. It was like dancing on her grave," said Mae. But the pretty, dark-haired teenager would not be forgotten. She was often spoken about in the house, and her siblings were keen on trying to find out where she was. "I never gave up hope of finding her until the police did it for me," wrote Anne Marie in her book, *Out Of The Shadows*.

"One day she was there, and the next day she was gone, and then mum and dad started to tell all sorts of stories to explain away her absence," said Anne-Marie. Fred claimed to have seen her. One day 'Heather' was said to have called home and spoken to Rose, calling again a few days later to speak to Fred. "Knowing what I know now, I think they got someone to ring up, so that if we had any suspicions it would calm us down."

By May 1992, Fred had raped another daughter. She informed her school friends and they told a police officer. 25 Cromwell Street was searched on 6 August and Rose was arrested. Fred was charged with rape and sodomy and the West children were taken into care. On the morning of Friday 7 August, Anne Marie made a long statement to the police, but she later retracted it. Detective Constable Hazel Savage was not deterred. One of the main lines of enquiry in August 1992 was the whereabouts of missing Heather West. Constable Savage told the kids, "One good thing that's going to come out of this is that I'm going to find your sister." Mae remembered not liking Hazel, "But we thought that if she'd find Heather, then that was alright with us."

On Monday 7 June 1993, the case against the Wests collapsed when the children refused to give evidence. Meanwhile, the search for Heather widened. Months later,



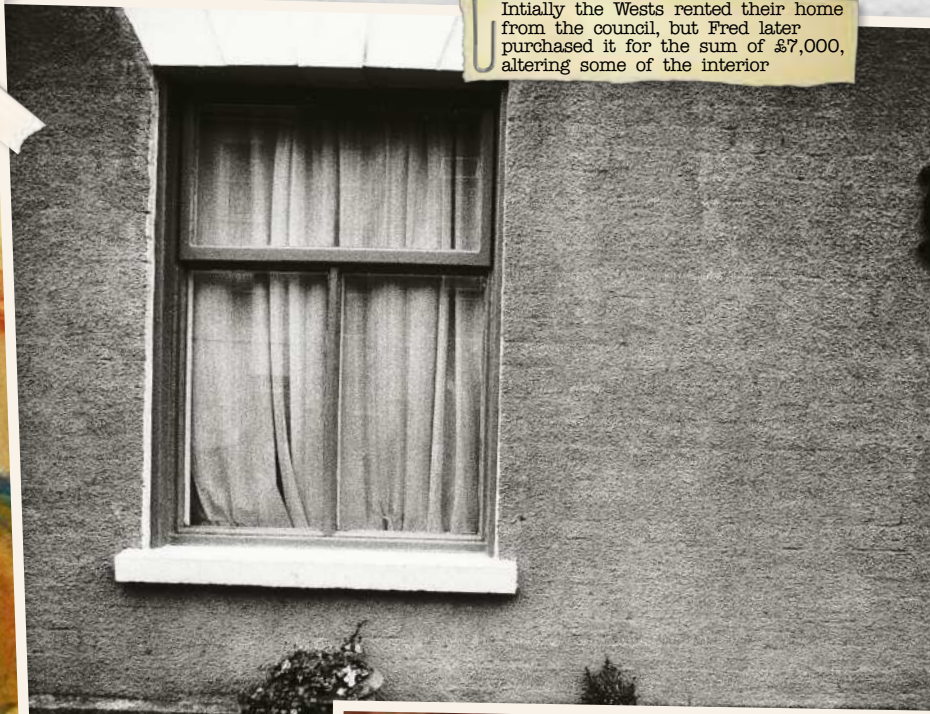
After years of getting away with murder, Fred West appeared to try to justify his actions to the officers investigating his horrifying crimes

a social worker overheard the children discussing the "family joke" in their care home. The gist of it was that if the children were open with their mouths about what went on at home, they would end up being buried under the patio like their sister Heather. "There were stories within the family that Heather was buried in the garden, but it was a sort of joke, a sick family joke that may or may not have held some truth. Of course the joke turned out to be true," Sounes recounted.

The police took statements from all the children and secured a warrant to dig up the garden at 25 Cromwell Street. The excavation began on Thursday 24 February 1994. Fred and Rose spoke disparagingly about their missing daughter. Fred prevaricated, while Rose claimed to have given her £600 to start a new life, but the lies fell apart the day Heather's remains were uncovered in the garden, under the patio as the family joke had suggested.

On Saturday 26 February, the search team digging in the back garden of 25 Cromwell Street finally unearthed Heather's remains beneath the patio opposite the barbecue. She had been decapitated and her body dismembered. Two lengths of orange cord, part of a necklace and several loose fingernails (but not the corresponding fingers) were also recovered. The suggestion that the fingernails were pulled out while Heather was still alive is not sustainable from the evidence, but cannot be ruled out. 38 of Heather's bones were missing from her remains, including her right kneecap, 15 of her wrist and ankle bones from a total of 30, and 22 finger and toe bones from a total of 76. Not only had Heather's legs

“THERE WAS A FAMILY JOKE THAT IF THE CHILDREN TALKED ABOUT WHAT WENT ON, THEY WOULD BE BURIED UNDER THE PATIO”



Initially the Wests rented their home from the council, but Fred later purchased it for the sum of £7,000, altering some of the interior

25
Cromwell
St



HEATHER

It seems we lived a seven year con,
Since we came home to find you gone.
For all those years we tried in vain,
In hope we could ease the pain,
But how were we to have ever known,
That someone close and in our home,
Took you from us that sad day.
In such a sad and awful way.

No one could love you the way we do,
And know how much we miss you,
I hope one day we meet again,
And then at last there would be no pain.

The sad memories of this house
will go with it,
But the memories of you,
will always stay.

Love Stephen, Mae & Tara

A poem about Heather penned by Steven West was left at 25 Cromwell Street prior to the house's demolition

been disarticulated from her pelvis with a sharp knife, leaving tiny cuts on her bones, but her left thigh had also been smashed in two near her pelvis with a sharp-edged object, which Home Office pathologist Professor Bernard Knight believed to have been a cleaver. Over the ensuing days further human remains were recovered in the garden and cellar.

On Sunday 27 February 1994, Fred was charged with murdering Heather. Shortly after lunch, West gave a lurid account of the murder and dismemberment in the presence of his solicitor, Howard Ogden, and his appropriate adult, Janet Leach. On New Year's Day 1995, he took the coward's way out, asphyxiating himself in his cell at Winson Green Prison, Birmingham.

The same day Fred was charged, Rose was arrested on "suspicion of the murder of Shirley Robinson and another as yet unknown female". In her evidence against Rose in court, Anne Marie gave a particularly poignant account of years of abuse. After a suicide attempt, she was back in the witness box, this time set to make a stand against her stepmother.

"For the most part, Rose West remained impassive, though when Heather's murder came up she dabbed her eyes," the officer in charge of the West investigation, John Bennett, wrote later. But "there were no tears beneath those trademark spectacles." Rose took the witness stand and destroyed her own credibility. The jury wasn't convinced by her declaration that she'd loved Heather "very, very much".

The Wests became tabloid ghouls, their list of sickening crimes disgusted the nation. The council sent the wrecking balls in to destroy 25 Cromwell Street.

They say time heals all wounds, but comforting words cannot bring back the dead. Broken lives can be rebuilt, but it's a long and hard road to recovery. Sadly for Heather West, she never got the chance to mend, murdered by the two people meant to love her the most.




ALTON COLEMAN AND DEBRA BROWN

PSYCHOPATHS IN PLAIN SIGHT

TO PASSERS-BY, ALTON COLEMAN AND DEBRA BROWN APPEARED A NORMAL, LOVING COUPLE. BUT THEY WERE VIOLENT, HUNTED FUGITIVES, WANTED IN SIX MIDWEST STATES FOR RAPE AND MURDER

WORDS DANIEL D WOODCROFT



The schoolgirl had vanished. It must be okay, thought her mother, Juanita Wheat. Her new boyfriend was with her eldest child. He seemed charming, normal and had taken her nine-year-old daughter, Vernita, to pick up a stereo after returning from a carnival. But the evening grew late and, by 11pm on that late-spring day in 1984, Juanita was desperate to find her girl. She dashed out onto the streets in her Midwest hometown of Kenosha, Wisconsin, looking frantically for little Vernita and the man she knew as Robert Knight.

After an hour of searching, knocking on doors and calling friends, she decided that she had to phone the police. They asked about her new boyfriend. She described him as magnetic, handsome and nice. Police crews were dispatched. They searched the carnival but there was no sign of the good-looking man and the schoolgirl. Juanita had an address for him in town. Police went there, only to find it didn't exist.

Lieutenant Marc Hansen of the Waukegan Police Department later told a documentary team: "Kenosha

Police have Juanita come into their station. They don't have a Robert Knight in any records, so they have her go through their mug shot books and she picks out the picture that she thought was Robert Knight but in actuality is Alton Coleman."

The name Alton Coleman made the police worried, and the fact he'd been pretending to be someone else, that was a reason to fear for Vernita Wheat's life.

A SMOOTH-TALKER NAMED 'PISSY'

Alton Coleman had been well-known to police for most of his 28 years. He had started out as a juvenile petty criminal and arsonist and had developed into a fully fledged rapist who used cunning and a respectable veneer to fool juries and evade justice. He had grown up in Waukegan, a city 16 miles south across the Illinois state border from Kenosha.

“THE DETECTIVES’ WORST FEARS WERE CONFIRMED — A VIOLENT SOCIOPATH WAS ON THE RUN AND HE HAD AN ACCOMPLICE”

Coleman was the son of a prostitute and lived with his 73-year-old grandmother. In the neighbourhood, he was given the nickname 'Pissy' due to his unfortunate habit of wetting himself.

Soon, Pissy's behaviour became as uncontrollable as his bladder. As a boy he smashed windows and set fire to buildings on his housing project, but what really struck fear into the hearts of those detectives looking for Vernita Wheat was his long history of sexual assaults. Between 1973 and 1983 he had been charged with six rapes, but he either managed to persuade victims to drop the charges or juries acquitted this 'smooth-as-silk' defendant.

And he believed he was also protected by a higher force. He was devoted to Voodoo, he told friends, and this apparently made him impervious to the long arm of the law.

But while he beat the sexual assault raps, he pleaded guilty to a robbery charge. While spending two years in a correctional facility, Coleman gained a reputation as a sexual predator, raping fellow male inmates. Prison psychiatric records described him as a 'Pansexual, willing to have intercourse with any object, man, woman or child.' And frighteningly for Vernita Wheat's family and detectives searching for her in May 1984, he was on the run after raping a 14-year-old girl at knifepoint in a Chicago suburb.

The heat was on Kenosha and Waukegan police, who joined forces in the hunt for Vernita and the man detectives assumed had abducted her: Alton Coleman. They searched Coleman's last-known address – his grandmother's home. Old and blind, she offered little help, but there was another woman in the apartment. Her name was Debra Brown, and she claimed she was Coleman's girlfriend.

Police brought Brown in for questioning. Brown was 21, one of 11 children and had a clean record. No prior contact with the police. She admitted Coleman had vanished overnight on the day of Vernita's disappearance, and when he'd returned the next morning he'd been acting strangely.

"Debra Brown seemed to be cooperative with us," said Lieutenant Marc Hansen. "She seemed to give us the

information freely." Brown claimed ignorance and innocence. Police believed her and let her go. The hunt continued across two states – Wisconsin and Illinois. Alton Coleman was seen by a police officer but he ran away. Detectives returned to his grandmother's apartment only to find that now Debra Brown had vanished, too.

With the disappearance of the pair and the evidence of Coleman's dangerous record, a federal jury indicted both of them for the kidnap of Vernita Wheat.

Vernita's terrified family and detectives eventually learnt the schoolgirl's fate three weeks after she'd gone missing. Two men had tried to get into an abandoned building in Waukegan on 19 June, and there they found the decomposing body of the little girl wedged in the doorway of a bathroom. Vernita's hands and legs had been tied with a cable. She had been strangled.

Scenes of crime officers dusted for fingerprints and found a thumbprint on the door. It matched Coleman's records. That confirmed detectives' worst fears: they had a killer on the loose. A violent sociopath was on the run and he had an accomplice.

"There was a lot of fear because we had not caught him," Lieutenant Marc Hansen said. "We didn't know where he was. Was he still on the streets of Waukegan? Was he in Kenosha?" The answer was neither. What followed was a six-state spree of murder and rape, which shocked America to its core.

HORROR IN THE WOODS

Gary, Indiana was a declining former steel mill city 25 miles south of Downtown Chicago. It was famous for its industrial past and being the birthplace of Michael Jackson.

On 18 June a nine-year-old girl, Annie Hilliard, was found wandering, confused, in a wooded area of the crumbling city. She was taken to hospital where an examination showed she had been beaten, choked and sexually assaulted. She told police that she and her seven-year-old niece, Tamika, had been taken to the wooded area by a man and woman. There, they were attacked. Detectives went to the scene and found the lifeless body of Tamika Turks. She had been strangled and sexually assaulted. The survivor gave detectives a description of her attackers. It matched the image of Alton Coleman, and he had a female accomplice.

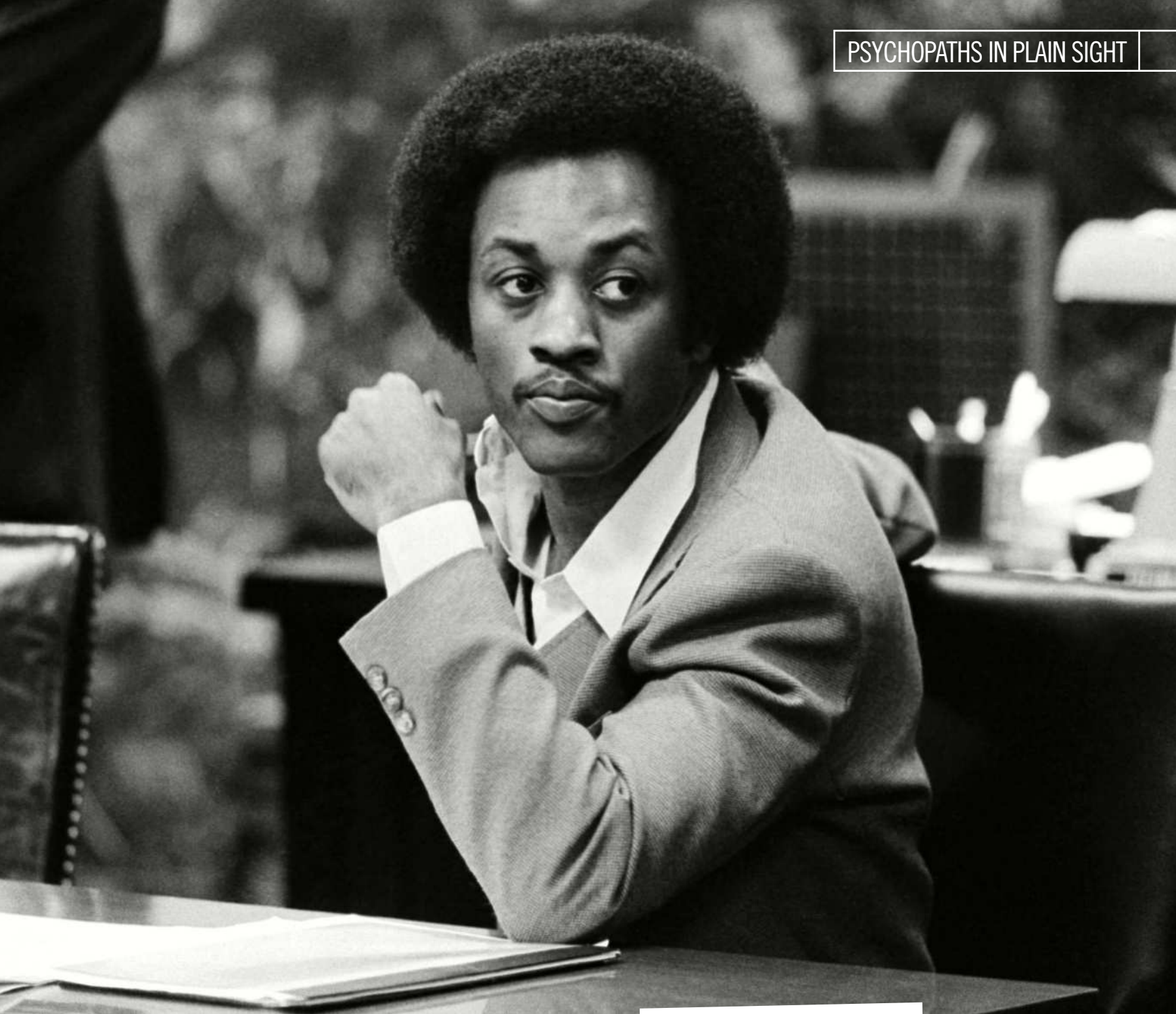
Court documents describe what happened. Annie and Tamika had been walking back from a candy store when they were confronted by Coleman and Brown. The killers persuaded the girls to 'play a game' in the nearby wooded area. They tore Tamika's shirt from her and ripped it into strips, which they used to bind and gag the girls. When Tamika began to cry, Brown held her nose and mouth while Coleman stamped on her chest. The nine-year-old was then sexually assaulted and strangled until she was unconscious. She was left for dead, but somehow survived.

More than 100 police and federal agents were now searching for the depraved couple, but Alton Coleman and Debra Brown were able to evade the law and continue their sexually charged bloodthirsty odyssey around the Midwest. As police hunted them, they built up a picture of their relationship. The couple had met a year before, in 1983. Brown was analysed as being intellectually disabled, had a low IQ and would later be diagnosed with Passive Dependent Personality Disorder.

"Coleman deliberately had the mindset of choosing Debra Brown," Dr Helen Morrison, a forensic psychiatrist,

ABOVE Alton Coleman in court during jury selection at Hamilton County Common Pleas Court, in April 1985. He was charged with the murder of Marlene Walters and would later be convicted of her death

RIGHT Oline Carmical, who was kidnapped by the devious duo, claimed in an interview after his ordeal that he was "just relieved to be alive"



told documentary makers on the USA's *Wicked Attraction* TV series. "He somehow knew that she was the perfect partner. She sees him as kind and caring. She sees him as wanting to make her life wonderful. And she falls under the spell because she will do anything to have this man in her life."

But their appetite for murder continued unchecked. The day Tamika Turks' body was found, a 25-year-old woman from Gary, Indiana, disappeared. Donna Williams was a churchgoer and had been befriended by a charming man in his late 20s who'd said he wanted to make a confession. A week later her car was found abandoned in Detroit, Michigan. There was no sign of Donna, but police found a false identity card bearing the image of Alton Coleman.

The pair had moved on in their roadtrip of rape and murder. Two days after Donna Williams vanished, a Detroit woman reported that she had been kidnapped at knifepoint by a young black couple. They'd ordered her to drive to



Toledo, Ohio. She'd rammed her car into oncoming traffic to flee her captors. She later gave investigators descriptions of her captors. They matched those of Coleman and Brown.

FBI Special Agent John Anthony told reporters at the time how he thought the couple were able to evade police: "We've come to the conclusion that Coleman and Brown are staying with people they meet. They spend a day or two with the people, get a little money gambling with them and then assault and rob them and steal their car."

"This wasn't two hardened gang people walking down the street that everybody would fear – they looked like a couple and were able to prey on anybody," Lieutenant Marc Hansen later said.

They were serial killers operating in plain sight. And the bloody binge continued.

In Ohio, on 5 July, Coleman befriended a young mother called Virginia Temple. A couple of days later, her relatives tried to contact her, without luck. They became so concerned

that they called the police, who entered the home. Inside they found four of her children alone and frightened. The body of Virginia Temple was found in a crawl space under the home. She had been gagged with a baby's tee-shirt. She lay alongside the body of her eldest daughter, nine-year-old Rachelle. They had both been sexually assaulted. Coleman's footprint was found at the scene.

"Alton Coleman and Debra Brown were very sloppy," said Dr Morrison. "But it wasn't that they wanted to get caught. There was an arrogance to their crimes."

INTERSTATE MURDER

7 July was to prove to be a busy day in Coleman and Brown's horrific rampage. Hours after murdering Virginia and Rachelle, they approached an elderly couple, Frank and Dorothy Duvendack, at their Toledo home. They were interested in a car that was for sale along the road. Once inside their home, Coleman produced a gun and held it to their heads. He and Brown used appliance cables to tie up the elderly pair before stealing money, their car and a watch belonging to Dorothy.

A few days later, on 11 July, back in Detroit, an anonymous phone call to Wayne State University alerted police to an abandoned building. There, the remains of Donna Williams were discovered. She had been strangled with a pair of tights.

“ VIRGINIA TEMPLE'S BODY WAS FOUND UNDER HER HOME, ALONGSIDE THAT OF HER NINE-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER ”

Her mother later identified her by clothing and a pair of earrings. Investigators believed Donna Williams had been killed soon after entering the derelict building.

By now, the pair were wanted in five states and investigators were questioning what motivated this bloodthirsty spree. Some detectives believed that as all but one of their victims were of African-American descent that Coleman had an intensive hatred of blacks. A friend of his family is reported to have put it down to an inability to deal with his homosexual tendencies. "He used to dress up like a woman a lot. It was well known that he had different habits than a normal male," the friend said.

The killers tended to not stalk their victims – instead, they chose them randomly. There was no ritual to their murders. Coleman was a 'disorganised' serial killer. His victims fulfilled his depraved sexual urges. They were simply in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Gary Hart, an FBI Special Agent, told news crews at the time: "He will go into neighbourhoods in order to get whatever items he needs for survival. This is independent of his effort to obtain young black girls for his deviate purposes."

Coleman was clearly the leader, but Brown was an active participant. "Debra Brown was under his spell," Dr Morrison told film-makers. "She was in lust, and she's in love. She also knew that whatever Alton told her to do, she would do. Even though she knew it was wrong. The dynamic of this couple is that they almost become one. Alton Coleman and Debra Brown became one organism. The organism that Coleman and Brown became fed on these murders. It maintained their relationship."



ABOVE Coleman soon after his arrest. He was stopped in a park in Evanston, Illinois. He was found with a knife hidden between two socks

On 11 July 1984, Coleman and Brown provided further proof of the need to catch them quickly to stem their vile orgy of murder. Tonnie Storey, a 15-year-old student from Over-the-Rhine area of Cincinnati disappeared. Her family and investigators feared the terrible team of Coleman and Brown had struck again.

MOST WANTED

Police resources in several states were concentrated on finding the fugitives. There were press appeals and inquiry rooms were besieged with calls from folk who thought they had seen them. None of these calls led anywhere. Coleman and Brown were in the public eye, but now the FBI made Coleman a special 11th addition to the USA's 'Ten Most-Wanted list'. This seldom-used publicity technique is applied when there is a fugitive who is a clear and present danger to the public.

Two days after Tonnie's disappearance, on 13 July 1984, Coleman and Brown cycled into Norwood, a city on the outskirts of Cincinnati, Ohio. They needed to steal a car. They saw an advert for a camping trailer for sale and called at the seller's home. His name was Harry Walters. He invited the respectable-looking couple in and started talking about the trailer. Coleman picked up a candlestick, admiringly, and then hit Walters across the back of the head, knocking him unconscious.

Later that day, Mr Walters' daughter came home from work to find her parents lying, bound, at the bottom of their cellar steps. They had been tied with electrical cords. Her mother, Marlene, was dead, covered in a bloody sheet. The 44-year-old Sunday school teacher's head had been struck more than 20 times, but her father was alive, just. He would remain in a coma for weeks. He would see neither the death nor the funeral of his wife of 26 years.

"I've seen brutal homicides, but these are Number One. They were cruel, savage," said Norwood Police's Captain Thomas Williams.

Harry Walters' Plymouth Valiant had vanished – the killers were on the run.

Coleman and Brown headed to a new state: Kentucky. They abandoned Harry Walters' car in a cornfield and were on the look-out for new wheels. On 16 July, a college professor, Oline Carmical, returned to his hotel in Lexington after finishing for the day at the University of Kentucky. As he was locking his car he said he suddenly felt 'a couple of pistols at my temples'.

"We want all your money. Is your life worth more than your money?" was the demand. The college professor was made to call his wife, coerced into telling her he had a gambling debt, and would be killed unless she brought all the money from their savings to a phonebox in nearby Richmond.

The exchange never happened. Instead, Coleman and Brown bundled the professor into his trunk and drove him around Lexington before abandoning his car in Dayton, Ohio. Professor Carmical was one of the lucky ones – he survived his brush with Coleman and Brown.

In Dayton, the pair returned to the home of an elderly churchman, Reverend Millard Gay and his wife Kathryn. They had unknowingly helped the fugitives the previous week, letting them stay overnight and inviting them to a church service. But when the Gays opened the door and saw Coleman and Brown on 17 July, they had seen the killers' faces all over the news. Coleman raised a gun. The reverend said: "Why do you want to do us like that, like this?"

THE COLEMAN FILES

COLEMAN HAD A LONG HISTORY OF SEXUAL ASSAULT. HOW HAD HE EVADED PRISON FOR THOSE CHARGES, DESPITE BEING LINKED WITH SO MANY PRIOR RAPES?

Alton Coleman should not have been on the streets, if justice had caught up with him as it should have. But he always performed well in court and juries bought his story. "He tells a convincing story in court. People are impressed with his testimony. He comes off as a decent person," said Lieutenant Marc Hansen to reporters when Coleman and Brown were on the run.

In 1983, a relative went to the authorities to tell them Coleman had tried to rape her eight-year-old daughter. Three weeks later, the same family member asked a court for the charges to be dropped. "I think the woman, as she stands here today, is terrified of this man," the judge told the court.

But for years he had been accused of sexual assaults. In 1983 he was charged with the kidnap, robbery and rape of an elderly woman. She refused to testify about the sexual assault. He was acquitted of another rape in the mid-to-late 1970s. Three rape counts all concluded with Coleman being acquitted or charges dropped.

When he went on the run with Debra Brown in 1984, he was wanted for the knifepoint rape of a girl who was the daughter of a friend. Had he been found guilty of any of these, he may not have been at large when the switch flipped and he went on his murderous rampage.



ABOVE Most Wanted: the images used by the FBI when it made a special addition to its 'Ten Most Wanted' list in 1984

"I'm not going to kill you, but we generally kill them where we go," was the murderer's blunt reply. He then beat the couple senseless and stole the family car.

The body of Tonnie Storey was discovered on 19 July in an abandoned apartment building in the outskirts of Cincinnati. She had been raped and strangled. A bracelet belonging to Virginia Temple was found under Tonnie's body.

"I think Coleman, with the assistance of Brown, was starting to enjoy the celebrity status of being a serial murderer," said Lieutenant Hansen. "He left evidence. He knew he was going to be identified as the murderer."

In Tonnie Storey's case, there was a further message, written on a wall near where her body was found: 'I hate niggers. Death' was scrawled near the site of the 15-year-old's remains.



ABOVE The former fugitives together in court. Alton Coleman and Debra Brown would soon be convicted in their first trial – the kidnap of Oline Carmical

THE DYNAMICS OF THE MURDERERS

THE COMPLEXITY OF COLEMAN AND BROWN'S PSYCHOLOGICAL MAKE-UP HAS FASCINATED – AND HORRIFIED – INVESTIGATORS. WAS DEBRA BROWN AS DOMINEERED AS SHE CLAIMED?

During the trials, investigators watched to see how the couple worked, and their theory that Coleman was the domineering partner proved correct. Despite the threat of the death penalty, Debra Brown remained loyal to her psychotic lover.

"She was highly protective of him. She was extremely reluctant, which is unusual for many defendants, to tell her story," Dr Helen Morrison, a forensic psychiatrist, told documentary makers on the USA's *Wicked Attraction* TV series. "Whereas, on the other hand, Alton Coleman just saw her as a disposable piece of property. He had no emotional attachment to her. And would have killed Debra Brown at any point in time when he felt she was not going to be at his beck and call." The same expert said Brown became a murderer because of Alton Coleman – he knew her vulnerabilities and exploited them to get her to do his bidding.

In 1991, the outgoing Governor of Ohio agreed and commuted Brown's death penalty sentence because of her mental immaturity and oppression by Coleman.

Meanwhile, Coleman and Brown were fleeing, heading to his home state of Illinois. But there was still another opportunity to kill. They stopped at a carwash in Indianapolis, Indiana, owned by 77-year-old Eugene Scott. He disappeared, along with his car. His body was later found in a ditch. He had been shot four times in the head.

By now the Midwest was gripped with fear. Alton Coleman and Debra Brown had struck in six separate states, hijacking, robbing, raping and killing. The couple targeted young girls for sexual pleasure and older, kinder folk for their belongings. They were purposely seeking out the vulnerable and kind-hearted.

And as Coleman's name moved up the 'Most Wanted' list, detectives analysed the couple's dynamic further. He was clearly the dominant partner, but was Brown submissive or willing? Or maybe both? The FBI interviewed Brown's mother, Lottie Mae, who told agents that her daughter's personality had changed dramatically after she had met Coleman, that she stopped speaking to her family after they got together and that she had seen her daughter's face 'all beaten up' during their relationship. But others suggest Brown was no hostage – she was a willing participant, even being the one to approach victims.

“ COLEMAN AND BROWN HAD STRUCK IN SIX SEPARATE STATES, HIJACKING, ROBBING, RAPING AND KILLING ”

The FBI had profiled Coleman and Brown and predicted the couple would return to his hometown of Waukegan, Illinois. Patrol and police officers were briefed. 'Wanted' posters were put all over the nearby neighbourhoods.

CAPTURE

Investigators were right. On 20 July, in the nearby Illinois district of Evanston, the pair were spotted by a man who knew Coleman from Waukegan. The witness drove to a petrol station and called police with a description and location. Crews were dispatched. In Mason Park, police stopped a man who bore a strong resemblance to the most notorious killer in the country. He denied he was Alton Coleman, but he carried no identification.

At the same time, a woman was seen trying to slip out of the park from the rear. She was apprehended too, and it was discovered she had a gun in her bag. The couple were taken to a police station for questioning; a steak knife was found between Coleman's two layers of socks. The couple would be later identified by their fingerprints.

Their spree was over. Their six-state trail of terror bore terrifying statistics. In less than two months, the pair had been responsible, investigators believed, for eight homicides, seven rapes, three kidnappings and 14 armed robberies.

"You could feel a sigh of relief that this person was no longer at large," Lake County State's Attorney Fred Foreman said. "Coleman was a predator, and like any other predator, he lurked in the depths of the inner city, preying on the weak and those unable to protect themselves."

But the fight for justice was just about to begin. Which case to try first? Prosecutors from all the states got together and decided. The first trial would be not for a killing, but



a kidnapping. And it would be held in Ohio, a state that practised capital punishment.

In January 1985, Coleman and Brown were each given 20-year prison sentences for kidnapping Oline Carmical, the professor they'd held up at gunpoint in Kentucky and bundled into his own car boot.

Soon, the families of the pair's murder victims began to see justice. In May of that year, Alton Coleman and Debra Brown were convicted of the murder of Marlene Waters, the pensioner they had tied up and beaten along with her husband in their Norwood, Ohio, home. For this, they were sentenced to death. The following month they received

ABOVE Harry Walters, who Coleman attacked with a wooden candlestick in his home in Norwood, Ohio, pictured at a clemency hearing in 2002. Coleman murdered Harry's wife Marlene

another death sentence after being convicted of the murder of the 15-year-old Cincinnati schoolgirl Tonnie Storey. Coleman's murder of Tamika Turks, the nine-year-old girl he had killed in woods in Gary, Indiana, saw him gain a third death sentence. He was then extradited to Illinois, where he was tried for the murder of his first victim, Vernita Wheat. In January 1986, a jury convicted him of the seven-year-old's murder. He was given another death sentence. That decision propelled Alton Coleman into the legal history books: he became the first man to receive death sentences in three separate American states. The condemned man then began the long process of appealing his sentences.

Debra Brown's death sentence was commuted by the Governor of Ohio in 1991. The reasons given: she was mildly retarded and was in a master-slave relationship with Alton Coleman.

And what about her 'master'? Alton Coleman was fast exhausting all of his appeals, and by 2002, he was spent. He had lost all of his legal challenges. He spent more than 6,000 days on Death Row. Prison officials described him as a 'model' inmate who loved the publicity and notoriety he had earned through his slayings of vulnerable girls and the elderly.

Then, on an April morning in 2002, at a correctional centre in Southern Ohio, 46-year-old Alton Coleman was led into the chamber. The families of victims are usually permitted to watch killers' executions, but for this lethal injection, there was simply not enough room. A closed-circuit television system was set up to allow the large number of grieving relatives to view the execution.

Three different chemicals were administered. Alton Coleman died within minutes.

One of those watching was Harry Walters, the husband left for dead bound next to his battered wife. With his son and son-in-law at his side, he watched Alton Coleman take his final breath. Perhaps he felt that his wife's murderer was offered a dignity in death that she was not. Perhaps the families of his other seven victims felt the same.

Debra Brown was not there. She remains in a cell in an Indiana prison. The demand for her execution was withdrawn by the state Attorney General's Office in 2018. She will spend the rest of her life behind bars. Almost four decades after she was coerced to kill, perhaps she rues the day she met Alton Coleman, the lover who led her to murder.

THE LAST SUPPER

COLEMAN'S FURIOUS APPETITE CONTINUED UNTIL THE EVE OF HIS EXECUTION IN 2002

Alton Coleman's hunger did not stop at murder. His 'last supper' was one of the largest-ever recorded for a condemned man. On 25 April 2002, he sat down for his final dinner.

He ordered filet mignon, sautéed mushrooms, sweet potato pie (with whipped cream), butter pecan ice cream, biscuits with brown gravy, broccoli with cheese, French fries, cherry coke, a green lettuce salad with French dressing, collard greens, onion rings, fried chicken breast and corn bread. The filet mignon was unavailable so the prison kitchen served New York strip steak.

Coleman slept poorly the night before his execution. "I don't know whether it was from indigestion or nervousness," said the director of the Ohio Department of Rehabilitation and Correction, Reginald Wilkinson.

By the morning of his execution, Coleman's appetite had left him. He was offered toast, of which he only took a few bites. Soon afterwards, Coleman lay dead in the executioner's chair. His last words were "He leadeth me beside the still waters" as he recited the 23rd psalm, slipping firstly into unconsciousness and then death.



ABOVE Alton Coleman at Mansfield Correctional Facility a week before his execution by lethal injection

TILL DEATH DO US PART

Barbie's Dream Murder

BATTERED BRIDE OR COLD-BLOODED KILLER? THE
CONTROVERSIAL CONVICTION OF KARLA HOMOLKA PULLED DOWN
THE FAÇADE OF A SEEMINGLY PERFECT MARRIAGE TO REVEAL A
STOMACH-CHURNING PATTERN OF SEXUAL ABUSE AND MURDER

WORDS DR CHARLIE OUGHTON



KARLA HOMOLKA



PAUL BERNARDO

The faces in the photograph show a gorgeous young bride and her groom, just married. However, a short distance away, the girl who had been murdered by Canada's infamous 'Ken and Barbie' killers had just been found.

The Ken and Barbie killers, or Karla Homolka and Paul Bernardo, were so named because both were visually beautiful. They had halos of blonde hair, and eyes as azure as the sea. At their hands lay the sexual assault and murder of three girls, one being Karla's little sister, and the sexual assault or rapes of 19 or more others. The case has an enduring controversy because, while the victims were treated as little more than toys by the pair, there's dispute as to which of them did what, why and to whom.

BARBIE GIRL

Dolls can have a variety of purposes. A happy, young child can project her dreams for the future onto her doll, dressing the little beauty in fabulous clothing and marrying the figure to a 'prince' by sticking a plastic ring in the hole in its hand, as she imagines their romantic future together. Dolls are, however, also given to children in rooms with one-way mirrors in the hope that the child will enact on the doll, and reveal to experts behind the glass how they themselves have been mistreated. But mistreatment doesn't just happen to children, as Karla is unfortunately aware.

Karla was a 17-year-old high schooler when she met Paul. She loved animals and was at a conference for the veterinary centre where she worked part time. He walked in and she

was smitten. Within hours, they were making passionate love in her hotel room. Her heart was his for the taking – even her parents thought he was wonderful.

A 'happy ever after' was, however, far beyond Paul's Ken. He had experienced verbal abuse from his mother and been a voyeur since his teenage years, sneaking looks at his naked neighbours and masturbating outside their windows. By the time he met Karla when he was 23, he had progressed to stalking women through parks and bus stops, grabbing them and placing them in bushes where he could sexually assault them. His attacks became known as those of the Scarborough Rapist. He would play with them, demanding they called him 'King', and would make them repeat over and over again that he could do whatever he wanted to their bodies. His friends recognised a composite sketch issued of the attacker and his DNA was duly taken by the police, but the science was in its infancy and the results would not be returned for a long time.

Karla didn't avoid his manipulations, either. As early as her graduation from high school, she reported to friends that he was being verbally abusive towards her, but tears in mental fabric aren't themselves visible and she let him continue. Her diary shows how she had internalised his tirades as submissive self-loathing, featuring lines such as: 'Remember



“ SHE SUPPLIED THEM BOTH WITH MORE AND MORE GIRLS, AND WOULD EVEN RECORD THEIR ADVENTURES AS HOME MOVIES ”

you are stupid’, ‘Remember you are ugly’ and ‘Remember you are fat’. All of these were more reasons why she should chastise herself to ‘be a perfect girlfriend for Paul’. There is a photograph of Karla, naked and bound in a gag and handcuffs during a sex game. She is laying on her back with her vagina full frontal to the camera, her nipples to the ceiling and her arms above her head, utterly unguarded. Consensual sado-masochistic sexual play is one thing, but her journal suggests her experience could have been entirely another.

MERRY MOLESTATION... AND MURDER

By Christmas 1990, Paul was happily ensconced in Karla’s family home while they waited to move into their own.

They were due to be married, but the one thing Karla couldn’t give him was the small, smooth covering between her legs – her hymen. Paul wanted a virgin, someone pure and ‘unbroken’. On the night before Christmas Eve, Karla ‘presented’ him with her little sister, Tammy. Tammy was drugged (using medication Karla had stolen from work), raped and died in the hospital emergency room. Her death

was ruled a tragic accident. A photo of the duo was buried with her in her coffin.

Paul had now become a true collector and Karla, desperate to keep her Ken happy, became a constant accessory to crime. She supplied them both with more and more girls, and would even record their adventures as home movies. Two more girls became props to their post-Christmas Barbie Dream Murder story: Leslie Mahaffy and Kristen French. Leslie was stolen by Paul on the offer of a cigarette; Kristen was abducted when she got in their car to offer directions. Kristen, once forgotten, was casually dropped into a ditch when the pair tired of her (to be discovered by a man foraging for scrap). Leslie, once beyond the imagination of her captors, was disassembled (for ease of packaging) and parcelled off into the lake, safely bound in cement. It was the discovery of their bodies (especially as Leslie’s cement carrier was torn at the seams) that led to the murder investigation.

There has long been concern among experts that if a child plays with their toys in an overtly violent manner, there is cause to monitor their human interactions. Paul, past childhood years though he was, was no exception. His attacks on his Barbie bride intensified from verbal abuse to assault, and in January 1993 Karla visited the emergency room, porcelain skin marred by bruising and ribs broken. She left their home. At the same time, the DNA sample Paul had given two years earlier was finally processed, linking him directly to the case of the Scarborough Rapist. The scene was set for a tête-à-tête between Karla, the police and officers who were working the murder file.

While parts of her body were broken and her ‘make-up’ was the purple of Paul’s pummel-marks, Karla realised that ‘the naughty step’ loomed. She confessed. Rather, she told



ABOVE Paul Bernardo's house at Port Dalhousie was subject to a meticulous forensic examination following Karla's confession, which turned up evidence of his life as the Scarborough Rapist, too

CIRCLE INSET Their first victim as a couple was Karla's little sister, Tammy Homolka, chosen specifically because she was a virgin and, as Karla's sister, easily manipulated from their position of trust

her family that Paul had manipulated her. Making a murderer doesn't just mean moving someone's hands physically; it can also mean mentally 'puppeting' them. She claimed that Paul's abuse had been ongoing for years; that she suffered battered person syndrome and had been forced to participate. Their home videos, she said, would prove what happened. Only the police couldn't find them.

CANADIAN CONTROVERSY

The police had the bodies and had linked Paul to the Scarborough rapes, but needed Karla's evidence to put him behind bars for murder, as Paul had counter-claimed that (as outlandish as a cute killer doll sounds) the murders had only taken place where the petite 'pretty' was to be found. His defence was that she, not he, was the ultimate monster. What happened next sent shockwaves through the Canadian press and judicial system: Karla agreed to testify for a plea bargain. She would give evidence against Paul and plead guilty to the lesser charge of manslaughter to receive a reduced sentence herself. Journalists, much to their disgruntlement, were barred from reporting the deal.

It was only when Karla was in prison and Paul's trial was in progress that the tapes were finally discovered – the legal team had originally withheld them from evidence to use

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

A FIRST-HAND INSIGHT INTO ABUSIVE RELATIONSHIPS

What is battered person syndrome?

It's a constant feeling of dread and, at worst, a fear for your life if you don't do anything your abuser wants. What they want changes every day, so what is considered acceptable one day results in abuse the next. They belittle and manipulate you, isolate you from others, and control every aspect of your life. It makes you question everything you ever believed about yourself and you will agree to do things even against your will or values.

How does it feel?

It depends how long the abuse has been going on. It is a vicious cycle. The lows are followed by highs and promises that it will never happen again, and those highs become addictive. When you are abused

BIO | EMMA JANE AYLING



EJ Ayling wrote *Know to Go – Surviving Domestic Abuse* after ending a ten-year abusive marriage. She has run a business designing and delivering personal development initiatives for 15 years.

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you really can't see it and become adept at covering up and putting on a brave face to the world. It makes you compliant and feel ashamed. You feel that no one will believe you, especially when your abuser has the ability to be exceptionally charming with other people – abusers *can* control their behaviour. You believe that one day they will

change. I carried on with my business, had a very active social life and seemed like a 'normal', happy person. Behind that mask was a miserable and extremely scared woman who feared for her life, waiting for the next explosion.

***24 hour National Domestic Violence Helpline (UK)**
0808 2000 247
National Domestic Violence Hotline (US) 1-800-799-7233



“ SHE WAS SEEN RAPING HER OWN SISTER AND MOLESTING THE OTHERS WITH NO OBVIOUS COERCION FROM THE SUPPOSED CONTROLLER, PAUL ”

at a later date. It turns out that Karla had put the concept of play-acting in a whole new light: the recordings showed that the ‘battered’ blonde mopet clearly enjoyed abusing her own poppets. She was seen raping her own sister and molesting the others with no obvious coercion from the supposed controller, Paul. It appeared that it was no painted smile on her lips but living, obvious relish. FBI profiler Gregg McCrary, who was working on the case, later stated that he thought her to be the more psychopathic of the pair, despite their contradictory psychological test results.

Nevertheless, Karla’s deal was done. The Canadian justice system didn’t allow for the alteration of plea bargains once the sentence had been set, and Barbie remained in jail on her original, secret sentence. Photographs suggest she made quite the playhouse of her time in there, posing in a Wendy house and playfully posturing in the gardens. She was not considered for parole as a result of her offending behaviour.

Karla was released from prison after serving her term. A quietly spoken woman, she gave a number of media interviews to help with her reintegration back into society. She felt that the public had not heard from her directly to judge for themselves that she had reformed after rehabilitation. She admitted to Radio Canada that she had done “terrible things” and said she felt remorse, but stated that at the time of the crimes she felt she was “unable to ask for help” and maintained that she did not “initiate” the

events herself. What is clear is that regardless of her guilt or innocence concerning the murders of her sister and the sexual assault and murders of others is that she is a complex individual. Published documents suggest she was a prisoner loved by some former co-inmates and yet feared by others for her supposed coldness. She denied that romantic letters she wrote to her former prison lover, Lynda Véronneau, were anything of the sort.

Karla moved to various places around Canada and the Caribbean, met a new partner and had children. On the basis of the last few years and persistent doorstepping by the press, these moves may not be her last.

SMILE!

It is impossible to know what truly happened between Karla and Paul, and to the young women who were abused or met their ends at the pairs’ hands. This is because even the video evidence that was eventually uncovered cannot be taken as objective truth of what really went on, because Karla knew she was on camera. If she was indeed a sufferer of battered person syndrome, it is likely that she would have made her ‘performance’ in Paul’s play sessions as convincing as possible in order to please him – her beating meant she eventually had proof that she should fear for her safety at his hands. What’s more, the nature of the illness means that the beliefs



THE PLEA DEAL CONTROVERSY

KARLA CUT A SECRET DEAL FOR A MUCH SHORTER SENTENCE. FOR SOME, THIS TURNED BARBIE INTO A MONSTER

Her plea – guilty of the charges of manslaughter – saw Karla sent to prison where she was kept away from the general prison population for her own safety. She had a larger room and access to a university degree course in Sociology. Karla's plea bargain was used to buy her co-operation to testify against her husband, a rapist whose crimes were proved by DNA evidence. The use of the blonde, beautiful 'battered wife' may have helped to convince the jurors of Paul's misdeeds by creating a narrative that could be construed as a realistic indication of the couple's own turbulent relationship and, by extension, an indicator of how terribly Paul might react to women he was not supposed to love. Paul would be seen as a monster of proportions limited primarily by jurors' imaginations rather than the sketchy facts of the case. As a result, many were outraged when evidence emerged that Karla may not have been coerced into the killings, but plea bargains are sometimes favoured as a feasible means to gain justice, used in complex cases as they save millions in prosecution costs that would be spent to pay judges and lawyers to argue over details. They also safeguard victims' families from having to endure drawn-out trials so they can try to move on with their lives.

TOP Karla leaves court with her lawyer, following her confession and a 'deal with the devil' plea bargain that would secure her a 'lenient' 12-year stretch. She was released in 2005

ABOVE LEFT Paul's case hinged on Karla's testimony: he was charged and convicted of kidnapping, rape and first-degree murder, sentenced to life in prison and given a 'dangerous offender' designation

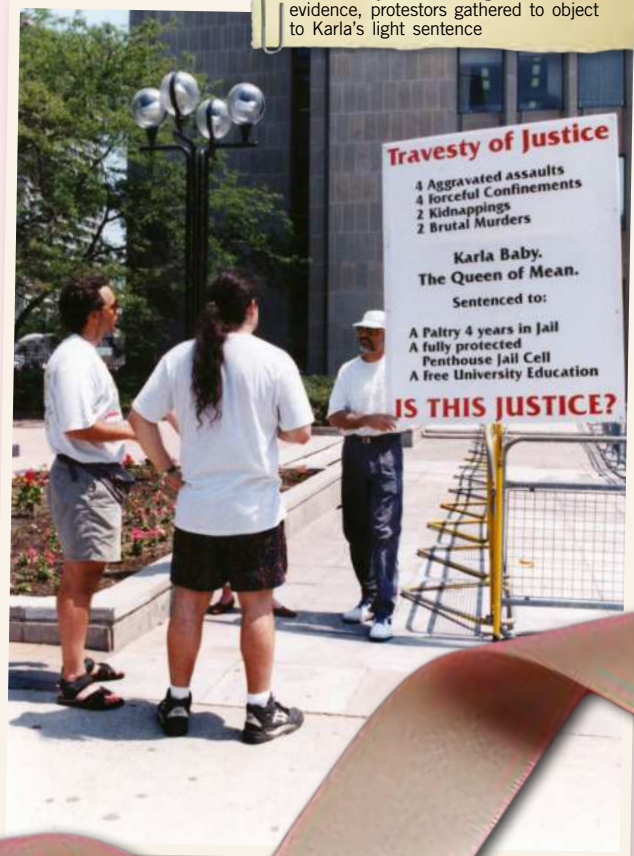
LEFT Deborah and Dan, the parents of victim Leslie, praised the police handling of the case, but slammed the media for breaching their right to privacy and 'victimising' the Mahaffy family

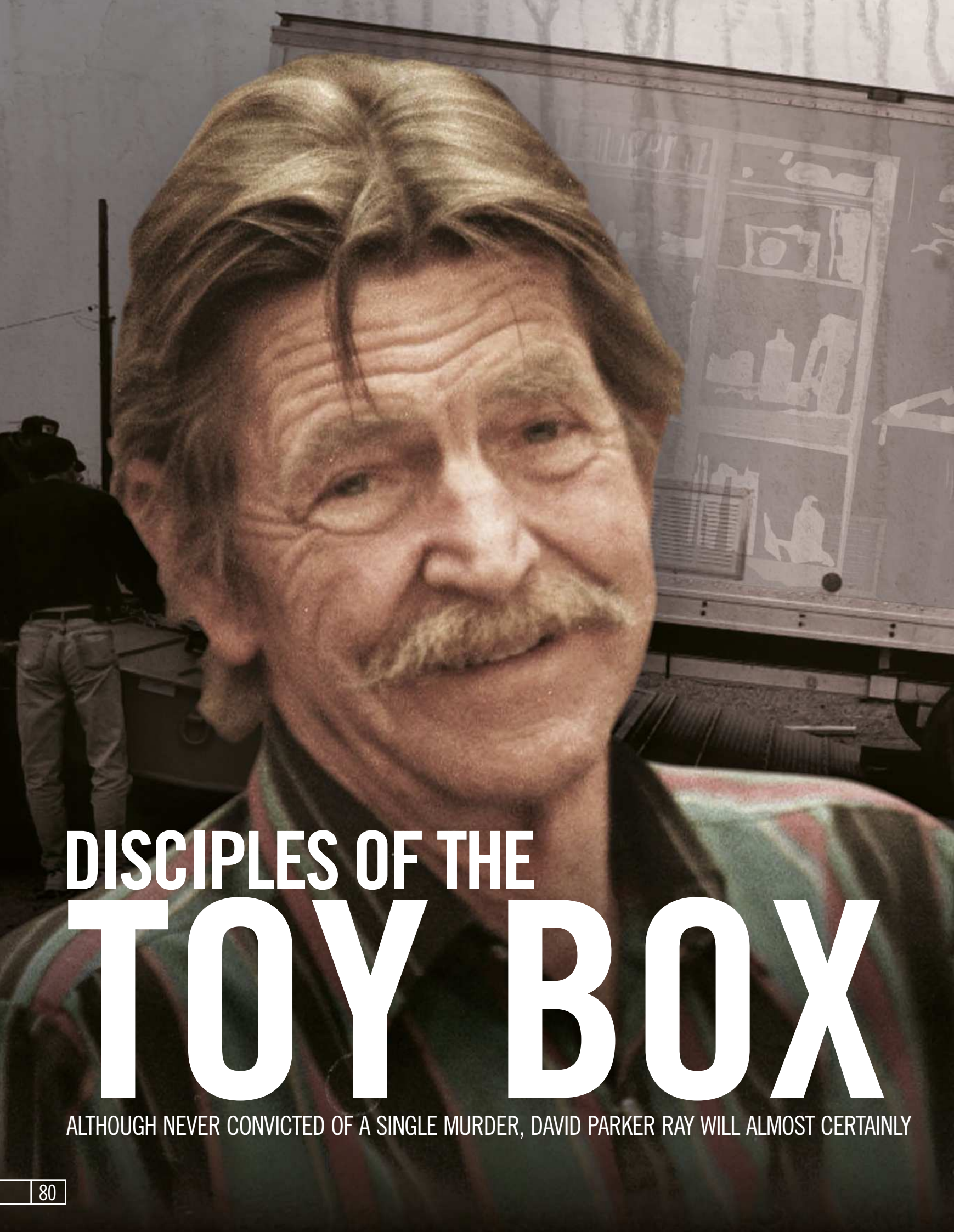
projected onto the abused person by the abuser ensures that the abused person does no less than replace what they know to be reality with the version of the world presented to them by their abuser. They doubt their own senses. This may have meant that Karla at least temporarily believed it was her duty to participate in the crimes because Paul told her to do so. Paul was convicted of murder and remains in prison to this day. He has written about fictional criminal activity and if this is an indicator of his continuing personal character, it is reassuring that he is unlikely ever to be released.

Abuse should never be enshrined within law as a validation for unprovoked, non-defensive violence against others, and Karla has served the time that was within the powers of the Canadian court to give her. Now a grown woman, there are no reports of her committing further criminal acts since leaving prison, and further legislation that could have provided her with a pardon on the basis of her 'lesser' manslaughter conviction has been struck from the books.

The best we can do in future is to make sure that the legal processes our countries have in place will provide appropriate justice for victims and perpetrators. Justice, after all, isn't a fairytale. It mustn't be toyed with.

Incensed by incriminating new video evidence, protestors gathered to object to Karla's light sentence





DISCIPLES OF THE TOY BOX

ALTHOUGH NEVER CONVICTED OF A SINGLE MURDER, DAVID PARKER RAY WILL ALMOST CERTAINLY



KILLER

GO DOWN AS ONE OF THE MOST PROLIFIC, TWISTED KILLERS OF ALL TIME WORDS JOANNA ELPICK

On 22 March 1999 Darlene Breech was gazing out of her kitchen window when she noticed a most unusual and disturbing sight. A young woman, totally naked except for a padlocked collar around her neck, was hurtling towards the house screaming at the top of her lungs. The hysterical girl burst through the front door and flung her bruised and bloodied arms around a shocked Darlene before collapsing to the floor. The story she had to tell sounded straight out of a far-fetched horror movie and yet each gruesome detail was in fact part of America's most horrendous and twisted true crime tale.

Cynthia Vigil had been pulled over for prostitution while 'turning tricks' in a parking lot. A man claiming to be an undercover police officer handcuffed the girl and put her in the back of his trailer, before driving back to Elephant Butte, where he lived with his girlfriend Cindy Hendy. The man was called David Parker Ray, and he was most definitely not a policeman.

Cynthia was then subjected to three days of brutal sexualised torture before she saw her chance to escape. When Ray went to work, leaving Hendy in charge, the terrified girl grabbed a set of keys and released herself from the manacles that had been used to chain her to the wall. A vicious fight ensued between the two women. Cynthia was exhausted but fear took over, giving her the courage and strength to smash a glass lamp over Hendy's head before ramming an ice pick into her neck. While her sadistic captor was reeling, Cynthia wrenched open the door and started running down the road looking for help. She didn't stop until she reached the white picket fence of Darlene Breech.

END OF A NIGHTMARE

The moment that kindly Mrs Breech wrapped Cynthia Vigil up in her fluffy bathrobe and called the 911 operator was the beginning of the end of David Parker Ray's reign of unimaginable terror. Deputy Lucas Alvarez of the Sierra County Sheriff's Department took the girl straight to Sierra Vista County Hospital, where the rusted metal collar was carefully removed and her extensive wounds were treated. Welt marks across her back tallied with her account of the whipping she claimed to have received. Her breasts had been punctured and bruised. Scorch marks showed that



ABOVE A smiling portrait of David Parker Ray gives no indication of the monster that lurks behind the grin

BELOW Police photographs show a range of terrifying medical equipment discovered in the 'toy box' along with a bottle of baby oil, used to 'heighten sensitivity'

she had been electrocuted, while a wide variety of surgical instruments and torture devices had ravaged her, causing internal injuries. Her body was a mess, but the wounds would heal. The mental scars would take considerably longer.

Meanwhile, Elephant Butte State Park officers located David Parker Ray and Cindy Hendy kerb-crawling down Springfield Road in their camper van, no more than a few metres away from Darlene's trailer home, looking for their escapee. Had the police not been so prompt, things could have taken a much darker turn. As it was, the torturing duo were arrested and taken away to a neighbouring town called Truth or Consequences, and one of the most repugnant investigations in American history got underway.

While Deputy Alvarez sat with Cynthia in the hospital, his partner David Elston made his way to Ray's mobile home. From the outside it looked no different from all the other shacks dotted along the dusty dirt track known as Bass Road, down by Elephant Butte Lake in New Mexico. It was a poor, unsavoury area with a bad reputation for hard drinking and drug taking, but it was nothing Elston hadn't seen before – or so he thought. He walked past a long, white cargo trailer parked beside the front porch that he intended to investigate later and made his way to the back of the house, where he entered cautiously.

Nothing appeared out of place until he reached one of the bedrooms. A gentle breeze blew in through a broken window ruffling the curtains, catching on the jagged glass.



“A COFFIN-SHAPED BOX, CLEARLY DESIGNED TO HOLD A PERSON AGAINST THEIR WILL, HAD BEEN PUSHED AGAINST THE WALL”

FANTASY TO FACT

RAY BEGAN TOYING WITH SADOMASOCHISM IN THE MID-1950S, BUT FANTASISING WAS NEVER GOING TO BE ENOUGH

When their father abandoned them as little children, young David Ray and his sister Peggy were sent by their mother to live with their elderly grandparents. Unfortunately the boy's father continued to meet up with him in order to release his pent up anger and disappointment by physically abusing him. His school life proved to be no safer, and he was systematically bullied by children in his class at Mountainair High School in New Mexico.

Ray dealt with his loneliness through alcohol and drug abuse, coupled with an increasingly worrying interest in twisted, violent sexual fantasies.

As the teenage boy hurtled towards manhood, his dark, perverted dreams became more distinct. Ray had become obsessed with the notion of torturing, raping and ultimately murdering women. He had been neglected and abused his entire life: now it was his turn to take control, and he intended to do so with the help of a selection of bondage equipment and torture devices. He began to design the tools of his new-found trade, drawing diagrams to fulfil his fantasies. A series of these images would eventually be discovered by his horrified sister. Unfortunately, just imagining his very own torture chamber did not satisfy him for long. As an adult Ray required more than fantasies.



His boots crunched on further shards as he walked across the room towards a broken lamp smashed upon the floor. Blood was smeared over the rumpled bed sheets while above his head hung a series of manacles, hooks and chains attached to the ceiling on a set of steel rods that held together a pulley system. A coffin-shaped box, clearly designed to hold a person against their will, had been pushed against the wall. Elston was horrified by what he had discovered. Little did he know that much worse waited for him in the trailer outside.

As soon as it became apparent that this was going to be no ordinary kidnapping case, eight officers from the FBI were called in to deal with the two monsters that had been detained in the Cooper Police Training Center. A VHS tape had been discovered in Ray's soon-to-be infamous trailer, and it was their unenviable task to watch it. The officers looked on in horror as David Parker Ray and Cindy Hendy carried out a series of grotesque acts of sexual depravity and violence upon the helpless victim. Ray wore a flowing robe and black leather mask flecked with gold glitter, adding to the already ghastly image playing out before them. Eventually, having brutalised her body for some hours, the victim gave up. When blood began to run from her ears and mouth, the pair decided to call it a day. She had clearly died on camera, and the FBI had just witnessed a snuff movie.

Cynthia Vigil, although devastated by her experience, had at least survived: the tragic victim in the video had not been so lucky. Now the police had one count of murder as well as kidnapping and torture, but how many others had fallen into the sadistic hands of Ray and Hendy?

TOP Ray's accomplice, Cindy Hendy, testified against her lover and ultimately received a sentence of 36 years for her participation in the crimes

ABOVE Dennis Yancy was convicted of murdering Marie Parker by strangulation. He was released in 2011 but, having violated his parole, was remanded in custody to serve out the remainder of his original sentence

RIGHT Ray's sister discovered a number of ghastly drawings penned by her teenage brother, showing his developing sick fantasies of torture and rape





The ominous sign 'Satan's Den' hung proudly on the wall of Ray's 'toy box', while his collection of pornography was carefully filed away for later inspiration

THE DEVIL'S TOY BOX

THE INCONSPICUOUS TRAILER WAS NOTHING LESS THAN HELL ITSELF, DEVOTED TO INHUMAN ACTS OF SEXUAL TORTURE AND DEPRAVITY



“ SHE INSTANTLY RECOGNISED IT AS A TATTOO BELONGING TO HER EX-DAUGHTER-IN-LAW KELLI VAN CLEAVE ”

THE GIRL WITH A SWAN TATTOO

When word got out that a sex-crazed satanic torture cult had been bubbling away in the wilds of Elephant Butte, the media worked themselves up into a frenzy, and it wasn't too long before everyone had heard of David Parker Ray and his creepy girlfriend.

One woman already knew the story because she had lived through the same horrific experience herself. Angelique Montano had been a prostitute working Highway 66 at about the same time as Cynthia Vigil, but she desperately wanted to sort her life out and clean up her act. In a final bid to change her lifestyle she moved to Truth or Consequences, only to fall into the clutches of David Parker Ray.

Montano's story was similar to Vigil's but, sadly for her, she had not managed to escape before being dragged into the torture trailer. Angelique went into harrowing detail, describing the sex toys used upon her before she finally convinced Ray to let her go. Miraculously, Ray decided that had they met under different circumstances they could have been friends, and in a brief moment of humanity he unlocked the manacles and let her go. Angelique had flagged down an off-duty sheriff and told him of her terrifying ordeal. Unfortunately the police officer took one look at the ex-junkie hooker and refused to believe her. After all, it was a pretty wild story. He simply dropped her off at her home and told her to clean herself up. Now, however, the FBI were very keen to take a statement.

On 29 March 1999 the FBI found yet another videotape of Ray physically abusing a victim. Her head had been covered, making identification seemingly impossible, but a small tattoo

of a swan on her ankle at least gave them something to go on. When Janet Murphy saw the image on the local news she instantly recognised it as a tattoo belonging to her ex-daughter-in-law Kelli Van Cleave. The girl had gone missing for three days but had eventually returned, looking filthy and hungover. She had been dropped off by a man in a camper van, claiming to have found her wandering along the beach. The man was David Parker Ray. At the time, neither Janet nor her son had believed the girl when she said she couldn't remember anything, but now it appeared that she had been telling the truth all along.

When the FBI finally caught up with Kelli Van Cleave they found a young woman in absolute torment. Ever since she had been dropped off by Ray she had been having terrifying nightmares in which she was sexually tortured and brutalised. The drugs had scrambled her memory, making it impossible for her to separate fact from fantasy. However, her graphic dreams sounded painfully familiar. She remembered a metal collar and a chair with electrodes and manacles. In fact, she described Ray's trailer perfectly. She also led the police to a number of Ray's accomplices who may otherwise have escaped their attention.

Up until the abduction Kelli Van Cleave had not known Ray, but she had been friends with his daughter, Glenda Jean 'Jessie' Ray. It was an odd friendship since Kelli hardly ever drank, never took drugs and always looked clean and tidy. Jessie, on the other hand, was a well-known drugs runner, providing coke, meth and grass for all the lowlife partygoers in Truth or Consequences. Initially Jessie had been disgusted by her father's hobbies, and in 1986 she had attempted to warn the FBI that he was kidnapping and torturing women

SHELVING UNIT

A book shelf leaning against the trailer wall displayed a huge array of torture devices, designed to inflict as much pain as possible and to terrify the victims as they regained consciousness. Syringes, surgical equipment and sex toys were left in full view.

WALL IMAGES

Anatomical diagrams of the female genitalia and drawings of Ray's hideous inventions were stuck on the walls alongside various pornographic images, all designed to reinforce the sexual depravity of the victim's surroundings.

ELECTRICITY BOX

Ray created an electrical generator in order to administer violent shocks to subdue his victims and to run some of his horrendous inventions, including the breast-stretcher and cattle prod.

MANACLES

A variety of wrist and leg manacles were discovered inside the trailer, hanging from hooks in the ceiling and attached to the chair. Ray's sick fantasies stemmed from his need to have ultimate control at all times.



DOLL

A naked doll, adorned with pubic hair, was kept in the trailer so that Ray could explain in grotesque detail exactly what was to be done to each victim.

VHS TAPES

Each bout of torture and rape was carefully recorded onto VHS tape and piled up on the shelves so that Ray and his accomplices could relive their twisted fantasies at a later date, long after the bodies had been disposed of.

GYNAECOLOGICAL TABLE

The now infamous surgical steel gynaecological table was used to strap his victims down while he got to work with a terrifying range of torture equipment. It was wired to a homemade generator that allowed Ray to electrocute the victim if she became too feisty.

TELEVISION

The victims were shown a series of ghoulish videos played on a wall-mounted television in front of the chair so they could see what fate awaited them, and they were shown their own brutal rapes 'live'.

before selling them on to buyers in Mexico. At the time nobody believed the drug-fuelled kid, and the claims were quietly overlooked. However, by 1999 Jessie had decided that 'if you can't beat them, join them' and she busily helped her daddy abduct women for his cult of violence.

She had also known Ray's best friend, a man by the name of Dennis Roy Yancy and, although they were on friendly terms, she was terrified of him – like everybody else in Elephant Butte. He often claimed to be in a satanic cult alongside his drinking buddy David Parker Ray and was known to be extremely violent to both men and women. As far back as anyone could remember he had been doing twisted acts to get cheap thrills. Knocking down gravestones, killing local pets and drawing satanic symbols on the walls were typical activities, but his neighbours were afraid and chose to look the other way. Now, thanks to Kelli, the police were shining a spotlight on Ray's repulsive gang.

As the net closed in on Ray it quickly became apparent that Yancy was more than a willing participant in his pal's sick hobby. In fact, having helped Ray kidnap Marie Parker, a former girlfriend of Yancy, he callously strangled the woman as Ray recorded the event on videotape.

Having been arrested for her murder, Yancy decided to be cooperative in a vain attempt to get off lightly. The following day he led the FBI to a lonely section of the highway just outside Truth or Consequences in order to show them where the body had been hidden. Unfortunately for Yancy, Ray had already moved the corpse and so his turncoat disciple had nothing left to do but confess.

The most infamous of Ray's lackeys was undoubtedly Cynthia Lea Hendy, a convicted criminal and drug addict

who switched between Yancy and Ray before ultimately moving in with Ray full time. As her drinking increased, her violent nature blossomed and she soon gained a reputation as a vicious, unpredictable woman. Although she professed to love Ray, the moment she was arrested she began to bargain her way out of trouble. Loyalty was lost in the wind and David Parker Ray soon found himself totally isolated – a leader without any cult members – and the evidence was mounting up against him.

HOME SWEET HOME

While officers rounded up the disciples, 100 members of the FBI began combing 513 Bass Road for evidence. Some – the lucky ones – picked their way through Ray's mobile home. Others started digging up the yard in search of bodies, but the worst job fell to those who began working in the \$100,000 horror trailer, or 'toy box' as Ray liked to call it. This was a hell hole that none of them would ever forget. Having

BELOW A carefully crafted box was designed to encase the victim's head so that they were left vulnerable and afraid during their torture, reminiscent of the headgear designed by Jigsaw in the *Saw* movie franchise





walked through the steel reinforced doors with double deadbolts, officers were faced with a perky 'Home Sweet Home' sign hanging on the wall. Another, more appropriate declaration, 'Satan's Den', was pinned to the door leading to the bondage room.

An RCA Victor camcorder was set up facing the gynaecology table. This was linked to a wall-mounted television designed to stream a live feed of the torture taking place so that the victim was forced to watch her own horrendous ordeal in technicolour. It also allowed the sick cult to record a lasting keepsake of their time with the unfortunate soul strapped to the chair.

The victims were treated like cattle and were not afforded the luxury of a name, but the number of attacks they managed to endure was, it seemed, highly significant. A stomach-churning list of victims with a tally of their assaults was hanging from a clipboard next to Ray's satanic robes. The 7 February 1994 victim seemed to get off lightly with 27 assaults, unlike the 8 May 1995 victim, who had apparently received a horrifying 53 attacks against her. Photographs showed that Ray had gone way beyond the fantasy stage and was actually carrying out his twisted dreams. Officers silently gazed across a wall adorned with images of women in various stages of agonising torture. A sign above read 'The Lure of Satanism'. There had been many females writhing in pain, but how many of them had made it out of the toy box alive?

A warning list for all would-be torturers was pinned up next to the drawings and photographs. Ray had catalogued a series of potential issues and signs to look out for to ensure the victim did not escape. Possible excuses were noted down along with a useful mantra – 'If she's worth taking, she's worth keeping'. It ended with a final warning – 'NEVER TRUST A CHAINED CAPTIVE'. Luckily for Cynthia Vigil, Hendy must have missed that particular piece of advice.

“ OFFICERS SILENTLY GAZED ACROSS A WALL ADORNED WITH IMAGES OF WOMEN IN VARIOUS STAGES OF AGONISING TORTURE ”

FBI agent Patty Rust spent four days inside David Parker Ray's toy box taking copious notes of every grim find. While some of her male counterparts staggered out of the trailer to be violently sick, Rust calmly made a series of intricate drawings of each whip, grotesque dildo and wicked-looking device. Having completed her work, she met with her boss to discuss her findings. These drawings would be used to inform the jury of the monstrous torture chamber Ray had set up. It was an excellent piece of investigative work and Rust was told to take some time off to relax.

This was easier said than done. The images floated around the woman's head. She had coped so well inside the trailer, but it was impossible to live with such knowledge back in her family home. As her husband and children lay sleeping, Patty crept downstairs with her gun. She needed to forget all that she had witnessed. Just after midnight she shot herself in a desperate bid to escape the tormented images. Ray had managed to destroy yet another female life from the confines of his jail cell.

ABOVE-LEFT A hand-made coffin lined with fur was just one of many torture devices found inside Ray's 'home sweet home'

ABOVE-RIGHT A horrified New Mexico police officer investigates the infamous gynaecology table used to restrain the helpless victims

NO BODY, NO CASE

Having searched the backyard and the area around Elephant Butte Lake the FBI were no closer to finding a single body. They were convinced many of the women on the tapes did not survive their ordeal, but without a body it was next to impossible to prove a murder had ever taken place. Ray was extremely careful in his choice of victims. They were all flaky

Cynthia Vigil Jaramillo escaped after three days of excruciating torture and ultimately brought his reign of terror to an end



© Getty Images; Neo Phoenix; Shutterstock; Thinkstock

drunks and hookers who tended to disappear for long periods of time – who was going to notice they were gone? As Ray himself explained, “Grabbing a hooker is easier than grabbing a housewife.”

However, the FBI did have a number of Ray’s loose-lipped accomplices that were eager to cut a deal. In return for testimony against Ray and Yancy, Hendy’s charges were reduced from 25 felony counts to five, covering kidnapping, sexual penetration and conspiracy to commit kidnapping. She told prosecutors that Ray had murdered at least 14 people and that Yancy had killed Marie Parker.

Yancy, meanwhile, was charged with five felony counts, including first-degree murder, kidnapping and tampering with evidence.

Jessie Ray was finally rounded up and charged with the kidnapping and torture of Kelli Van Cleave.

Now everybody waited to see if Ray was going to get what he deserved or whether, without a body or any reliable witnesses, he would get away with his hideous reign of terror. The judge was being extremely cautious in what would and would not be put before the jury. If the victims couldn’t remember or describe it, it was to be removed from the case. Considering these women were all drugged and often blindfolded, it didn’t leave much for the trial.

Ultimately it was decided that David Parker Ray would be tried in three individual trials, one each for Vigil, Montano and Garrett (formally Van Cleave). The first trial did not go well for the prosecution, ending in a mistrial. Montano contracted pneumonia and passed away, and the second trial was therefore abandoned. The retrial for Vigil was set for January 2001 and at last justice was served. Ray was found guilty in the first degree of all 12 counts. His response was a final, disgusting blow to all his female victims. “I feel raped” he claimed.

Dennis Yancy was convicted of second-degree murder and first-degree conspiracy to commit murder, resulting in a 20-year prison sentence. Jessie Ray was sentenced to nine years, the last five served on probation. Cindy Hendy took a plea deal and was eventually handed down a 36-year sentence. Having spent 17 years behind bars, she is now eligible for parole and has recently submitted a plan for where she will live when released.

In May 2002 state police in New Mexico decided to interrogate Ray regarding the murder allegations: after all, he had never been convicted of killing any of his victims. His own diary graphically explained the brutal deaths of many women, but without any bodies the prosecution had to be satisfied with counts of torture and kidnapping. Now they wanted to go back and get justice for those victims. Eventually he agreed to show the authorities where some of the corpses were buried. The night before his big reveal, Ray discussed his thoughts on a life in jail and stated, “Prison is like a dog-pound... if my heart stopped today, it wouldn’t bother me at all.” When officers came to get him the following day they discovered Ray dead on the floor. New Mexico’s most twisted killer had died of a heart attack.

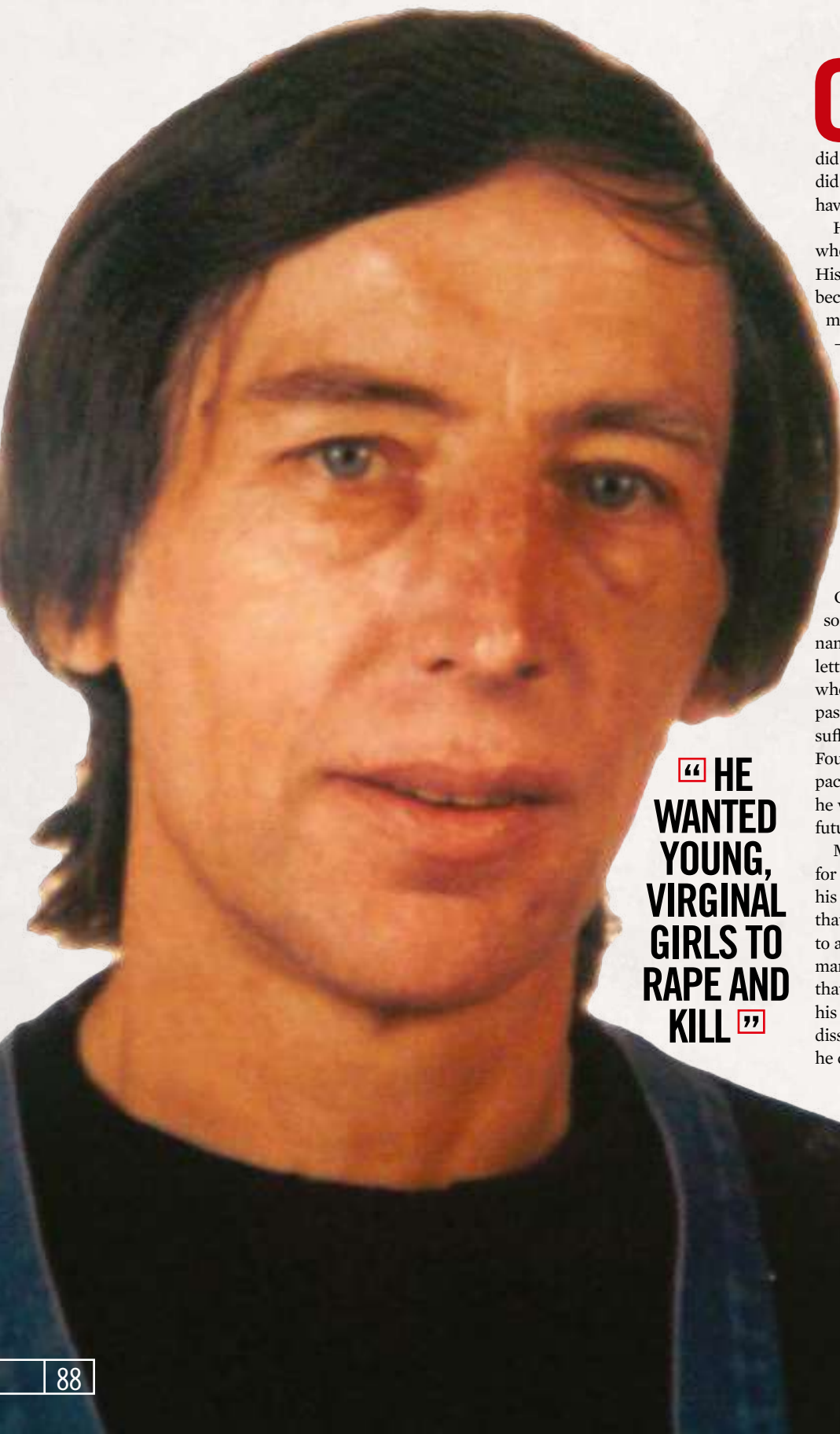
ABOVE Cindy Hendy is escorted by a police officer in April 1999, after the satanic gang’s reign of terror had finally been brought to an end earlier that year

BELOW 29 April 1999 and FBI investigators are digging for bodies in the front yard of the Toy Box Killer’s house near Elephant Butte Lake. They never found anything



OGRE OF THE ARDENNES

MICHEL FOURNIRET CONFESSED TO NINE MURDERS, BUT WERE THERE MORE? WORDS POPPY J PALMER



“ HE
WANTED
YOUNG,
VIRGINAL
GIRLS TO
RAPE AND
KILL ”

Over 15 years since his last crime, there's still a lot of mystery surrounding French serial killer Michel Fourniret. He was dubbed the 'Ogre of the Ardennes' by the media, but how accurate was that title? Why did he confess? Was he working alone? Just how many lives did he really claim? This far into the puzzle, all the police have to go on is Fourniret's word.

His decades-long crime streak began way back in 1966 when he was arrested and proved guilty of child molestation. His marriage to his first wife disintegrated shortly after because of it. He was slightly more successful in his next marriage – he fathered three children with his second wife – but it ended as quickly as the first after he was arrested yet again, this time for the rape and indecent assault of minors. The charges against Fourniret were piling up as fast as his wives were ending their relationships. His crimes were accumulating over time and would soon conclude with the worst crime of them all: murder.

THE WIFE

While Fourniret was in custody awaiting his trial for sexual assault in Paris, 1987, he put an advert in a Catholic magazine, looking for a pen pal. Amazingly, someone replied, a hospital nurse and mother of three named Monique Olivier. The couple continued to exchange letters for a while, before finally meeting at Fourniret's trial, where he was convicted. Like Fourniret, Olivier had a dark past. Unlike him, however, she had been the victim. She had suffered years of abuse at the hand of her former husband. Fourniret empathised with her and together they made a pact that turned into a *Strangers-On-A-Train*-like agreement: he would kill her abusers and she would assist him with the future crimes he was planning to commit.

Many killers have triggers, a motivation for murder, and for Fourniret that trigger was virgins. It's unclear where his fixation started exactly, but a lot can be said of the fact that he had a history of premature ejaculation. According to a survivor of Fourniret's attack, he was a virgin when he married his first wife, but found out on their wedding day that she was not. Perhaps this revelation was what sparked his need to prey on the chaste. Perhaps he was simply dissatisfied with his own sexual prowess. Whatever the case, he cultivated a need to spill blood. First, however, he needed some help, which is where Olivier came in.

After the pact Fourniret and Olivier had made, the former failed to deliver. But that didn't stop Olivier helping her

A photo dated from 1992 of Michel Fourniret, whose horrific crimes earned him the title 'Ogre of the Ardennes'

new husband to orchestrate his next string of crimes. She became Fourniret's virgin hunter. Her new job was to provide him with a selection of 'tight slits,' as he would call them. He wanted young, virginal girls to rape and kill, and Olivier would be the one to bring them to him.

At the end of 1987 and after three and a half years in prison, Fourniret was finally released. He moved in with Olivier not long after, and the pair decided to relocate to Saint-Cyr-les-Colons, where they could settle down together in relative privacy. That was the police's first mistake. The couple weren't being monitored, so they were free to do whatever they wanted. Almost 16 years later, Fourniret confessed to the kidnap, rape and murder of nine girls since being released from prison. He and Olivier were both arrested and convicted. The prosecutors labelled them "a devil with two faces".

"KILLING SOMEONE, ME? NO."

Fourniret and Olivier began their 14-year-long killing spree just before Christmas 1987. Their first victim was a young girl named Isabelle Laville, who lived in the central French region of Burgundy with her family. There was nothing unusual about Laville that might mark her out; she was just a regular girl with friends and schoolwork, but she disappeared in December 1987 and was never seen alive again. Her family had no idea what had happened to her nearly 20 years later, when her skeletal remains were discovered in Auxerre. After Fourniret's confession in 2004, the true nature of her disappearance came to light: Fourniret and Olivier abducted Laville on her way home from school, luring her into their

car. According to later court documents, Fourniret "grabbed her by the hair and asked her was she a virgin, and she replied in the affirmative." They took time over her, picking her up like a hitchhiker and slipping her a sizable dose of Rohypnol to ensure she would adhere to their plan, whether she wanted to or not. She became the first of seven young girls the murderous couple admitted to having abducted and killed.

At 28 years old, Farida Hamiche was Fourniret's oldest victim and the girlfriend of one of Fourniret's cellmates from his stint in prison. His name was Jean-Pierre Hellegouarch, a member of a famous gang of bank robbers known as the 'Gang des postiches' (which translates as the Wigs Gang). Hamiche's life became the price that Fourniret would pay in order to be able to access Hellegouarch's funds. She died at his hands on 12 April 1988, but Fourniret never revealed where he had buried her. He then bought Chateau de Sautou with the money.



Monique Olivier helped Fourniret with his evil desires, luring the victims to their peril

An aerial photo of Fourniret's chateau in Northern France, on the Belgian border

INSET After searching the grounds, investigators eventually discovered the burial place of several of Fourniret's victims



The third victim was Fabienne Leroy, a student from Belgium who had moved to France to complete an internship in Châlons-en-Champagne. While she was running errands at a supermarket, Leroy was abducted from the car park and never seen again. Like with Laville, Fourniret and Olivier lured her into their car; they disclosed details of their plan during the trial. They pretended Olivier was pregnant and near term, and needed treating at the local doctor's office. Leroy offered them help, but instead of following her directions, they raped and murdered her. At first, the pair attempted to inject air into her veins, but when that method failed they turned a gun on Leroy and killed her by shooting her at point-blank range in the heart.

The following year, Fourniret and Olivier claimed their fourth victim. Jeanne-Marie Desramault was raped then murdered. But as Fourniret assaulted her, she desperately insisted that she wasn't a virgin. Predictably, her frantic protests didn't make a difference.

Fourniret kept her body in a freezer for two days after her death, before hiding it on the grounds of the Sautou chateau. Desramault's body was not found, but rather recovered by police in July 2004 once her killer had confessed to the murder and disclosed where he had hidden her remains all those years ago.

The confession led to a wider investigation in which police prepared to dig up a large patch of woodland near the French-Belgian border, looking for more bodies. They had reason to believe that up to a dozen girls and women might have been killed.

Desramault's murder was also a strange one in terms of keeping with Fourniret and Olivier's pattern. Hers was the only murder that Olivier was charged with throughout their trial. For the rest of the victims, Olivier was separately charged with complicity in murder and kidnapping. But in court, Olivier denied having directly murdered anyone. She said, "I know I witnessed terrible things, but killing someone, me? No."

Three more bodies would be found over a decade after they had been killed. They belonged to three young women who had been murdered just before the final victim and before Fourniret and Olivier's arrest. That supposed final kill was of a 16-year-old girl who worked for the two killers as an au pair. Olivier later revealed that her husband had murdered her at some point in 1993. However, the au pair's body was never recovered and the accusation never confirmed. The girl's identity – if she ever even existed – remains a mystery to this day.

After the dedication and commitment Olivier showed towards her husband during his murdering spree, her reaction to his arrest was very peculiar. When Fourniret's confessions got too hot for her to handle, she denounced him, insisting she was less of a part in the ongoing plot as she appeared to be. In actual fact, she had been spooked by the prospect of serving a prison sentence after hearing about the Marc Dutroux case. Dutroux and his wife Michelle Martin were put on trial the very same year. Dutroux was a serial killer, rapist, child molester and kidnapper who had tortured and sexually abused six young girls, murdering four of them. Although Martin hadn't been directly involved with some of the nastier activities, she had been tried as an accomplice and sentenced to 30 years.

Fourniret had finally been arrested on 26 June 2003, after a botched kidnapping attempt. The following year he would confess to nine cases of kidnap, rape and murder. He was

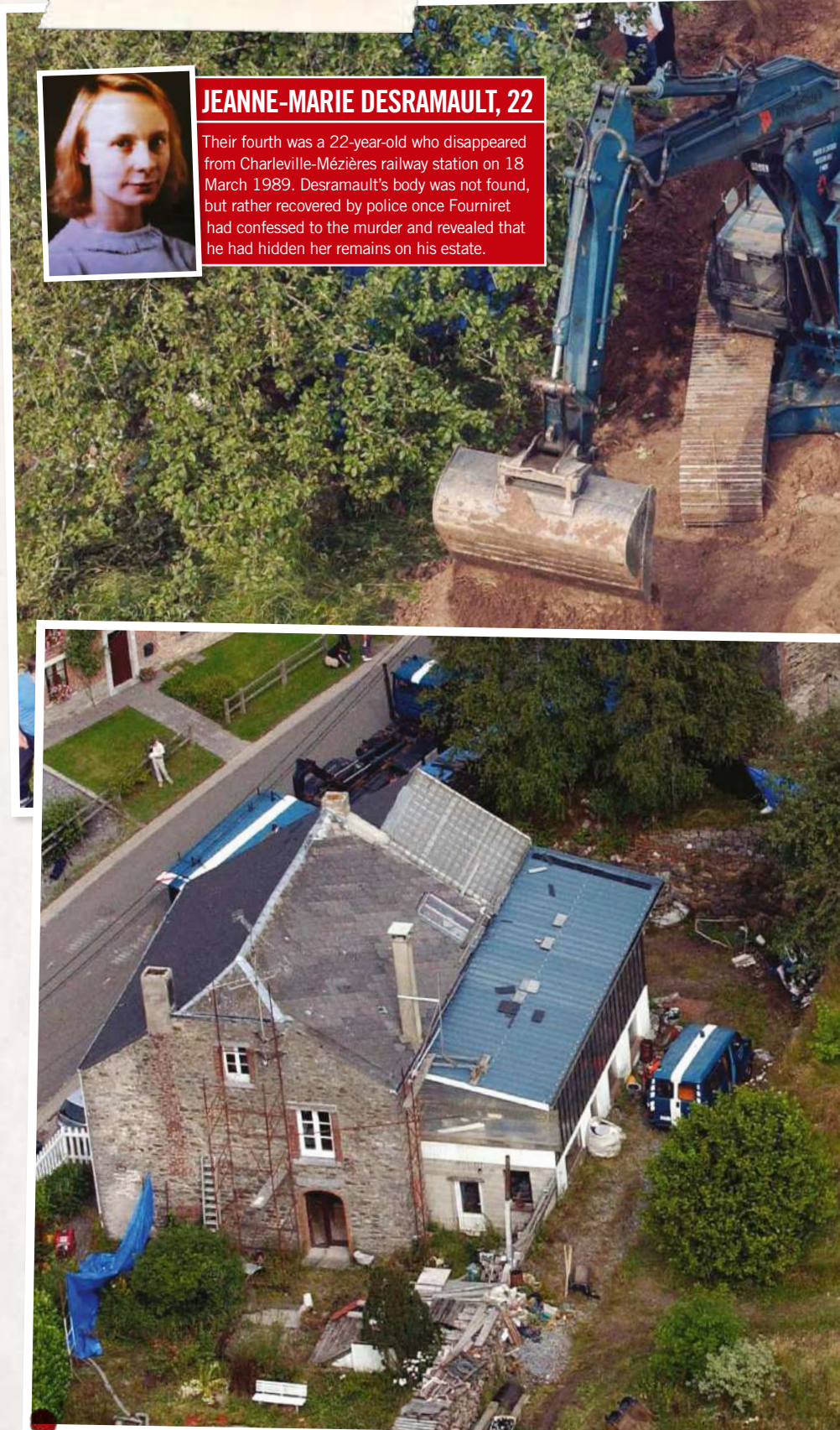
THE VICTIMS

DUMPED IN WOODS, ON A BEACH, IN A WELL, BURIED: BODIES WERE FOUND EVERYWHERE BUT THE METHOD MURDER WAS THE SAME



JEANNE-MARIE DESRAMAULT, 22

Their fourth was a 22-year-old who disappeared from Charleville-Mézières railway station on 18 March 1989. Desramault's body was not found, but rather recovered by police once Fourniret had confessed to the murder and revealed that he had hidden her remains on his estate.



“WHEN FOURNIRET’S CONFESSIONS GOT TOO HOT FOR HER TO HANDLE, SHE DENOUNCED HIM... SHE HAD BEEN SPOOKED BY THE PROSPECT OF A PRISON SENTENCE”



CÉLINE SAISON, 18

Saison was taken from Charleville-Mézières on 16 May 2000 after a high school exam: she was killed on a country road before the 18-year-old's body was dumped in a Belgian wood near his house, and found two months later.



FABIENNE LEROY, 20

Fabienne was a student from Belgium. She was abducted by Fourniret and Olivier from a supermarket car park on 3 August 1988. They drove her to a quiet spot in a nearby forest before raping and murdering her. Her body was found near French military camp Mourmelon-le-Grand.



NATACHA DANAÏS, 13

Natacha disappeared from Nantes in November 1990 while out shopping with her mother and was found dead on a beach just a few days later. Once again, Olivier was charged with being an accomplice to the crime.



ISABELLE LAVILLE, 17

Their first victim lived in Burgundy and disappeared on 11 December 1987 while walking from school. Laville had long brown hair, which was why Olivier had chosen her; her husband wanted virgins who represented his wife. Her skeleton was found in July 2006 at the bottom of a well.



ELISABETH BRICHET, 12

The Belgian girl was the couple's fifth victim. She went missing from Namur in 1989 and her body was finally recovered from its burial site on Fourniret's estate in 2004. Fourniret's wife was charged with complicity to her murder.



MANYANA THUMPONG, 13

The teenaged schoolgirl disappeared from Sedan on 5 May 2001 and a year later, she too showed up dead in Belgium, in the Nollevaux forest. Strangely, Fourniret admitted kidnap and murder, but denied raping her.



The final girl was a 16-year-old who worked for Fourniret and Olivier as an au pair. During their trial, Olivier revealed that her husband had murdered her at some point in 1993, but her body was never found and the accusation never confirmed. The girl's identity – if she ever existed – still remains a mystery.

sentenced to life in prison. Olivier was eventually charged with one murder and assisting Fourniret with six others.

LOOSE ENDS

Fourniret's confession seems like it ought to be the end of his story, but some things still don't add up. Firstly, he was adamant he did not commit any crimes between 1990 and 2000, but police across France, Belgium, Germany, Denmark and the Netherlands have since gathered evidence to suggest otherwise, including sketch artist drawings made during rape investigations that look startlingly like Fourniret.

However, DNA tests surrounding these accusations have never proved anything conclusively. Plus, if Fourniret had been guilty, you could ask why he wouldn't confess to these crimes along with the rest of them? But the motives of serial killers are never clear, and if there's one thing we've learned from notorious killers like Gary Ridgway and Richard Ramirez, knowledge is the only power they have over anyone once they have been caught. Perhaps by holding onto the knowledge of the remote final resting places of his other victims, or by denying any involvement in the murder of others, Fourniret retains some control over the authorities responsible for his state of utter powerlessness.

Along with those he did confess to, Fourniret was suspected of ten additional murders, including nine in France and one in Belgium. He was found guilty of seven of them, but the other three were left hanging with no explanation. There were also rumours of him being the real murderer of eight-year-old Marie-Dolorès Rambla, who was kidnapped and stabbed to death on 3 June 1974. The man who was convicted for the crime, Christian Ranucci, was guillotined for it in 1976, but decades later people are still questioning whether Ranucci was the right man. Ranucci confessed, he knew where the murder weapon was hidden, and a pair of pants covered in blood of the same type as Rambla was found in his car, but evidence has since emerged that proved Fourniret was holidaying in Marseille (where the murder took place) that same summer. He also had the same colour car as Ranucci, was the same age as him, and, unlike Ranucci, had a record of sex offenses. Even more strange is that none

Monique Olivier on trial at the courthouse in Charleville-Mézières, Ardennes, France



The collection of deadly items that was used as evidence in the Michel Fourniret case



THE ELUSIVE FACTS OF THE CASE

Michel Fourniret from Sedan, France, made headlines when he confessed to the rape, kidnap and murder of nine girls over a period of 14 years in 2004. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to life, but since then new evidence has emerged that suggests his confession wasn't entirely truthful.

It's impossible to know for sure what exactly Fourniret is guilty of without more facts, and he certainly isn't going to share any information. But there is one person left who could shed some light on the subject: his wife, Monique Olivier, who helped him hunt virgins to rape and kill.

We do, however, know the details of the nine murders he confessed to, how his victims' bodies were found all over France and Belgium, down wells, in forests, washed up on beaches and buried under the grounds of his estate.

Both Fourniret and Olivier had a terrible way of thinking, but both did at least show signs of regret. Whether that be regret at what they had done or just regret at their life sentences remains to be seen.



Arrested in 2003, Fourniret could have killed far more girls than he was convicted of



The van thought to have been used to capture disabled 19-year-old Marie-Angele Domece

“IT MAKES NO SENSE FOR FOURNIRET TO CONFESS TO SOME THINGS AND NOT OTHERS IF HE COMMITTED EVERYTHING HE WAS ACCUSED OF”

of the witnesses of the kidnapping identified Ranucci as the actual perpetrator, but it's likely we'll never know if this was, in fact, a case of mistaken identity.

BRITISH CONNECTION

Despite being arrested and sentenced in the early 2000s, fresh evidence on old murders that fit Fourniret's modus operandi still bobs to the surface. The most recent re-emergence of an unsolved case that had Fourniret's hallmarks all over it was the murder of British language student Joanna Parrish. The 20-year-old from Gloucester in England was on a placement at a school in the Burgundy region of France as part of her degree course. She had advertised her services as an English teacher in a local newspaper and disappeared in May 1990, having left one evening for private lessons with a male client. Whether he was Fourniret setting a trap, or whether she was murdered on her way to or from the meeting, is not known.

Joanna turned up in the Yonne River in Auxerre on 17 May. She had been bound, raped and strangled. Her parents, Roger and Pauline, arrived in France three weeks later, after their

daughter's body had been returned to the UK, to try to make sense of her death. Shockingly, they were assured that Joanna had not been raped, only to find out the truth a fortnight later from the coroner. The crime scene had been contaminated by journalists and DNA evidence taken from the scene had, unbelievably, also been lost. At best this implied incompetence and a breakdown in communication on the part of the French authorities. At worst, this was a high-level cover up... although for what reason is anyone's guess. Olivier even told detectives that she had witnessed Fourniret rape, murder and dump a young woman into the river, before retracting her confession, claiming it had been extracted under duress. So despite the murder happening at the right time in the right place and with the methodology that Fourniret favoured, putting together a case that pointed the finger at him as the serial killer proved impossible.

As late as May 2015 – on the 25th anniversary of Joanna's death – her family was calling for the French authorities to pursue a new investigation, with a formal request to French magistrates for Monique Olivier to be re-interviewed with the assistance of Gloucestershire Police. Her case was re-opened in 2012 after a tip-off pointed to a 46-year-old, jailed French rapist Thierry Villetard.

Finally, in February 2018, the Parrish family received the closure they had longed for. A lawyer representing the family announced that Fourniret had repeatedly confessed to the murder of Joanna to a judge. Almost three decades after her brutal slaughter, Joanna can finally rest in peace.



INITIALS

MA

PNC FORCE

STATION

35CN

SURNAME

CARR

160277200802

DATE OF BIRTH

DATE TAKEN

THE MURDER OF HOLLY WELLS & JESSICA CHAPMAN

SHE COVERED FOR A KILLER

MAXINE CARR'S INVOLVEMENT IN THE MURDER OF TWO LITTLE GIRLS LED THE BRITISH PRESS TO DUB HER THE 'NEW MYRA HINDLEY'. BUT WAS SHE JUST ANOTHER VICTIM OF IAN HUNTLEY?

WORDS MARTYN CONTERIO



Jeremy Thompson, the Sky News reporter, likes to say how he tipped off the cops about Maxine Carr's use of the past tense in their now-famous television interview. Yet he began his line of questioning in the past tense. "What were they like?" he asked Carr in a broadcast during the search for the missing ten-year-old girls, Holly Wells and Jessica Chapman. She simply followed his lead. Other journalists too, such as Nathan Yates in his book *Beyond Evil* (2005), noted the use of past tense without seeming to realise Thompson had started off in such a vein. Yet for some, this usage proved beyond a doubt that she knew the girls to be dead and is crucial evidence of her guilt. The cynical British press sought to aggrandise her role to justify continued venomous attacks, which have lasted to this day. Carr (not unlike Myra Hindley) disturbed the moral order and patriarchal views of feminine attributes: that all women are caring, nurturing, and somehow programmed to never hurt a child. Carr told a lie and it destroyed her life. Whatever else she knew about the murders is a minefield of supposition.

Charged and convicted with perverting the course of justice, Maxine Carr was not in Soham the evening her boyfriend, Ian Huntley, killed two ten-year-old girls in what police believe was a fit of rage after a phone call with Carr, whom he suspected of cheating on him. Why did she lie? Did she not cotton on to the fact he'd killed the girls? She knew of his disturbing past as a man serially accused of rape and he'd admitted to 'Max' that Holly and Jessica had been in the house on the night they'd disappeared. Carr effectively battened down the hatches and stood by Huntley through thick and thin, until locked up and forced to confront a truth she possibly knew from the start and may have repressed or genuinely couldn't believe possible.

During the television interview, after talking in general about the girls, who she knew via her job as a teacher's assistant, a position she held from February 2002 to the end of the summer term that year, Carr showed the nation a card Holly had made for her. "She was very, very upset because I didn't get my job and she just gave me this with a poem on the inside saying to a special teaching assistant – really we'll miss her a lot and we'll see her in the future. And that's the kind of girl she was, she was just lovely, really lovely."

Asked for a final line, essentially a plea to the girls or their captor, Carr said: "Just get on the phone and just come home. Or if somebody's got them, just let them go. It doesn't matter where you let them go as long as you just let them go and let them come home."

More so than the brazen murderer Ian Huntley giving interviews, Maxine Carr became the true demonised figure of the Soham murders because of public displays like this. How could she be so cold, so stupid, so intent on maintaining a fiction? It's what she didn't do that ultimately caused the lasting infamy. For Carr provided a false alibi and acted in front of the entire world like she was as mystified as the next person as to what had happened to Holly and Jessica.

A QUIET PLACE IN THE COUNTRY

Hope is a curious thing. We cling to it desperately in times of great pressure and adversity, but hope can also be cruel. In cases of child abduction, those sick with worry face the storm of press conferences and 24/7 media attention. Pleading for information or the safe return of their child, they await any scrap of news about their son or daughter. The mental and physical toll is gigantic. It can last a lifetime and change a

person irrevocably. Then there is the unspoken prospect of a kidnapping turning into a murder investigation. If possible, such black thoughts are warded off by the shining light of hope. It's what keeps parents and relatives from total collapse and despair. That is why hope can be cruel.

The first few hours of any potential abduction are crucial to how the rest of the drama will unfold. Detectives will also begin to twig whether it bears the hallmarks of abduction plus killing. Of course, they cannot tell the parents and media straight out that new factors have come into play, that it's now a potential murder investigation. Reasons for this are ample. Any leaked info, for example, could potentially work in the favour of the killer. If, as Cambridgeshire police suspected, the fiend was among them – even taking part in the search – they couldn't give the game away. It's like playing your hand before the other cards have been dealt. It's best to maintain a poker face, to deploy secretive methods.

As hours turned to days, the disappearance of Holly and Jessica, until the April Jones murder in 2012, sparked the biggest nation-wide search the country had ever seen. Cambridgeshire police were overwhelmed with information from the public. Police were logging 1,800 phone calls a day, at one point. Almost two weeks into the investigation, things kicked into gear proper. Public angst and media coverage, too, threatened to turn against the police. How can two girls just vanish into thin air? Were the police telling townsfolk everything? The sense of frustration across the board was palpable. What had happened to Jessica and Holly?

Soham, Cambridgeshire, is home to 8,000 people, and before that late summer of 2002, many had never heard of the place. Why would they? It's a small, village-like little corner of the provinces dotted with military bases and not much in between. An idyllic nook of the country to raise a family, live an entirely ordinary life and where the community spirit and feeling was high. For two girls to vanish without a trace was unthinkable. Bad things didn't happen in Soham, until one day they did.

THE KILLER IN PLAIN SIGHT

"Beggars belief" the young man liked to say to officers, the media and fellow residents. "Beggars belief" almost became this guy's catchphrase. 28-year-old Soham Village College residential caretaker Ian Huntley looked concerned for the safety and return of Holly and Jessica as much as the next worried soul asked for a line to feed the media beast.

Like an actor who'd received the best training in the world, Huntley supplied the trembling lip and misty-eyed waterworks each time he recounted the moment he saw Holly and Jessica pass his house at 5 College Close. As Huntley brushed Sadie, his dog, the two girls approached and inquired about 'Miss Carr', away visiting her mother up north. The reason the cops failed to zero in on Huntley from the off comes down not just to his plausible sh*tick, but in those early days he was among a plethora of potential witnesses (police estimated at least 30). While in hindsight we can point the finger and say, "There's something not quite right about that guy," during those frantic days in Soham, he was just a local, a face among the crowd, another citizen

“FOR TWO GIRLS TO VANISH WITHOUT A TRACE WAS UNTHINKABLE. BAD THINGS DIDN'T HAPPEN IN SOHAM, UNTIL ONE DAY THEY DID”



ABOVE Huntley told reporters he must have been the last person to see them alive. Carr, also a face on television, described how lovely the girls were. There was genuine shock when the pair were arrested

RIGHT The girls were captured on CCTV in the car park of Soham's Ross Peers sports centre, where they'd been to buy sweets. This is the last sighting of them alive



The famous photograph of Holly and Jessica taken but half an hour before their disappearance on the evening of 2 August 2002. This is the iconic image of the girls

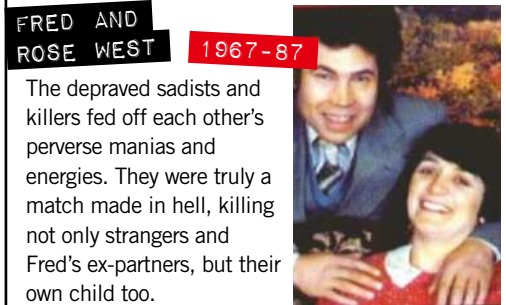
COUPLES THAT KILL

THE FOLIE À DEUX ARCHETYPE IS NOTHING NEW. HOW DO HUNTLEY AND CARR COMPARE TO OTHER INFAMOUS COUPLES IN REAL CRIME HISTORY?



IAN BRADY AND MYRA HINDLEY 1963-65

Brady was the instigator, Hindley the devout follower. Brady, the dominant force in their relationship, did the killing and Hindley attempted to portray herself as a victim. Yet her twisted actions made her an integral part of the murders.



FRED AND ROSE WEST 1967-87

The depraved sadists and killers fed off each other's perverse manias and energies. They were truly a match made in hell, killing not only strangers and Fred's ex-partners, but their own child too.



CHARLES STARKWEATHER AND CARIL ANN FUGATE DEC 1957 TO JAN 1958

The inspiration for many 'lovers on the run' movies, Charles Starkweather was an idiot with a violent temper who believed the whole world was against him. Killing 11 people, Starkweather had a sit down with Old Sparky in 1958. Caril Ann did a 17-year stint in prison.



SARAH BULLOCK AND DARREN STEWART 2006

Said to be under the deviant influence of partner Darren Stewart, teenager Sarah Bullock took part in the torture of a man with severe learning difficulties and made him jump to his death from a 30-metre viaduct near Truro, Cornwall.

dismayed by what was happening. Only when he started showing his face regularly on television did folk in his hometown start to call in and tell them all about the man's disturbing and violent past.

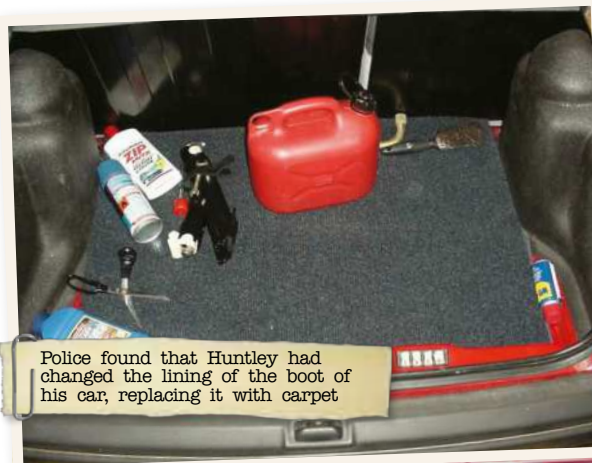
Huntley's accent wasn't the only thing that stood out in this placid part of middle England. The couple living at 5 College Close were friendly enough, but somewhat aloof from the wider community. They'd been in town 11 months, rarely socialised, kept themselves to themselves and generally had little more to say than a passing "hello". Nothing at all out of the ordinary, for some folk are just that way inclined. A desire for privacy is not in any way sinister, after all.

During the search, Huntley came across as a pillar of the community who barely slept. He'd organised searches, let residents and the police search college grounds and spoke on television about the ordeal. It's well known that serial killers will insert themselves into the investigation, usually writing taunting letters or returning to the scene of the crime, reliving their deeds in secret, getting off on the fact everybody around them is standing right next to the very person responsible. Huntley wasn't a serial killer, but he was a serial rapist with an interest in children. And here he was on British television talking about his encounter with the girls, looking ashen and crestfallen, haunted, he said, by the fact he may have been the last one to see them alive.

Many were taken in hook, line and sinker. Reporters largely saw Ian Huntley and his 25-year-old girlfriend, Maxine Carr, also from Lincolnshire, as utterly ordinary individuals, the kind of people you'd least expect to be involved in child murder in a million years. Digging a little deeper, however, revealed warning signs that this couple were not only dysfunctional and in an abusive relationship, but Huntley was a time-bomb waiting to go off. Several times reporters felt uneasy about the pair and reported their misgivings to the police. But it was just another tip or call to log, another avenue to investigate in an operation that threatened to swamp all involved.

It was little things, too. Huntley told conflicting stories about whether he'd seen the girls on the night they'd disappeared. He constantly pestered coppers and journalists for info, or when interviewed at his home, the place reeked of lemon-scented cleaning products, and the dining room – where police believed the murders occurred – was stripped bare and dishevelled. Huntley told anybody who peered in at the room it was being redecorated and given everything that was going on it'd come to a standstill.

Huntley, though increasingly paranoid as the days went by, convinced he was about to be pinched, also thought he'd presented himself as a caring person above reproach. This was a guy with the audacity to approach Holly's dad, Kevin Wells, on several occasions, a man sick with agony and worry, to say how sorry he was for the horror his family and the Chapmans were enduring. There was a point, too, when Huntley thought his act was having the required effect on the police. They'd regularly come by for a chat, always friendly, asking him to go over precisely, again and again, his meeting with the girls at around 6.30pm on Sunday 4 August. Huntley was completely unaware officers had specifically targeted him around Day 10 as a TIE (Trace, Interview, Eliminate) suspect and conducted a forensic search of his home, soon realising the place was spotless. This was strange, but maybe they were obsessive cleaners? A clean home wasn't incontrovertible proof of guilt. But they did find a suspicious dent on the side of the bathtub and they had eyewitness statements – from numerous people – that Carr was in



Police found that Huntley had changed the lining of the boot of his car, replacing it with carpet



ABOVE Huntley used his car to drive the bodies into neighbouring Suffolk, finding a discreet bit of land near a nature reserve and RAF base in which to leave them

Grimsby on the weekend the girls disappeared. Officers were playing nice in attempt to catch a killer. Waiting for a vital clue to turn up or for Huntley to make a wrong move at last, or have enough evidence to swoop in and make the arrest.

THE BODIES DISCOVERED

It's grim business being the one to inform an emotionally exhausted and distraught father and mother their child's body has been found. The glimmer of hope that has so energised them, the speck of faith that the ordeal's end will be happy, with plenty of joyful tears spiked with thunderous anger their child made them so sick with worry, it closes definitively. There is no delicate way of putting it, so the truth is announced with a heavy heart and much professionalism.

On 21 August, two child-sized bodies that had been found on Saturday 17 August, just over the border into Suffolk, near a military base used by the USA, RAF Lakenheath, were identified as the remains of Holly and Jessica. By this time, though, the net around Huntley and Carr was closing in fast. First questioned formally on 16 August, for a total of seven hours, by this time officers were starting to publicly admit to the press and a gripped country awaiting fresh developments this was now – as they'd suspected – a murder case.

“ALONG WITH A VOLATILE TEMPER, WHICH FLARED UP UNDER THE LEAST PROVOCATION, HUNTLEY ENJOYED TORTURING ANIMALS”



Keith Pryer, a gamekeeper who worked on the nearby Wangford Estate, had noticed a pungent stench around a local area known as Common Drove, close to an area where he kept and looked after pheasant pens. The foul, acrid aroma could only be one thing: a dead animal. One morning, determined to locate the source of the stink that had bothered him now for several days, he took along Helen Sawyer and Adrian Lawrence and as they traipsed along a drainage ditch – covering both sides – Mr Lawrence called out, “Do not come any further, Helen, go back to the van.”

What Pryer saw will no doubt haunt him for the rest of his days. Laying in maggots-filled water side by side, neatly, almost respectfully placed, with their hands folded, were the bare, skeletal remains of what appeared to be two dead children. The degradation was severe. Pathologists ultimately identified the girls using DNA. Pieces of the girls’ clothing were found nearby, which Huntley had cut off with scissors in what looked a hurried fashion at the scene, and a path through nettles down to the drainage ditch could be traced. In a final act of savage indignity, Ian Huntley, in a further attempt at removing all traces of his involvement, had returned on 7 August and attempted to set fire to the bodies.

BEFORE SOHAM

What signs are there in Huntley’s childhood that the boy would one day grow up to be a child murderer? Born in 1974 in Grimsby, Lincolnshire, Ian Huntley was like millions of others: a working-class lad from a solidly working-class town in the east of England. But a tough upbringing nor chaotic

INSET The burned remains of Man United FC replica shirts were discovered on Soham College grounds, and hairs belonging to Huntley were found on the shirts


ABOVE The net began to close on Huntley and Carr two weeks after the disappearances. They were questioned by police and later both arrested on suspicion of murder

family dynamics explain fully his future actions. Plenty of kids are dragged up in the school of hard knocks by parents striving to get by. But there are signs.


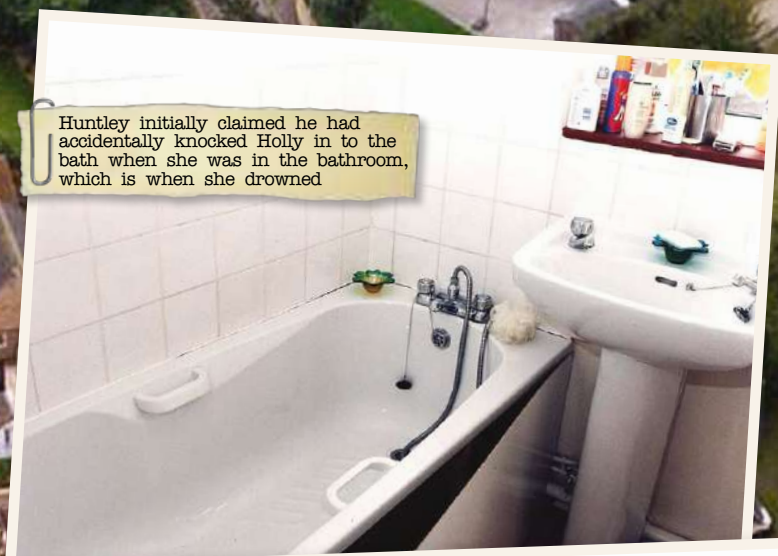
Huntley was bullied at school and something of a mummy’s boy with a borderline hatred for his father. This loathing would cool in later years (it was Ian’s father who told him about the job in Soham) but there was a great deal of resentment for a very long time. Ian grew up also having it in for his younger brother, Wayne, not least when Huntley’s first wife, a teenage bride, left him for Wayne and later married. This bad blood between siblings never properly healed and Ian, in a suicide note found while he languished in HMP Woodhill, in June 2003, awaiting trial, forbade Wayne from attending the potential funeral.

In his mid-teens, Huntley decided to turn the tables on those who’d wronged him – the kids who’d nicknamed him ‘Spacehead’ (because of his large forehead) and began to target kids younger than him. This desire to avenge and humiliate led to unhealthy places. Along with a volatile temper, which flared up under the least provocation, Huntley enjoyed torturing animals too – a theme so common in nearly all cases of serial murder and crime that the FBI, when developing their pioneering techniques of profiling, included it along with pyromania and bedwetting past the point it was socially acceptable as what they called the ‘homicide triad’. Ian’s temper is believed by police to have led directly to the murders of Holly and Jessica, which occurred only minutes after a massive row over the phone with his girlfriend.

Those who went to school with Huntley recall a chronic attention-seeker and pathological liar. This lying became a



Huntley initially claimed he had accidentally knocked Holly in to the bath when she was in the bathroom, which is when she drowned



The house where Huntley and Carr lived, and where Holly and Jessica were killed, was provided as part of Ian's job with the school



HOW IT HAPPENED

HUNTLEY'S VERSION OF EVENTS THAT EVENING IS A PACK OF LIES, BUT POLICE ALSO BELIEVED THERE TO BE A KERNEL OF TRUTH TO SOME PARTS OF IT. HUNTLEY, AFTER HIS CONVICTION, BEGAN TO INSIST IN PHONE CALLS TO HIS MOTHER THAT MAXINE CARR KNEW ALL ABOUT THE MURDERS EARLY ON

HUNTLEY STRIKES


Huntley sees the girls walking towards the house and entices them in, perhaps using Carr as bait. She is away visiting family, but Chapman and Wells don't know this.

GIRLS MISLED


Huntley leads them into the dining room, and police speculated that he may have told them Carr was upstairs feeling unwell.

HOLLY DROWNED

Their killer is not a big guy, but the ten-year-olds would have stood little chance when he decided to attack them. He claimed in court Holly drowned in the bath and Jessica was smothered.



The girls' bodies were transported to their dumping site in the boot of Huntley's car. They were stripped and set on fire

The Manchester United tops that the girls were wearing when they went missing were found burned in a bin

Huntley and Carr's house (bottom left) was fenced off so children didn't have to look at it as they went to Soham Village College (centre)

JESSICA STRANGLED

Huntley told his mother he'd murdered Jessica by strangulation when she discovered Holly had been killed in the bathroom. She had tried to telephone her mum, in a panic.

A KILLER'S REASONING

Huntley explained: "I was telling her to stop shouting so I could think. She kept saying, 'You pushed her. You pushed her.' It was only when I put my hand on her shoulder as she went for the door that I realised I couldn't let her leave the house."

BODIES DUMPED

The killer wraps the bodies in bin bags and drives 27 kilometres to a secluded spot close to RAF Lakenheath. Huntley, an avid plane spotter, knows the area well as his grandmother also lives in the village of Lakenheath.

CONFESSION TO CARR

Huntley telephones Carr on Monday 3 August and tells her that he's killed Holly and Jessica and he needs her help. Carr was later adamant that she knew nothing about the murders. He drives up to Grimsby and brings her home to Soham.

CARR'S INVOLVEMENT

In Huntley's new scenario: Carr not only learned of the killings early on, she actually took an active part in the covering up of the crime, not just providing an alibi for Ian. Did she dictate the bodies should be burned and help clean the house?



“THE COVERAGE AND PUBLIC FEELING WAS SO INTENSE, THE MEDIA-STOKED VENOM SO UNRELENTING, THAT JUDGES ORDERED SHE RECEIVE LIFE-LONG ANONYMITY”

ABOVE Maxine Carr in Holloway prison, North London. In the eyes of the press and public, she became a hated figure. The cheap Myra Hindley comparison, however, bears zero weight or scrutiny

RIGHT The crowd baying for blood outside court. During the trial, Carr referred to her former boyfriend as “that thing”



common thread through his life. He liked to tell anybody that would listen how he was forced to leave the RAF because he suffered from asthma, or that he'd won the lottery and was moving abroad. On two occasions, he attempted suicide in his youth. But most striking of all was an interest in young girls.

Huntley became known to Lincolnshire police as a man accused of rape on four separate occasions during 1998, but the charges never stuck, even after he was officially charged with one of them, which occurred on waste ground near a nightclub, where Huntley had effectively stalked his victim all night. Part of the reason he was successful in getting the job at Soham Village College was that his record had been wiped due to lack of convictions. But the allegations were so frequent that they would be a major cause of embarrassment after events in Soham. Not only that, the documenting of sex offenders and the sharing of information between police forces country-wide altered significantly. That it came at such a devastating cost is but one part of this case's tragedy.

By the late 1990s, Huntley had his brand of vicious domination and control down to an art. He'd come across as a nice guy until he'd slept with a girl. After this, girlfriends became his emotional and physical punching bags. He'd run their lives or harass them until, for reasons only known to him, he'd give up and latch on to the next vulnerable target. A sordid life bedding vulnerable teenagers and drifting from menial factory job to menial factory job, Huntley developed a self-pitying persona – the whole world was against him – and all he wanted was to be loved and settled down, he'd gripe to his mum. That's when Maxine Carr walked into his life.

THE WOMAN WHO LIED

Raised in a single-parent family almost as if an only child, for her older sister was ten years ahead in age, Maxine Carr was a shy and body-conscious girl who fluctuated in weight dramatically. A chubby kid, she suffered from anorexia as a teenager. Believed by many to be supremely introverted unless she'd been tickling booze, she came across as nervous and perhaps overly ambitious. It was her dream to become a teacher and she loved spending time with kids.

Hailing from the same part of the world as Huntley, there is an incredible irony to their relationship. While often violent, abusive and domineering, their union represented a kind of stability. Meeting one night in the Hollywood Bar nightclub in Grimsby, a tacky drinking establishment, the pair hooked up and moved around the area frequently, living in one-bedroom flats and bedsits, Huntley telling his new girlfriend a sob story about how he constantly felt persecuted by everybody for all the claims made against him. Carr, for reasons known only to her, fell for the sob story; she actively took part in protecting them both come hell or high water.

The move to Soham looked like a fresh start with excellent prospects. But even as early as this move down south, they were lying. Carr faked exam results on her CV to get a teacher's assistant position at St Andrew's Primary School, attended by Holly and Jessica. Huntley – a serial rapist with a penchant for teenage girls – was employed under a three-month trial period initially, as the new caretaker at Soham Village College, despite having no experience of the role. Yet in those first months, with accommodation provided, Huntley was viewed by the school as a diligent and trustworthy worker, who worked hard and not once stepped out of line or drew suspicion. It's telling, however, that pupils interviewed by the media in the aftermath of the murders told conflicting stories. The boys

hated him and thought he acted creepy around the girls, while the female pupils seem to have engaged with him in a totally different way. Huntley technically had no criminal record because Humberside police had deleted his file due to lack of convictions. The school did their background checks, but nothing was flagged.

THE NEW MYRA HINDLEY?

As Maxine Carr walked along the corridor to her cell at Holloway Prison, shouts rang out. 'Myra Hindley mark two!' While all united as felons, miscreants and law-breakers, in the hermetically sealed kingdom of the jailhouse, with all its unique rules and rituals, doing porridge for crimes related to child murder makes said person the lowest of the low and the target for revenge and attacks.

The press had a field day with anything relating to Carr. Even now, it seeks to whip up indignation and frenzy with updates on her life post-release, acting with cynically primed outrage at the fact she's settled down, married, bought a nice wedding dress for the big day, had a child and tried to get on with life as best she can. The coverage and public feeling was so intense, the media-stoked venom so unrelenting, that judges ordered she receive life-long anonymity, police protection and a ban on newspapers reporting her exact location and whereabouts. Yet the howling headlines refuse to let the world move on. The whipping up of mob fury has led to innocent women who bear a slight resemblance to Carr being hounded and assaulted. Was she living in Northern Ireland, Scotland or by the sea somewhere on the English coast? Tabloids portrayed Carr's life since as a cake walk, not one of constantly living in fear.

On the other side of the debate, columnists with their own agenda presented Carr as a total and utter victim of Huntley's. They softened her role to that of a complete dupe, a patsy, making out her involvement was a minor thing, as if she was living in fear of her partner's moods and didn't quite grasp the seriousness of the situation. She had ample chances to shop him and didn't. Carr should have twigged – and maybe she did – when arriving home to discover Huntley, a man who hadn't cleaned his home or ever done the dishes in all the time she'd known him – had scrubbed the house top to bottom, the carpet in the dining room was wet through and the place looked spick and span. Not just that, but the conversations they'd had over the phone, on the drive back. Then came the claim she was an obsessive cleaner, which might well be true. But Huntley most certainly was not. He told her the girls had been in the house and how he was scared because his past would make the cops think he'd done something, or would pin it on him. These are strange words and ideas – certainly enough for anybody's alarm bells to start ringing. Because this is out of the ordinary, not routine, there is a distinct lack of logic. It was as if he was attempting to confess but in the most roundabout way imaginable.

"Stand by your man," as Tammy Wynette sang. A worthy concept, for sure, when it doesn't involve murder. But Carr did just that and doomed herself. It couldn't be proven in a court of law that she had knowledge of the murders before their joint arrest and charges (Carr's alibi initially meant she too was charged with murder). But that doesn't solve the matter, or give us a definitive answer. Maxine Carr's limited – but crucial – involvement certainly does not warrant the 'Myra Hindley II' or 'the vilest woman in Britain' tags, but only she knows deep down what she knew and what she didn't. Her burden, her shame, will remain a private hell.



KILLING

KEEPING IT ~~IT~~

MUM AND DAD HAD RESPECTABLE JOBS, BUT THEIR FAMILY BUSINESS WAS MURDER



N THE FAMILY

AND THEIR KILLING SPREE TERRIFIED MIDDLE-CLASS MOSCOW

WORDS PAUL FRENCH

For Inessa Tarverdiyeva and Roman Podkopayev of Stavropol, in the south of Russia, murder was a way of keeping the family together. Other families might go out for a meal, to the cinema or for a country walk, but the couple and Inessa's daughters preferred to all go out on a killing spree. Some in Russia, completely freaked out at the casual horror and total mayhem the family had caused, tried to rationalise the Podkopayevs' actions as violent robbery but, as we shall see, what was stolen was insignificant. For the Podkopayevs it was all about the killing. They are the world's first fully investigated and authenticated family of serial killers.

Eventually the Russian authorities caught up with the Podkopayevs, though in the end it was a routine ID check by police that ended their homicidal reign. Roman Podkopayev, the father of the family, and his stepdaughter Viktoria had just robbed a house on Baklanova Street, in the town of Aksay on the banks of the River Don in Rostov. They had taken only inconsequential items – some booze, chicken drumsticks and candles, but no money – before Roman and Viktoria shot the homeowner and his wife dead. They left the murder scene on a scooter and then their luck ran out – they ran right into a routine police ID check stop. After being asked for his documents, Roman panicked, pulled out a gun and started firing at the unsuspecting patrol cops.

Police patrolman and father Ivan Shakhovoi was shot dead on the spot without even getting the chance to draw his weapon. His colleague Aleksey Lagoda was badly wounded but managed to crawl to safety and call for emergency back-up. A patrol car nearby responded and began a pursuit of Roman and Viktoria's scooter through the streets of Aksay. It ended in a gun battle. Roman did not survive it.

Having ascertained Roman's identity, police rushed to the home of the Podkopayev family – a comfortable suburban house in the city of Stavropol, about 1,500 kilometres south of Rostov. The case moved swiftly from the Rostov police to the Investigative Committee of the Russian Federation, the Russian equivalent of the FBI (usually known simply as Sledkom) tasked with cross-province criminal investigations. Sledkom is powerful – it answers only to Russian President Vladimir Putin, it polices the police, looks for corrupt politicians, deals with organised mafia groups and the kind of crimes that are so terrible they require the most hardened and seasoned law enforcement veterans. It quickly became clear that the Podkopayevs were going to shock even the most veteran of Sledkom officers.

AT HOME WITH THE PODKOPAYEVS

Vladimir Markin was one such toughened-by-experience veteran of Sledkom, but the Podkopayev case still shook him. They were an extended family – Roman was married to Inessa Tarverdiyeva, a nursery school teacher who everyone simply called 'Inna'. Inessa had married a guy from Azerbaijan, Azru Tarverdiyeva, who worked in a power station, when she was young, and had a daughter called Viktoria. That husband died in mysterious circumstances but nothing was ever pinned on Inessa or a co-worker, the power station's resident dentist Roman Podkopayev, who she spent a lot of time with. Inessa soon remarried, to Roman,




and he adopted Viktoria. The newly married couple had a daughter of their own, Anastasiya, and were very close to Roman's sister (also called Anastasiya) and her husband Sergei, a former traffic policeman.

This, Sledkom investigators would assert, was the Podkopayev family gang – mass murderers on a massive scale. At the time of their arrest, Inessa was 46, Roman 35, Viktoria 25, and their daughter Anastasiya was just 13. According to Vladimir Markin, all four “actively took part in all crimes”. Roman's sister Anastasiya and her ex-policeman husband were accused of aiding and abetting the Podkopayevs, helping them select victims and concealing the goods they stole from them before killing them.

The family did not come quietly. Roman and Viktoria were gunned down by the police trying to apprehend them while Inessa was discovered at a camp site in Stavropol guarding their massive weapons cache. She was arrested and the long bloody ride of the Podkopayevs was over. But what had it all been about?

MIDDLE-CLASS KILLERS

1998 was a rough time in Russia. The former Soviet Union was in economic free fall, gang warfare was on the streets



Inessa (left) seemed a normal middle-class Russian woman, but concealed a murderous temperament

“ INESSA WAS 46, ROMAN 35, VIKTORIA 25, AND THEIR DAUGHTER ANASTASIYA WAS JUST 13... ALL FOUR ‘ACTIVELY TOOK PART IN ALL CRIMES’ ”

of most cities, the rouble devalued by the day, the oligarchs were getting ever wealthier, and nobody seemed to have any answers to any of the state's problems. The rise to supremacy of Vladimir Putin and the enforcement of some sort of social and economic stability was still two years away. Yet the Podkopyayevs were doing okay. Inessa was working at the power station's nursery, Roman was a qualified dentist, their adopted daughter from Inessa's first marriage, Viktoria, was at school and they had a new baby of their own, Anastasiya.

However, this is when Sledkom investigators believe the Podkopyayevs began their criminal activity. A series of petty thefts were committed by Roman and Inessa throughout the large Rostov region, in the remote villages of Lyubesk, Krist, Kulkov, Sazonov, Zlydnev and Botnaryuk. A dentist and a nursery school teacher by day but seemingly clever and experienced burglars by night, they travelled from Stavropol to the neighbouring region of Rostov-on-Don, where they weren't known. They typically broke into homes from the rear, where they were least expected, and always thoroughly planned their escapes. The couple communicated using walkie-talkies. Later, after Inessa's arrest, Andrei Larionov, a Sledkom investigator, pieced together their early criminal history and established their preferred modus operandi.

By the 2000s they were moving from petty theft to murder. In 2008 their family killing spree began in Aksay,

Rostov-on-Don. Mikhail Zlydnev was the head of the information security department of the Rostov branch of the Russian State Drug Control Service. On 17 February 2008 he was at home with his wife when the Podkopyayevs broke in. They shot the couple, wounding them severely, and then set about finishing them off with knives. It looked initially like a home invasion and robbery – the killers had taken some items of clothing and a TV remote control from the victims' house. But the crime raised questions – cash, jewellery and far more valuable appliances and goods were left behind. Why take the remote and not the TV? Was the real motive here simply cold-blooded murder?

Several months later, in July 2008, once again in Aksay, on a quiet night-time highway, the Podkopyayevs machine-gunned a car in which Alexei Sazonov and Julia Vasilyeva were travelling. Alexei was killed instantly and Julia seriously wounded. The modus operandi was different – a spray killing, perhaps a car-jacking gone wrong, rather than a home invasion turned deadly, but there was a similarity – all the killers took was a cheap purse with a driver's license and passport that would be useless to them, and a woman's handbag with no money or valuables inside.

A year later the killing spree continued – but moved from Aksay to the nearby Rostov city of Novocherkassk. In March 2009 they shot dead a family, stealing only minor items

LEFT The motorways around Aksay and throughout the Rostov-on-Don area were favoured hunting grounds for the gang

LEFT-INSET The family set out from the city of Stavropol in the south of Russia to hunt for their victims in nearby regions



again. In July 2009 and once again in Aksay, the Podkopayevs parked up on the shoulder of a highway, overpowered and shot Lieutenant Colonel Dmitry Chudakov before killing his wife and their seven-year-old son with a semi-automatic rifle. The Chudakovs' 11-year-old daughter Veronika was viciously stabbed 37 times. The killers escaped with a laptop, hairdryer and a camera, but left some gold jewellery behind.

In September 2012 they killed two private security guards, taking their weapons to add to their stash of deadly arms. In November the same year they attempted to kill a Novocherkassk taxi driver. Then back to Aksay as the police hunt in Novocherkassk got too intense – a traffic cop was shot and killed by the Podkopayevs. The following April they

ABOVE Inessa Podkopayev after her capture shows Rostov-on-Don police how she used a semi-automatic rifle to kill her victims

BELOW Inessa demonstrates how she used a pistol and dagger to kill at close range

shot several staff at a Novocherkassk grocery store dead but didn't even bother to rob the till.

Finally, in late April 2013 in Aksay, they killed a 39-year-old policeman, Lieutenant Andrei Yurin, at point-blank range. They attempted to break into his house, but they failed and left with nothing.

And then together, Roman and Viktoria broke into that house on Aksay's Baklanova Street, stealing items of no consequence whatsoever.

GANG OF AMAZONS

On 8 September 2013, Patrolman Ivan Shakhovoi lay dead in the street, shot by Roman Podkopayev. His colleague and partner Aleksey Lagoda was badly wounded. A back-up patrol car chased Roman and Viktoria on their scooter. They shot Roman dead and badly wounded Viktoria. Viktoria, in serious need of medical attention, revealed the whereabouts of her mother and sister, Inessa and Anastasiya.

Police headed to a nearby campsite, found the two women and arrested them – Inessa was guarding the family's arms cache, which included 20 firearms, a silencer, several hand grenades and multiple boxes of ammunition. Random stolen goods from murders dating back to 2007 were also recovered.

Roman's sister Anastasiya and her former-cop husband Sergei were arrested soon afterwards. Inessa told the police she hated all law enforcement, that she was "born to be a gangster" and that it was no accident so many of their victims were policemen and their families, private security guards or others in the Russian justice system. It was speculated that at some point, back in her youth, Inessa had dated a cop who had split up with her. Clearly, she had not taken the rejection particularly well.

As soon as news of the killing and capture of the Podkopayevs leaked out, it became clear that the Sledkom investigators had determined one thing – the mastermind of the Podkopayev family's years-long killing spree was not Roman, the father, but was Inessa, the mother. Viktoria and Anastasiya had been willing participants in the homicides



PRIMARY MOTIVE?

THE FAMILY STOLE ITEMS OF LITTLE CONSEQUENCE FROM THEIR VICTIMS

The items alone, stolen by the Podkopayev family simply weren't worth the risks. They could not have been chosen for their value but seemed random, the objects closest to hand. When police raided the home of Anastasiya and Sergei Sinelni, they found most of the items and some of the jewellery melted down.

Similarly, when they arrested Inessa at her camp site hideout in 2013 they recovered much of the stolen goods – they were discarded, considered valueless, and the fact they were simply being tossed aside gives the lie to the idea that the Podkopayev gang killed as part of a series of robberies. It was base murder that motivated them.

MIKHAIL ZLYDNEV MURDERS

- A waistcoat
- Jacket
- TV remote control



ALEXEI SAZONOV AND JULIA VASILYEVA

- A passport
- Driving license
- Empty handbag and purse



THE NOVOCHERKASSK FAMILY

- Clothes
- Jackets
- Boots
- Passport
- Laptop



CHUDAKOV FAMILY

- Laptop
- Hairdryer
- Camera
- Some cash



and the Russian press immediately dubbed the family 'Banda amazonok' – the Gang of Amazons.

CLEARING UP THE STATS

Nowadays Vladimir Markin is an author who has written on subjects that the Kremlin would perhaps prefer didn't get discussed openly, such as the murder of the crusading Russian journalist Anna Politkovskaya in Moscow in 2006. Markin was a tabloid newspaper journalist before he went to work for Sledkom. During the time of the crimes of the Podkopayev family and the arrests of the surviving members in 2013, Markin was the head of Sledkom's press office and held the rank of major general of justice. He is perhaps uniquely placed to analyse the case against the Gang of Amazons and evaluate the counter-claims between Sledkom and the Russian media.

Novaya Gazeta is a widely read Russian newspaper that is often critical of the police, Sledkom and the authorities in general, right up to and including the Kremlin. Seemingly fearless journalists at *Novaya Gazeta* have alleged that first local police in Rostov-on-Don, and then Sledkom fabricated evidence against Inessa Podkopayev and have fitted her and the family up to take the blame for a range of murders in the region, thereby clearing up their unsolved crime statistics rather neatly.

Markin, who left his post at Sledkom in 2016, believed this is possible but unlikely. He said Inessa confessed readily and openly to all her crimes – that she was proud of them, especially the murders of serving police officers, who she hated. Markin commented that the Gang of Amazons defy normal criminal investigation. The police tend to see such crimes as robberies gone wrong. Their traditional logic is that the Podkopayev family were thieves, burglars. They went to houses of people they thought might have money and robbed them. Alternatively they tried to car-jack likely victims. Things simply 'went wrong' and they killed them.

But, as Markin and others have pointed out, this theory is flawed – things 'went wrong' too many times, in fact pretty



The murdered Chudakov family in happier times

much every time. The items stolen were insignificant and a distraction. The truth was much more basic, if also much more horrible: the Podkopayev family, father, mother and two daughters, were stone-cold serial-killers-in-law.

THE LADY IN RED

In February 2016 Inessa stood behind a glass dock as she went on trial in Rostov-on-Don, the scene of so many of the Gang of Amazon's killings. The press dubbed her 'The Lady in Red' – she appeared in court wearing a red designer label dress, Louboutin shoes, full make-up and with a new

“ IT WAS SPECULATED THAT AT SOME POINT... INESSA HAD DATED A COP WHO HAD SPLIT UP WITH HER. CLEARLY, SHE HAD NOT TAKEN THE REJECTION PARTICULARLY WELL ”



BLOOD IS THICKER

SHE STOLE NOTHING: IT WAS A POINTLESS KILLING OF TWO TEENAGE GIRLS, AND ONE WAS INESSA PODKOPAYEV'S OWN GODDUGHTER

Perhaps it was Inessa's most horrific killing – her own goddaughter. In 2010 Inessa lay in wait at the house of an old friend that she believed had an antique collection of rifles. His daughter was Inessa's goddaughter. Instead of the man, the two girls came home – Inessa surprised them and killed them both, torturing them and gouging out their eyes. In court she tried to blame Roman for the deaths of the girls but admitted the torture and eye gouging, though she gave no reasons as to why she felt the need to do this to the two innocent teenage girls. Inessa claimed at her trial that she never killed any children – perhaps not, but it seems she felt no compunction about torturing her own goddaughter and her best friend.

“ INESSA AND VIKTORIA WERE ... UNREPENTANT. “LIKE GOING TO THE OFFICE FOR THE DAY” WAS HOW INESSA DESCRIBED MURDERING A POLICE OFFICER ”

ABOVE-LEFT Inessa Podkopayev's goddaughter – murdered by her and Roman

ABOVE-RIGHT A traditional Russian open casket funeral for Inessa's own goddaughter – she was killed and then her eyes were gouged out

perm. The last time the public had seen Inessa was back in 2013 when she was arrested – without make-up, her blonde hair ratty and dirty, in flip-flops and an old T-shirt. Then, the press had dubbed her the ‘killer housewife’, without a whiff of glamour. Now she was 48 but looked younger and remarkably fresh despite the supposed harshness of the Russian penal system. Quite where the clothes and makeover came from is something of a mystery – such luxury items are banned in the Rosotov-on-Don Detention Centre where Inessa had been jailed for two years. The press speculated she had a rich admirer with the connections and pull to smuggle in luxury goods to her cell.

Certainly, since the grim revelations of 2013 Inessa had become something of a ghoulish celebrity in Russia. Pictures had surfaced of her demonstrating to police how she used pistols and semi-automatic weapons, showing just how she killed her victims.

In court she confessed to ten murders and one attempted murder, though the Sledkom investigators believe that the family gang was responsible for at least 30 killings. Viktoria, now 27, was in the dock alongside her. Inessa and Viktoria were seemingly unconcerned by their trial and crimes and equally unrepentant. “Like going to the office for the day”

was how Inessa described murdering a police officer and his wife. She also claimed it was how the family made money, although their haul of stolen goods was invariably paltry and somewhat random.

The dead Roman Podkopayev's sister, Anastasiya, and her ex-cop husband Sergei were also on trial, accused of being accomplices and gang members but not actual murderers. Inessa and Roman's younger daughter, Anastasiya, still just 15 years old and so below the age of criminal responsibility, was not put on trial. However, the prosecution noted that they believed she had willingly and actively taken part in several of the killings.

The trial ground on and on in the Rostov Regional Court with numerous breaks and delays for one reason or another. But finally, in September 2017, the jurors found the members of the so-called Gang of Amazons guilty of all ten murders they were charged with. Inessa had tried to blame the long-dead Roman for many of the murders but had admitted she'd been present at them all.

In December sentences were handed to the members of the Podkopayev family. Inessa sat once again in the glass dock at the Rostov Regional Court, well dressed, her blonde hair tied up in a bun and with full make-up on. Viktoria sat beside her, seemingly having put on a little weight and having let her brown hair grow long in jail. Anastasiya and Sergei stood with their hands handcuffed behind their backs – Anastasiya appeared unrepentant while Sergei looked more anxious. Inessa was sentenced to 21 years in total, Viktoria was handed 16 years, Anastasiya received 19 years and Sergei received 20 years. The Sledkom investigators who prosecuted them announced outside the court that they would still be pursuing the family for at least ten more murders, two attempted murders, ten robberies and 60 cases of theft.

"A TOTALLY GOOD, NICE FAMILY"

Vladimir Markin watched the Podkopyayev family trial on TV. It was a remarkable spectacle – compelling and revolting at the same time. Markin commented that “They [the Podkopyayev family] looked like a totally good, nice family. Imagine them – a mother, a father, two children, including an underage girl.” Even now, several years after Roman’s violent death and Inessa’s arrest and conviction, he finds it hard to believe the scale and callousness of their multiple crimes: “I am sure that when they were together one could hardly imagine that they could even plan a crime.”

Yet they did, and it wasn’t for the money – whatever Inessa might have said in the Rostov court dock. Very little money, virtually no jewellery, cheap items like cameras and hairdryers were pretty much all they amassed. For Inessa it seems it was something of a vendetta against the police – that boyfriend who jilted her remains the best theory, as she was never in trouble with the police previously, had no false convictions, no close relatives stitched up or anything else to lead to such a violent hatred of law enforcement. All through the trial, despite being repeatedly asked, she declined to elaborate on her reasons and only reiterated yet again her hatred of cops.

And the others? They are perhaps even harder to explain. It has never been established conclusively how Inessa’s first

husband, the Azeri power station worker Azru Tarverdiyeva, died. Perhaps Inessa killed him, or Inessa and her soon-to-be dentist husband. Roman certainly became a violent murderer. Even if we believe that the Podkopyayev gang was controlled and led by Inessa and that she committed many of the murders, there is still substantial amounts of blood on Roman’s hands, not least the murder of the traffic policeman Ivan Shakhovoi. Was he a man controlled by his wife, so besotted with her that he would kill her husband and then anyone she pointed out?

And what of their daughters Viktoria and Anastasiya? Both were young, impressionable, malleable and shaped by their murderous parents. They seem to have been willing participants. Was it that neither girl knew a life outside of a serial killing family? Was this their normal? It appeared that they, like their mother, showed no remorse, no regret, not an inkling that they had done anything particularly wrong.

The Gang of Amazons, the Podkopyayev family, are now either dead or behind bars. Yet their crime spree still mystifies men like Vladimir Markin and many of his former colleagues at Sledkom. Inessa was dubbed the ‘Ma Baker of Russian Crime’, but she wasn’t. Ma Baker stole and murdered to survive the Great Depression of the 1930s. She was bad, but her actions were perhaps understandable if not, of course, excusable. Inessa Podkopyayev of Sevastopol, Russia, was simply a cold-blooded murderer who brought her entire family into the killing business.

BELOW Inessa Podkopyayev, leader of the Gang of Amazons, in the Rostov court awaiting sentencing. The press dubbed her ‘The Lady in Red’ at the trial

BELOW-INSET Roman Podkopyayev was killed in a shootout with Aksay police after killing one officer and seriously injuring another



TAKEN TOO YOUNG

BECKY WATTS

NATHAN MATTHEWS CLAIMED THE DEATH OF HIS STEPSISTER WAS A TRAGIC ACCIDENT. IN REALITY BOTH HE AND HIS ACCOMPLICE, SHAUNA HOARE, WERE DRIVEN BY FAR DARKER MOTIVES

WORDS TONY THOMPSON

On the morning of Thursday 19 February 2015, 16-year-old Bristol teenager Becky Watts seemed to suddenly vanish from the face of the earth.

Her disappearance made no sense at all. She had spent the previous night enjoying a sleepover at the house of a friend, playing video games, watching films, eating fish and chips and sending loving text messages to her boyfriend of four months, Luke Oberhansli.

Returning to the home at 18 Crown Hill that she shared with her father and stepmother, she spent the rest of the morning playing music and had planned to take a shower before meeting up with Luke (who had spent the morning at the dentist) in the afternoon.

At 11.03am, Luke sent a text to say he was back home and Becky replied immediately, writing: 'GOODIE XXXXX', followed by a heart and an emoji blowing a kiss, making no secret of her delight. It was the last time Luke or anyone else would hear from her.

Reported missing by her father the following day, the case sparked a massive manhunt with hundreds of police officers from across the Avon and Somerset region brought in to assist. Hundreds more volunteers from the tight-knit St George area of Bristol, where Becky and her family lived, also turned out to lend a hand. Marches were organised, bringing parts of the city centre to an absolute standstill. Both of the city's football teams held a minute's silence prior to their matches that week and thousands of leaflets were given, begging for information about her whereabouts. Her

father, Darren Galsworthy, gave an emotional interview to the local television station, appealing to whoever had taken his daughter to bring her back unharmed.

It was all for nothing. Becky had been brutally murdered by her stepbrother, Nathan Matthews, along with his girlfriend Shauna Hoare, within an hour of sending the last text to her boyfriend.

While all those around them desperately tried to find the teenager, Matthews and Hoare put into action a well-organised plan to get rid of the body and destroy all the possible evidence that they had been involved in the case. They lied and misled the police at every opportunity but by the time Becky's dismembered body parts had been found at the home of one of Nathan's friends, the police were starting to close in on them.

Matthews attempted to take the blame for all aspects of the crime, insisting that Shauna had no knowledge of his actions, but as the police continued to build a case against the pair, it became increasingly obvious that this scenario was simply not true.

Following a trial that concluded in November 2015, Nathan Matthews was found guilty of the murder of Becky Watts, and Shauna Hoare was found guilty of her manslaughter,

RIGHT The disappearance of Becky Watts hit the UK's national headlines in late February 2015, at which point this recent photo of her was widely circulated. Once the truth had surfaced a few weeks later, the doe-eyed picture of Becky became iconic in the minds of the British public





Nearly two weeks after she disappeared, Becky's family still hoped for her safe return. Her body was found a day after they posted this poster

along with offences connected to assisting Matthews with disposing of the body.

With both Matthews and Hoare seemingly able to become master manipulators, they remain the only two people who know exactly how and why Becky died. Although both have now been convicted of their involvement in the case, there remain many unanswered questions.

Darren Galsworthy, Becky's father, met factory worker Anjie Goldsmith, Nathan's mother, when Becky was three years old and Nathan was 12. Despite the difference in their ages, the siblings – who included Becky's older brother, Daniel – seemed to get on well, and Nathan would regularly take Becky out to the local adventure playgrounds on his own and supervise her while she played. According to her father, Becky was a shy girl and a late speaker. Such was the bond between the two that her first clear word was 'Nathan'.

To all intents and purposes, the pair acted like brother and sister but the reality was that their lives were very different. Becky lived in the home that her father shared with Anjie, while Nathan lived nearby in the home of his grandmother who had been raising him since the age of seven. He would spend every spare minute of his weekends at his mother's house and they soon became a close family unit.

As the years went by, resentment began to seep in. Nathan had never had a relationship with his own father – there is a blank space where the name should appear on his birth



certificate – and had always lived with his grandmother.

Seeing his stepsister and stepbrother growing up in the kind of secure family environment that had always been denied to him began to eat away.

It didn't help that, early in life, he had been diagnosed with the rheumatic condition fibromyalgia, which regularly left him in great pain. Depressed over his condition and routinely feeling "inadequate and useless" as a result of it, Matthews spent more time alone in his bedroom at his grandmother's house, even eating all of his meals there.

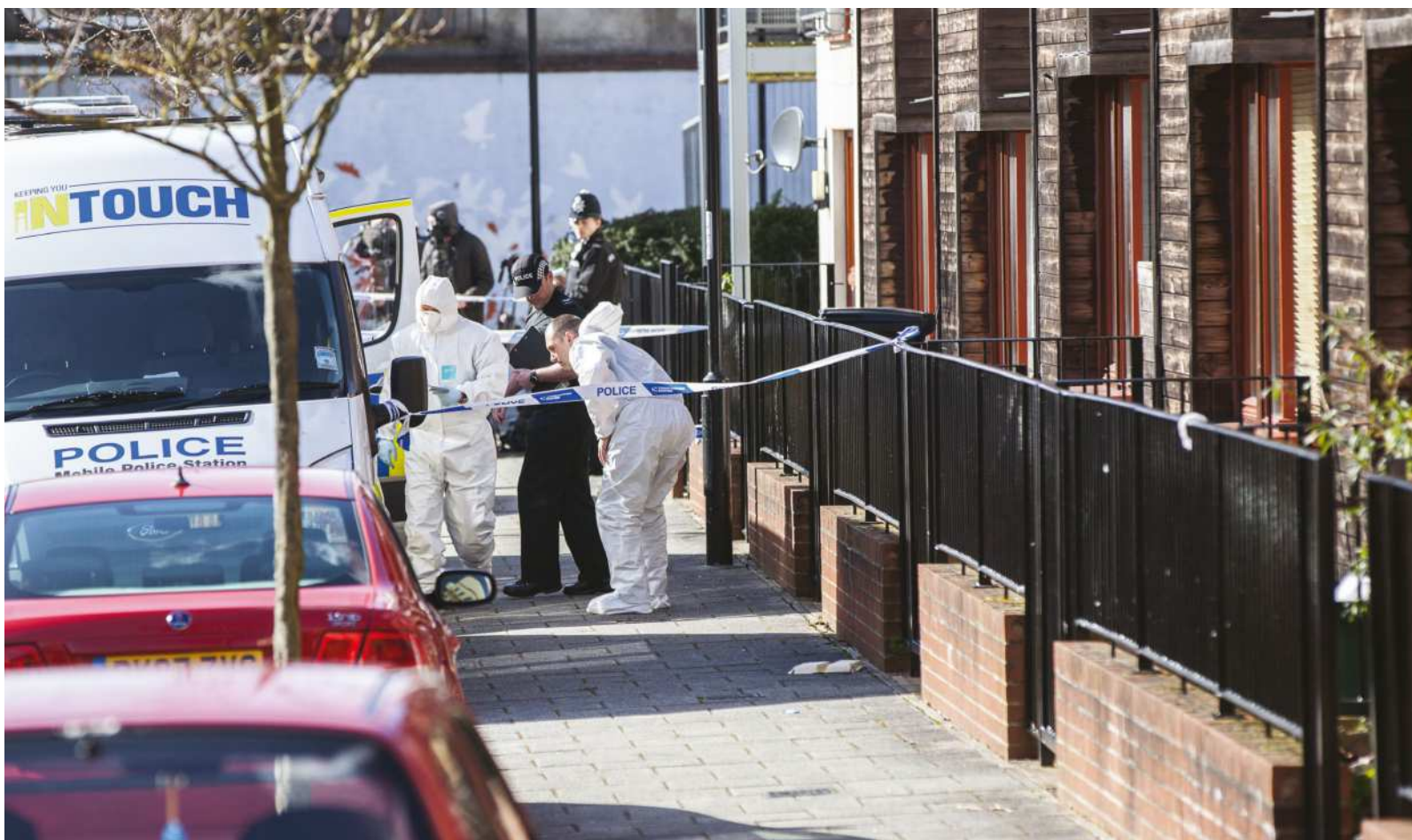
He left school with few qualifications and enrolled in a local college with the intention of becoming an electrician, but dropped out after a couple of months and ended up working as a delivery driver for various fast-food companies.

Despite his condition, he managed to join the Army Cadets at the age of 13, and continued his fascination with the military by signing up for the Territorial Army once he left school, remaining a member until his early 20s. During this time, he learned a number of survival and organisational skills, along with lessons in the art of decontamination, all of which he would eventually put to good use in cleaning up the aftermath of the murder of Becky Watts.

Matthews' life was transformed when, in his early 20s he entered a relationship with Shauna Hoare. She was 14 or 15 years old at the time and, thanks to her own damaged background, the perfect match for Matthews, as he was very easily able to dominate every aspect of her life from early on.

Like Matthews, Hoare had grown up in a less-than-ideal family environment as one of seven children her mother, Lisa Donovan, had with a range of different men. Hoare was taken into care early on and grew up in a series of foster homes before moving back in with her mother at the age of 13.

“ THANKS TO HER OWN DAMAGED BACKGROUND, HE WAS VERY EASILY ABLE TO DOMINATE HER LIFE FROM EARLY ON ”



Donovan was not at all impressed with Matthews, considered him far too old for her daughter, and would later describe him as “flirty, domineering and sexually orientated.” Hoare, however, was totally smitten and continued to see Matthews against the wishes of her mother.

Unable to continue living at home, Hoare initially moved into a hostel for young people, owned and operated by Bristol City Council, virtually living with Matthews there even though it was against all the rules for overnight guests to be allowed in the property.

Following a massive row between Matthews and Donovan, Shauna cut all contact with her mother. Her relationship with Matthews continued to develop and the pair subsequently moved into a modern housing-association terraced house in the Barton Hill area of Bristol. Their new home was just a few miles from where Matthews’ mother, stepfather and Becky lived in St George.

Although tensions still existed between the step-siblings and life within the blended family unit was never easy, everyone was always willing to make an effort for the right occasion. When Anjie and Darren Galsworthy decided to get married, Nathan was asked to be best man while both Shauna and Becky were made bridesmaids.

Photographs taken at the event show a sea of smiling faces but in reality, Matthews was becoming increasingly frustrated with the way his stepsister was behaving. With Anjie increasingly suffering from progressive multiple sclerosis, Matthews believed the fact that Becky was sometimes untidy was an accident waiting to happen.

“The main problem was Becky would leave things on the stairs, in the kitchen, in places where my mum would walk,” Matthews later explained. “Obviously step on a bit of

clothing, you slip straight away. That was the main problem with her leaving trip hazards around. We said ‘Can you tidy it up and move them?’ And she just wouldn’t listen.”

Matthews soon devised what he believed to be the perfect plan to make sure Becky got the message once and for all: he would kidnap her and make her believe she was about to die. “I came up with the idea to scare her. Like to try and basically make her more appreciative of life, like more appreciative of people, like she would be grateful that she had not been harmed.”

Matthews had known for weeks in advance that she would be out of the house at a hospital appointment on the morning of 19 February. He chose this as the day he would give Becky the fright of her life by kidnapping her. “It seems extreme but there had to be a shock and a scare to get through to her,” he later explained.

Whenever he visited the house, he usually parked on the road. This time he reversed his dark blue Vauxhall Zafira onto the driveway to make it easier to bundle his kidnap victim into the vehicle. As it turned out, nothing went to plan.

Wearing a mask, speaking with a deeper voice and armed with a couple of stun guns, tape, a suitcase and some handcuffs, Matthews let himself into the house and knocked on Becky’s door. “The door was opened and straight away I used the Sellotape around Becky’s mouth,” he said, during his court case.

“She turned around and I think I said something along the lines of: ‘As long as you do as you’re told you are going to be fine.’” He made her turn around, and placed the handcuffs on her, but once he tried to put her in the suitcase, she began to resist him violently. “She started like wriggling and resisting. I tried getting her back into the suitcase and saying ‘Don’t

ABOVE On 2 March 2015, police zero in on a house in Cotton Mill Lane, Barton Hill in Bristol, and begin a deeper forensic search of the property

CENTRE The same day that forensics descended on Nathan and Shauna’s house in Cotton Mill, body parts were found in a shed in Barton Court

struggle, you will be released unharmed', and she was still refusing to get into the suitcase." He punched her in the face, splitting her lip, then tried to render her unconscious by strangling her to restrict the flow of blood to her brain. At some point during the struggle, Becky managed to pull the mask from her step brother's face and he started to panic, squeezing harder. "After that she stopped... stopped kicking. That's when I moved her head and started moving her legs and pushing her into the suitcase. I remember I couldn't hear any breathing, that's when 'something's not right' and I checked her for a pulse. There wasn't a pulse there... she didn't have a pulse. Obviously then I shut the suitcase."

POWER SAW KILLER

Desperate to prevent the police from gaining access to the home where Becky's body had been cut into pieces before a full clean-up could be completed, Hoare turned to the one person who was so desperate for contact that she would not ask any questions: her mother.

Despite not having had any contact for four years, Lisa Donovan was delighted when Shauna got in touch and asked to visit her with Matthews. More visits followed in the subsequent days. When the police made contact and asked to visit the house at Cotton Mill Lane, Matthews and Hoare said they had made plans to go to dinner with Donovan and her husband, that they would be staying with them over night and that the flat would not be ready for inspection until the following morning.

When the police finally gained access to the house, it was clear that Nathan Matthews had put his army training to good use. His diligence had paid off – not a single trace of Becky Watts was found in the bathroom. However, Nathan had been a little too thorough. No trace of anyone – even Matthews himself and Hoare – was found in the bathroom. The total lack of evidence from the bathroom turned out to be compelling evidence that something untoward had occurred there. Ultimately, both Matthews and Hoare (who was complicit, if not directly involved) were telling only part of the truth about the events leading up to the murder. Although Matthews may well have been irritated by his stepsister and the way she treated his mother, police believe

FAR RIGHT Matthews is spotted on CCTV in a B&Q store purchasing a circular saw the day after Becky's murder

RIGHT Matthews and Hoare are seen buying cleaning products and plastic bags together at a discount store

BELOW Karl Demetrius and Jaydene Parsons were offered £5,000 by Matthews to store body parts in their shed. CCTV cameras show Demetrius driving a van to Matthews' house early in the morning of 24 February

his real motivation behind carrying out the attack was a sexual one, and one that both he and Hoare planned to fully participate in.

Shortly before the murder, Matthews is believed to have watched a 17-minute-long pornographic film titled 'Virgin teen gets raped in own house'. It was one of 21 pornographic movies, along with 236 still images, found on the laptop he shared with Hoare.

Matthews had first become interested in pornography as a young teenager and his interest had gradually moved from soft-core magazines to hardcore, online images and videos, which he watched virtually every day. In particular, Matthews was obsessed with petite young girls. At little more than five-feet tall, his stepsister, Becky Watts, fitted the profile of the type of women he often fantasised about, and he soon became totally fixated with her.

His fascination with his step-sibling seems to have begun at an early age. Although it was never put to the jury, police had discovered that when she was just eight years old, Becky had told her parents that Matthews had been fondling her leg through her clothing.

In the weeks and months leading up to the murder, Matthews' behaviour grew increasingly bizarre. His relationship with Shauna became more strained and, due to increasing sexual frustration, he began watching pornography several times each day.

Matthews convinced Hoare – who had experimented sexually with girls during her teens – to arrange a threesome with a friend of hers. Matthews also visited prostitutes to deal with what he claimed were permanent feelings of sexual frustration, but the meetings only ended in further embarrassment. "I couldn't get aroused because I didn't feel like they – they only wanted the money not me, so it didn't happen. They had the money and left."



TWO WEEKS OF HELL

WHILE POLICE AND FAMILY SEARCHED FRANTICALLY FOR THE MISSING GIRL, THE KILLERS CONSPIRED

19 FEBRUARY, AM

Nathan Matthews and Shauna Hoare let themselves into the house at 18 Crown Hill where Becky Watts is alone. Becky is killed sometime between 11.03am and 12.45pm, and her body moved to the boot of the couple's car.

19 FEBRUARY, PM

Having spent the afternoon with Matthews' mother and stepfather, the couple drive to their home at 14 Cotton Mill Lane where they order a takeaway and watch TV. Later that night, Becky's body is moved from the boot of their car to the bathroom.

20 FEBRUARY

After texting his boss to say he has car trouble and will not be at work, Matthews drives to a convenience store to buy two bottles of drain cleaner and then to a local B&Q where he purchases an electric circular power saw.

21 FEBRUARY

Matthews and Hoare travel to Asda in Bedminster where they purchase black bin liners, rubber gloves, rubble sacks and three rolls of cling film. They also buy £20 worth of tokens for their electricity meter.

22 FEBRUARY

Matthews and Hoare are caught on CCTV as they enter a 99p store in Bristol and buy more rubble sacks, along with duct tape and heavy-duty sponges. The body of Becky Watts is then cut up in the bathroom of their home.



STASHED IN THE SHED

THEY HELPED MATTHEWS DISPOSE OF THE EVIDENCE, BELIEVING IT WAS DRUGS



It must have raised considerable suspicion when Nathan Matthews and Shauna Hoare approached a couple they trusted and asked

them to stash several large packages in their garden shed in Cotton Mill. Even more so when they offered Karl Demetrius and his partner, Jaydene Parsons, up to £5,000 for the job. But the no-questions-asked fee proved too tempting:

“Ah ok you going to hide it for him?” Parsons asked Demetrius via text at 01.10 on 24 February. “We could do with the money. lol. xxxx.”

A few minutes later she texted him again: “Cool, that’s a deposit on the house. lol.”

In the belief that he was stashing a controlled substance, like cannabis for Matthews, Demetrius and his work mate, James Ireland, drove to the Cotton Mill property in the early hours of 24 February to pick up packages, which Ireland allegedly said to a neighbour contained something ‘heavy and squidgy’. The two then took them back to Demetrius’ house.

At a separate trial to the killer, the prosecution argued that Karl Demetrius had “believed it was cannabis but became increasingly suspicious that the contents related to Becky Watts.”

Karl Demetrius, his twin brother Donovan, and James Ireland were accused of plotting to hide Becky Watts’ remains, but Donovan and James were later cleared of all charges. Karl’s brother was asleep at the time, and Ireland, who has a low IQ, was manipulated in a “callous and calculating way,” according to his defence.

Both Parsons and Karl Demetrius entered a guilty plea to assisting an offender, but maintained that while they knew that what they were doing (and what was in the packages) was probably illegal, they were unaware of the true nature of the contents that they were moving and hiding in the shed.

24 FEBRUARY

Claiming that they have dinner plans and are unable to return to Cotton Mill Lane, Matthews and Hoare agree to speak to the police at Hoare’s mother’s house in Southmead.

25 FEBRUARY

Police search Cotton Mill Lane the following day and find it cluttered but with a spotless bathroom.

2 MARCH, AM

Spots of Becky’s blood are found on the door frames outside her bedroom. Police now have enough evidence, so Matthews and Hoare are arrested on suspicion of murder.

2 MARCH, PM

Becky’s dismembered body is found at 9 Barton Court, less than 80 metres away from where she was killed.

3 MARCH

Nathan Matthews and Shauna Hoare are brought in for questioning – separately – at midday. Both twist the truth but neither are seasoned interviewees, and rapidly break down under the proverbial spotlight.

KILLERS UNDER THE SPOTLIGHT

THEY SQUIRMED, HIDING BEHIND LIES AND HALF-TRUTHS IN INTERVIEW, BUT BODY LANGUAGE AND TURNS OF PHRASE ALONE TOLD THE POLICE AND EXPERTS WHAT THEY NEEDED TO KNOW

BIO DR JULIA SHAW



Criminal psychologist

Dr Julia Shaw is a senior lecturer (associate professor) and researcher in the Department of Law and Social Sciences at London South Bank University. She regularly consults as an expert on criminal cases and is the author of forthcoming book *The Memory Illusion*.

“WHILE HIS CONVICTIONS MAY POINT TO A CALLOUS KILLER, THESE INTERVIEWS MAKE HIM SEEM LIKE A SCARED YOUNG PERSON WHO IS TRYING TO DISAPPEAR FROM THE ROOM BY HIDING HIS BODY”

NATHAN MATTHEWS



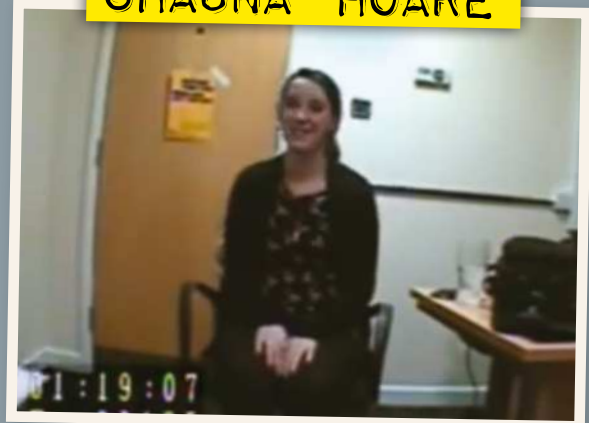
ANXIOUS

During the trial, the jury were shown footage of Matthews' fourth interview with the police, which took place soon after the discovery of Becky's body parts. Emotional and at times barely able to speak due to sobbing so much, Matthews is asked to explain what his original plan had been. "Obviously, stick her in the suitcase. Obviously, put tape round her mouth so she wouldn't make any noise, then get her in the car. Then obviously I was going to take... I was thinking of a wooded area or whatever to obviously take her back out, obviously still have the mask on, obviously scare her and say something along the lines of 'You have got to start treating people better, not being a bitch or self-centred'. Then like make a threat like 'or this could happen again or worse'... I hadn't figured out exactly how to walk away after without her trying to follow. Obviously I would have come back... chucked away everything... gone back to my mum's and acted as normal."

DR JULIA SHAW SAYS:

"Matthews' behaviour during the police interviews is unusual. For long periods he hides his face and hunches over, making it impossible to see his facial expressions in response to the line of questioning. Despite not being able to see his face, this interview shows him as emotional and having difficulty paying attention because of his anxiety. At no point does he seem glib or manipulative – indicators of psychopathy. While his convictions may point to a callous killer, these interviews make him seem like a scared young person who is trying to disappear from the room by hiding as much of his body as possible. Matthews also uses the word 'obviously' frequently, which may have been an attempt to normalise what he did. Using 'obviously' implies that what he did was normal and is something other people would have also done in such a situation."

SHAUNA HOARE

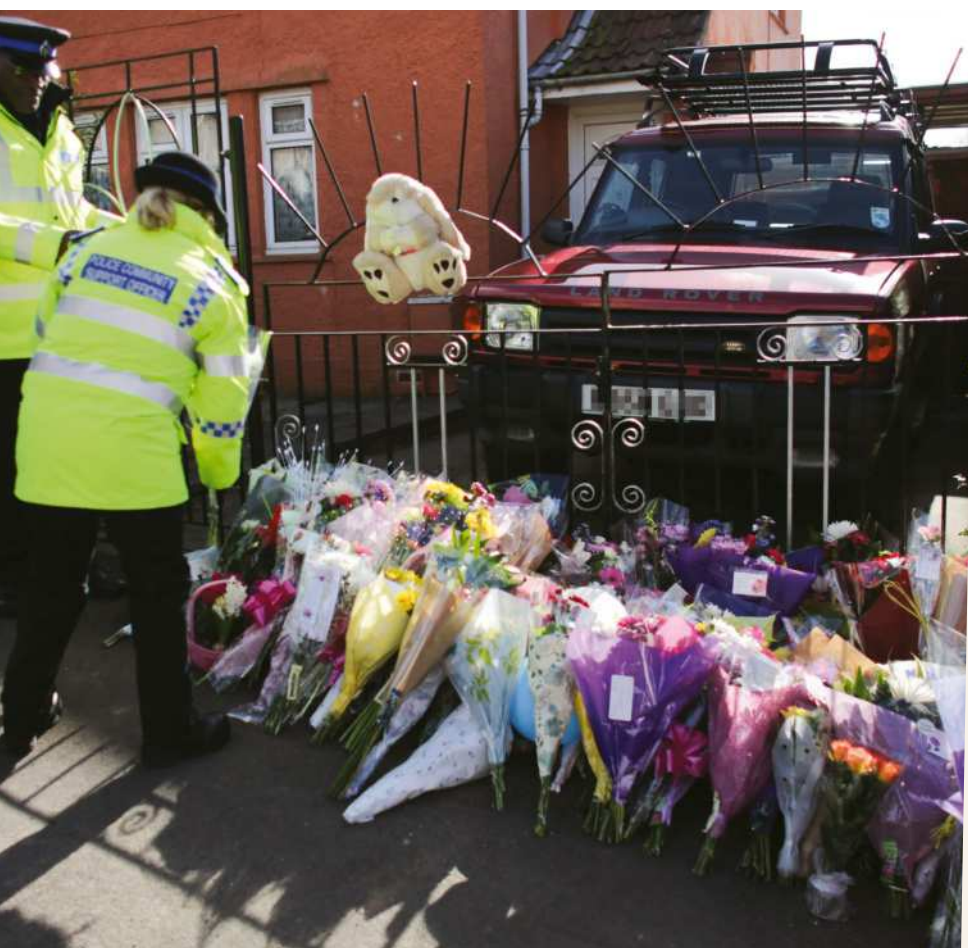


COPING MECHANISM

During a series of police interviews, Shauna Hoare repeatedly denies any knowledge of Becky's whereabouts and even giggles at the idea that she has simply run off. When she is eventually informed that Matthews has confessed to killing her, she claims to be shocked, but her demeanour remains rather calm. She tells the police: "I'm feeling sick to know she was there, appalled, disgusted, outrageously angry and I feel a bit like I am going to wake up and this is not happening. I think it is more angry at the moment than anything – angry he has done it, that he did it, that he could do it when I was there in the house. And he acted so normal to me. I am really confused why he did it, what his plans were, how he thought he could get away with it and why. I don't understand. I can't even look at him. I just wanted to kill him – bad choice of words. I felt sick looking at him knowing what he did."

DR JULIA SHAW SAYS:

"Unfortunately it is often impossible to know whether someone has created a false memory, but it is always a possibility that someone can come to accept a different version of how events unfolded if they picture the event often enough. Such individuals may come to accept a new and possibly preferred reality, and it can replace their original memory of the crime they committed. It is not unusual for offenders to act in seemingly normal ways after they have committed a crime. While it may indicate a callous approach, or a lack of remorse, it is equally likely that this is done to cope with the situation. Doing normal things and using humour can take an offender's mind off of something that has made them anxious or upset."



ABOVE Flowers were left outside the family home of Becky Watts, and tributes paid

Phones used by Matthews and Hoare showed they had regularly searched for the term 'teen' and bookmarked sites related to pornography and escort services. Detectives who investigated the case believe the bond that kept them together – and led to them to kill – was sex.

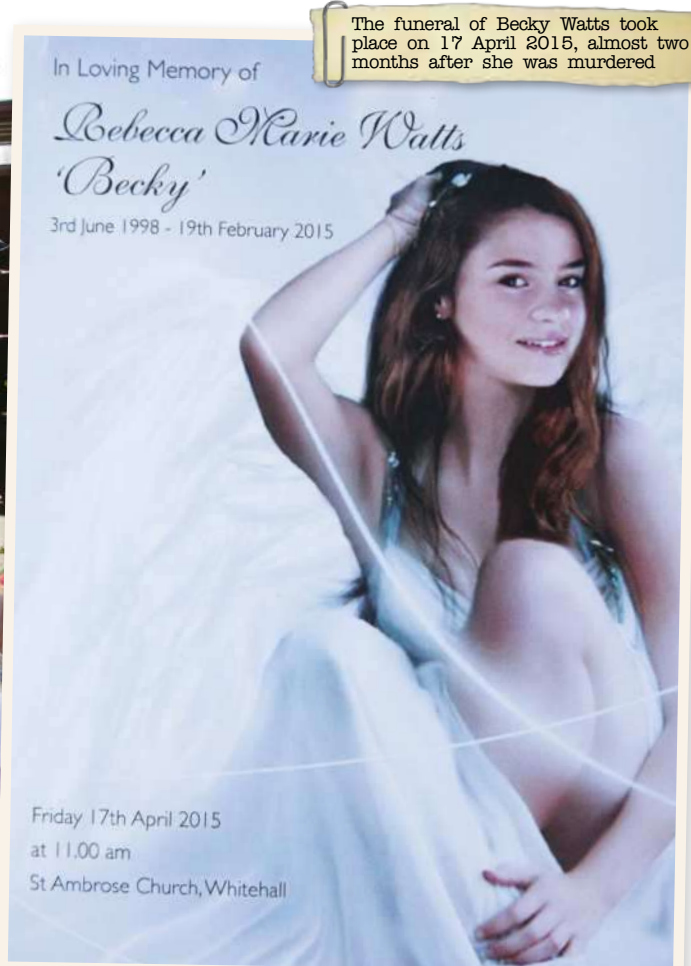
A few months before Becky's murder, the pair had exchanged messages on social-media accounts about kidnapping a teenage girl for sex.

During one exchange, Matthews wrote: 'Fuck you bring me back two pretty schoolgirls then :)...' Hoare replied: 'lol yeh I'll just kidnap them from school...'

Later that day, she added: 'Just went into Costcutter and saw a pretty petite girl. Almost knocked her out to bring home lol xoxo'. Matthews replied: 'Don't you 'almost' me... Now DO IT bitch!! xxxxx'. Hoare then wrote: 'lmfao yeah I'll just go back in time to when I saw her then time travel her to our attic lol xoxo'.

Increasingly, their lives seemed to revolve around the bedroom in their home, and the rest of the property descended into squalor. They even kept a toaster and a kettle right beside the bed so that they had less of a distance to travel when they wanted to eat and drink something. By the time of Becky's murder, Shauna had become pregnant with twins, however, the pregnancy was ended before the case came to trial.

“ THE PAIR HAD EXCHANGED MESSAGES ON SOCIAL-MEDIA ACCOUNTS ABOUT KIDNAPPING A TEENAGE GIRL FOR SEX ”



THE TALE OF THE TRIAL

After her arrest, Hoare continued to deny all knowledge and carefully positioned herself as the submissive victim of an abusive and mentally unstable partner.

She would later claim to have been too scared to leave Matthews, and dreamed of the day he would end the relationship: "I basically spent almost six years joined to him. One way or another it was like I was going to be stuck like this forever. Never be able to go out, do anything. I had a dream that one day he would meet someone else, fall in love and leave."

During the course of the trial, Hoare's claim of being totally innocent of any involvement in Becky's death became increasingly ludicrous. In the words of the prosecution barrister, the killing was "a case of two people very close, very together, acting together." Prosecutor William Mousley QC said: "You can be sure this was no accident... this was not something that just went wrong."

"You can be sure that Nathan Matthews is guilty of murder and [Hoare's] proximity, her involvement and her behaviour and the sheer implausibility of her version of events on the evidence which is available, the ridiculous concept that she was in blissful ignorance of what was happening at the time."

Following their arrests, both Matthews and Hoare refused to reveal much of what had happened, and (Hoare especially) would not admit to anyone else having been involved. However, virtually all of their key movements in the immediate aftermath of the murder and during the days that followed had been captured on CCTV, and it was this compelling footage that helped build a case – and helped convince a jury to find them guilty.

THE SADIE HARTLEY MURDER DIARIES

THE DOOR OPENED, BATHING SADIE IN WELCOMING LIGHT. CHECKING THE STUN GUN AND KNIFE WERE IN PLACE, SARAH STEPPED FORWARD TO SNUFF OUT KINDNESS ITSELF

WORDS DR CHARLIE OUGHTON

AUGUST 2015

Wow, I MAY GET TO BE
INSTRUMENTAL IN HELPING REMOVE
THE AWFUL WOMAN! THIS MAY
HAPPEN. Wow!...



Sadie's daughter has spoken of how she wants her mother to be remembered as the "happy, lovely lady she was"



A lone steeple rises out of Helmsshore town. It looks down, silent, at the rows of brick houses nestled against the grey-green Lancashire hills. Pendle, famed for its historic witch trials, is just up the road; Edenfield just down it. In one of those streets with their neat little night lights is a large, well-kept house. It's big and roomy, but it's not vast and posh. It has cream-white walls, soft lighting and old exposed staircases and banisters. There are a couple of pictures on the walls, just enough to make it homey, but sparse enough to show that the occupant, Sadie Hartley, is busy. She's a loving, working mum who's made it her business to provide for her family, after all. A bonny lady with laughter lines, she'd have offered you a brew if you'd have visited. On the evening of Thursday 14 January 2016, Sadie answered the door to a young woman. She was then dragged backwards into her home, electrocuted with a stun gun and stabbed more than 40 times before the murderer stole away to scrub the sticky blood off her hands.

The woman who knocked so politely at the door before stabbing the occupant to death was Sarah Williams. She had been in a brief relationship with Sadie's partner, Ian Johnston, two years prior. Seeing the soon-to-be murderer as "clingy", Ian had left her, and since then had been living with Sadie. The two women couldn't have been more different.

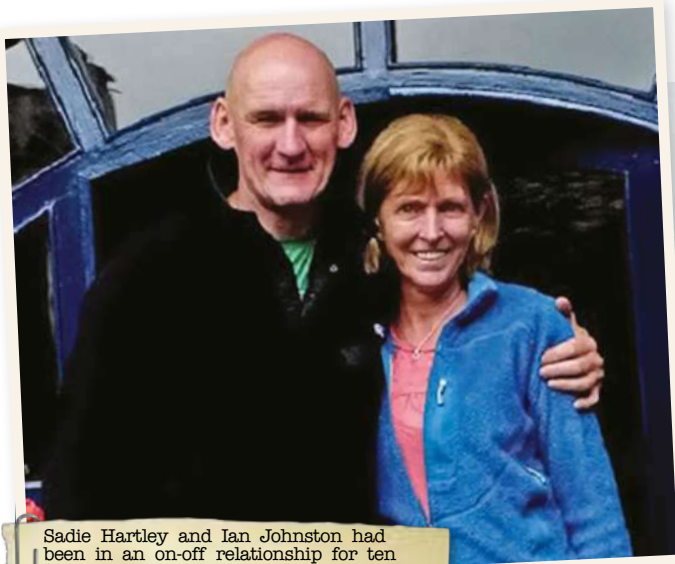
Sadie was on her own that night. Ian, an ex-fireman and rescue worker, was away on a skiing trip. She was going to join him there the next day – they'd worked hard all their lives and loved kicking back on boating trips and holidays.

For Sadie, nothing was out of the question or irresolvable: "She never ever got confrontational. She never got cross. She never got angry. All she ever wanted to do was talk things through," her daughter, Charlotte, said in a documentary made after the murder. If you had a problem, Sadie would sit you down and talk with you about it – no judgement. Ian also spoke of how they had got a five-bedroom house "with enough room for everyone to come and feel comfortable." Sadie was classy but didn't do airs and graces, as happy posing for photos messing about on a pony or dressing up for a bit of fun with belly dancing as she was talking to the people she worked with – they were the ones who raised the alarm out of concern for her. She'd earned their respect as she was a determined, caring character who had studied for an honours degree in science and gone on to work in the medicine industry for 20 years. Then, with a friend, she set up and ran a health care company that specialises in helping doctors and other health professionals share new treatments. Despite being in a tricky economic climate, the company has gone from strength to strength for 16 years as of June 2016. Sadie was, in a nutshell, working with Leukaemia and Lymphoma Research to find a cure for cancer.

THE AWFUL 'AUTHORS'

Sarah could hardly have been more different. Police searching her house after the murder found the romantic novels she kept. While most read novels for a fantastic flight of fancy or an invigorating stimulation on a world-weary day, Sarah used them to tip herself away from the every day and into a world where high passion and planning murder were plausible. She decided to become the author of her own narrative. Of course, for any fantasy to hold up, it has to have a willing cast and an appreciative audience. As it happened, Sarah found both in Katrina 'Kitt' Walsh.

Sarah had known Kitt since she was 12 years old, when they met at a horse-riding stable. Although Kitt was 20 years



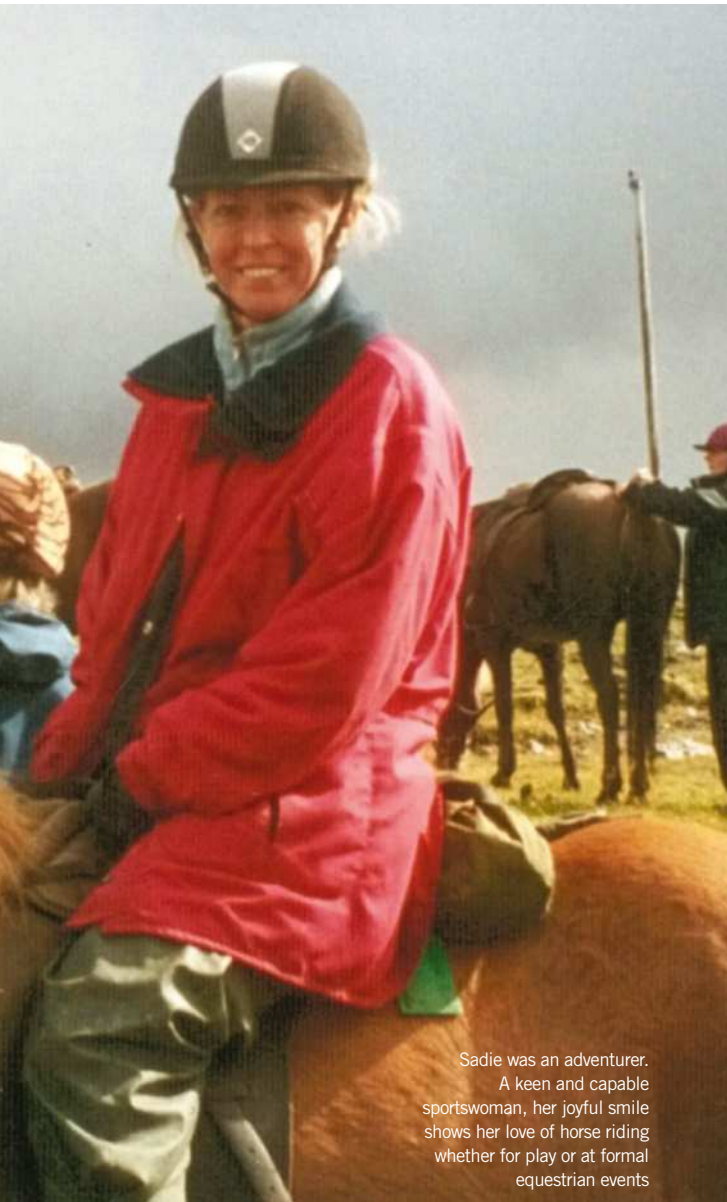
Sadie Hartley and Ian Johnston had been in an on-off relationship for ten years before finally moving in together in 2014



“ SARAH AND KITT RESOLVED TO PLAN “THE PERFECT MURDER”, THOUGH LIKE AMATEUR HACKS, THEY MERELY LOST THE PLOT ”

Sarah's senior, they shared their mutual love of *Harry Potter* films and, as time went on, would go on holidays together. That said, the two were unlikely accomplices. Sarah strode Amazonian through their town and, like a teen-magazine heroine, would push her top's shoulder straps awkwardly down while on holiday to show off that extra bit of flesh. Kitt seemed, on paper at least, a complementary match. An intelligent woman with an interest in the arts, an accent that hints at a good deal of selective schooling and educated in animal husbandry to the extent that she was a horse-riding instructor, Kitt was nevertheless said to be "in awe" of the younger woman. Reports speak of her as a muffled, shuffling presence behind Sarah, seemingly scarcely daring to breathe in her friend's shadow.

Sarah had met Ian in 2012, but at the time he left her, the narratives both converge and separate. It's almost as though Sarah was reading crossed out, scribbled drafts of her books



Sadie was an adventurer. A keen and capable sportswoman, her joyful smile shows her love of horse riding whether for play or at formal equestrian events

rather than the real thing: according to the court, Kitt was no mere stooge and Sarah was no romantic Wonder Woman.

Just as Sarah had supported Kitt through a divorce, Kitt supported Sarah through her own relationship troubles. When Ian broke off his relationship with Sarah, this supposedly self-assured woman's response was to visit his house, sit outside and send him explicit 'sext' messages. For two years. She even sent Sadie a letter in an attempt to break the bond between the couple, bragging that she herself had had "unbelievably fantastic sex" with Ian. Sarah didn't seem to realise that, unlike herself, Sadie knew that sometimes things happen and you have to move on, knowing what's important to you. Not Sarah. Like with her fascination with romance novels, she was an enthusiast of the *Game Of Thrones* book and film series and consciously modelled herself on the 'Red Woman' character to entice Ian back. Like a magnet, she would attract people to her. She had been with one boyfriend since she was 17. He would visit her early every morning with the full knowledge of his wife, even during the time Sarah was planning the murder of Sadie. At the same time, Sarah shared holidays with Kitt, her supposed friend and, some assumed, lover.

It was about six months after Ian had left Sarah that she began to plot Sadie's assassination in the belief it would bring

SARAH'S MALICIOUS MAILOUT

SARAH WROTE SADIE A LETTER TO PERSUADE HER TO DITCH IAN. EXCERPTS ARE SHOWN BELOW. SARAH ADMITTED IN COURT IT WAS "A CRAP THING TO DO"

Dear Sadie

I think you should know that Ian has been cheating on you for over a year. He's been having an affair with me since returning from Camp Suisse in August 2013.

By his own admission, Ian is not in love with you, never has been and never will be...

We have been sleeping together and everything else that goes with it, week in and week out for some considerable time now. Have a look around the house, there's plenty of my things around the place. Has he even changed the sheets since we were last in there?...

The sex is unbelievably fantastic, the best he's ever had by a really, really long way. We have never been able to get enough of each other. It satisfied a need in him he will never really be able to suppress or manage without.

Ian is stressed out and extremely depressed. His mental state is somewhat of a serious concern to me hence why I'm writing this. I feel you have played a significant part in getting him in the state he's in now, which appears to be worsening by the day...

You booked a holiday to the Galápagos Islands which was way, way out of any budget he could possibly afford. I know that you paid for it but he was massively uncomfortable with it and felt the financial disparity was far too great. He wanted to leave you before going to the Galápagos Islands but felt unable to due to how guilty he felt because of the money you had spent on it. Whilst he unsurprisingly enjoyed the holiday he utilised every opportunity to get in touch with me and was back in bed with me as soon as he walked through his front door.



This mug shot of Katrina 'Kitt' Walsh gained a lot of press attention when the two were arrested, leading to wild media speculation about the "oddball" pair



Sarah Williams, retaining her trademark quizzical eyebrow in this police mug shot, was as cool as a cucumber under questioning

Ian back to her. She and Kitt resolved to plan “the perfect murder”, though like amateur hacks, they merely lost the plot. With Sarah’s favourite novelists infusing their minds, the women embarked on what Professor David Wilson, a commentator on the case, has said is best described as a ‘folie à deux’ (madness shared by two) – a relationship in which they convinced each other of the validity of what they were about to do by creating an ideological system in which the action was, to them, justified. As a result of this, the women seem to have considered themselves almost as characters, stunningly clever super spies readying to return a gallant knight to his (in their minds) true love. At the same time, Sadie, who they hadn’t actually met and whose only ‘crime’ was to have won Ian’s companionship, was cast as a villain. They tried to tarnish her using insults that focused on her femininity as though she were using it as a weapon – a hypocrisy if ever there was one considering Sarah’s reliance on the ways of *Thrones*’s Red Woman.

THE KEY EVENTS

They set about planning the murder. After ditching downright daft ideas including blaming the assassination on ISIS terrorists, Sarah and Kitt decided to murder Sadie in her own home before vanishing into the night and covering their tracks. The precautions they took sound like episodes from a parody. For instance, on 9 December 2015, they played James Bond: the German excursion. The international women of woe hitched a ferry to Germany, where they bought the Taser that would subdue their foe. Shortly after, on 7 January they made their reckless ‘recce’ – the slapdash twosome were filmed buying flowers on a Tesco’s CCTV recording. Kitt seemingly thought she was being clever by delivering the flowers in the evening to confirm where Sadie lived. Sadie naturally confided in those who cared for her about her concerns over the strange visit. Something was afoot.

The strike happened on 14 January 2016. Assailant Sarah, in a specially bought Renault Clio and clad in darkness, stole down the lane. She knocked on the door. The woman that stepped out was paralysed when she was shot with the barb of a 500,000-volt stun gun that stayed in her body, before Sarah held her arms aloft and stabbed her more than 40 times. The flesh had gouge marks up to 20 centimetres deep where the kitchen knife had been jammed in, with one of the main wounds slicing through the face and coming out through the cheek. The right eye was popped. The spinal column was cut. The liver was burst. The knife almost went clean through to the other side. The body was left laying in a pool of blood in the hallway.

Home Office pathologist Dr Philip Lumb reported that the additional marks to the arms and hands showed that despite being small in stature, completely unarmed and against an unexpected attacker with considerable brute force, Sadie Hartley had defended herself to the last.

Sadie’s attacker didn’t even do her own dirty work. She ran and gave all of the evidence – clothes, weapons, car key – to her stooge for incineration and disposal. Kitt scattered it around the local area. Job done... except she overlooked the small matter of the volumes of detailed diaries she kept – the ones in which she had been chronicling their every deed – and left them where she worked for the police to find.

Kitt’s diaries reveal all. At times, entries jump obviously and disturbingly between fact and fiction. An entry from September 2015 reads: “Sarah turned up. Caught *Hunted* [a reality television programme in which contestants try to



KITT’S DAMNING DIARIES

SARAH’S ACCOMPLICE WROTE AVIDLY ABOUT THE PAIR’S PLOT IN WHAT WOULD BECOME CRUCIAL EVIDENCE

SEPTEMBER 2014

SARAH CAME ROUND SO GOT CAUGHT, UP IN ENDLESS MURDER PLOTS FOR IAN’S OTHER HALF.

JUNE 2015

WE’RE ALSO SERIOUSLY TALKING OF GETTING RID OF HER OPPONENT. I AGREE IS PROBABLY A GOOD PLAY... SHE DOES SEEM TO BE A TOTALLY EVIL BITCH.

AUGUST 2015

NOW, I MAY GET TO BE INSTRUMENTAL IN HELPING REMOVE THE AWFUL WOMAN! THIS MAY HAPPEN. WOW!... AM UNEXPECTEDLY EXCITED BY IT. WAS SO BUZZING SO MUCH I NEEDED A SOUTHERN COMFORT TO WIND DOWN A BIT.

A LOT OF TEXTS FROM SARAH, KEV (KITT’S EX-HUSBAND) NOT GOING FOR THE IDEA OF BEING A HITMAN AFTER ALL, SCUPPERED THAT IDEA. PLAN B WILL BE NEEDED.

WHEN MY MOBILE WENT OFF, SARAH, SO I COULD SAY YES TO HER COMING ROUND AND WE COULD PLOT TO TAKE THE BINT OUT AS KEV WAS A BUST ON IT, I’M GOING TO BE INVOLVED NOW, HEAVEN HELP ME!!

I HAVE NO MORAL QUALMS, JUST A SERIOUS DON’T LET US GET CAUGHT TWINGE.

SEPTEMBER 2015

SARAH'S HAD AN IDEA THAT WOULD SPARE ME THE ANXIETY AS SHE THINGS [sic] OF JUST RIDING ON A MOTORCYCLE, KILLING AND LEAVING SAID FLOOSY [sic] AND RIDING OFF. I JUST HAVE TO CLANDESTINELY TRAIN SARAH TO RIDE A BIKE AND STORE SAID BIKE.

SARAH TURNED UP. CAUGHT HUNTED (CHANNEL 4 TELEVISION SHOW). THEN DISCUSSED PLANS TO OFF THE CUNT

DECEMBER 2015

I SAID NO MATTER WHAT HER WAY OF TESTING THE BITCH, THEN SHE (SARAH) COULD DO WITH THAT ZAPPER OR SHE RISKS BEING INJURED HERSELF.

SO WILL GET A TRIP TO GERMANY OUT OF THIS. TOOK AGES TO WIND DOWN, ALL THE EXCITEMENT OF PLOTTING THE PERFECT MURDER.

* On considering whether to teach Sadie to ride a motorbike in order to run Sadie over and blame the murder on ISIS terrorists

OCTOBER 2015

JUST BUZZING TOO MUCH OVER THE END OF HUNTED AND ALL THE PLANNING AFTER. SARAH HAS ORDERED A GPS TRACKER ON MY CREDIT CARD TO BE DELIVERED HERE AND WILL GIVE ME CASH FOR IT. THAT'S FINE AS I'M NOT GOING TO BE INVOLVED AT THE SHARP END.



SARAH'S GAME OF BONES

THE DARK FANTASY SERIES *GAME OF THRONES* WAS ONE OF SARAH'S INSPIRATIONS FOR MURDER

"The night is dark" and "full of terrors" are the lines from *Game Of Thrones* that Sarah and Kitt took to heart in preparation for the murder. Sarah claimed she was reading the second book in George RR Martin's fantasy drama series *A Song Of Ice And Fire*, on which *Game Of Thrones* is based, on the evening that Sadie Hartley was killed, but the connection runs deeper.

Kitt stated that Sarah idolised the show's character Melisandre – the Red Woman – a priestess who plays on her sexual allure to ingratiate men in order to control them. It has been reported that Kitt and Sarah engaged in a game where Sarah would draw a knife along Kitt's throat, with Kitt 'playing' Sadie being intimidated or killed. At one of these sessions and following Sarah's lead, they intoned the words to each other that Melisandre performs to her followers during a ritual. The duo no doubt felt they were usurping the story's sense of grandeur and cultural importance in the process. Play-acting as Melisandre may also have been Sarah's way of identifying with the determined character in order to prepare for what killing someone would entail both physically and emotionally. Of course, in following a fictitious sorcerer's example, she was wrong.



ABOVE Kitt's battered diaries detailed the pair's plans for the assassination. Kitt left them at her work place where they were found by police

evade fake intelligence officers]. Then discussed the plans to off [Sadie].” At other times, such as when Sarah managed to fit a device to Ian’s car in order to track his movements, she is described jubilantly as “bouncing”. But what Kitt seemed most impressed about was that participating in murder would give her an excuse for a little holiday – apparently ignoring all the ways she could have a night or two away without someone losing their life, commenting she’d “get a trip to Germany out of” it.

Her language seems caught between the knowing decisions of an educated adult and that of a mischievous child. Her most damning statement – “I have no moral qualms, just a serious don’t let us get caught twinge” – shows that by mentioning morals, she knew what they were and, therefore, knew right from wrong. In the next paragraph she suggests both that she doesn’t see the crime as a problem as long as they don’t get caught, and conversely that her childish approach to the crime (as some kind of jolly jape) makes the entire matter less serious. After all, she sees her pre-murder nerves as a “twinge” or mild irritation.

THE POLICE PULL TOGETHER

Crime fiction, like that seen in novels, sometimes leads us to root for battle-weary detectives, tipped Trilby and whisky in hand as the evening moves on. But the reality of solving horrendous crimes like this one is people like Bryony Midgley, a detective constable on the police force who made it their mission to catch Sadie’s killers. Bryony listened as a colleague described what had happened to Sadie, then asked her colleagues to take a second to think about the loving mum before going out to get her justice. Bryony is young, with a clean, unfussy style and a calm face. Her voice rises at the exclamation of what happened to Sadie: “horrryble”. Her northern English accent is so unlike Hollywood neo-noir; it’s unguarded and reminiscent of just having your mate around for tea. It reminds you that it isn’t some lofty femme fatale that’s been killed, all jagged power-suit and pursed lips, but someone’s mum. Police found Sarah’s mobile phone number on Sadie’s phone, as Sarah had been sending Sadie abusive messages. The police also knew that Sarah had been contacting Ian, who had been replying to her messages as recently as ten days before the murder.

Between the comradely banter over breakthroughs that they used to keep their spirits up for Sadie, these officers of the law sacrificed their family time to interview the two suspects in their charge. But they knew they would see their family members again. Sarah “doesn’t seem too fazed,” Bryony commented, considering she’s never been arrested before and is ‘up’ for murder. Sarah seemed more concerned about her dog than what she’d done... before she refused to answer further questions, that is.

Kitt was another story. One second she claimed to have problems with her memory, saying it lasted no more than three days; at other times she repeated, “I might have done something, I might have done something, I might have done something. I just don’t remember,” before giving the police all the details they required. In the interview room, she reeled off details, appearing only too eager to please. Her bulging eyes and thrashing hand supposedly showed her demonstrating the “squeezy, squeezy” stun gun that Sarah ‘forced’ her to buy, Kitt’s curling tongue recapturing the “crackly, crackly” sound she said it made. It was as though the horror of that night was a war movie she’d watched rather than the world of hurt she was in. Regardless of all

the drama, the police handled it. Blurry CCTV showed her woollen-hatted figure on the station corridor floor, knees hugged and rocking as an officer calmed her down. Just as Sarah was in a constellation of relationships, Kitt was a jigsaw of her own character. Both, in the end, blamed each other.

The jury heard of the chaotic subplots in the story. Secret support assassin Kitt bought the knife using her Tesco Clubcard (because ‘every little helps’) and the stun gun from the German jaunt was a steal – part of a deal with some pepper spray included. She’d bought the car tracker (using her credit card) on the understanding that Sarah would pay her back. Sarah set up her alibi when her boyfriend, David, saw her at home in bed with flu earlier in the evening. The two even saved on expensive cleaning products by leaving the car they had got especially for the evening (at the bargain price of £430) in a car park miles away. As a final precaution, a little bit of dark sticky tape had carefully been applied over the ‘3’ on the car’s number plate to make it look like an ‘8’.

Somewhat unsurprisingly, the jury at Preston Crown Court found both women guilty. Judge Mr Justice Turner sentenced Sarah to a minimum of 30 years in prison, while Kitt was sentenced to a minimum of 25.

THE FACE OF A MURDERER

Like idle gossip that might make its way between neighbours over a garden gate, a lot of press attention focused on the looks of these two accomplices. Sarah was cast as the wanton woman, based on her selfies with the *I’m A Celebrity*-style jungle hat and an eyebrow cocked at a jaunty angle.

Kitt’s mug shot also gained a lot of attention in the tabloids. In it, her face is make-up free and her head is bald, save wisps of hair that stick out from one side of her head – a result of the alopecia Kitt suffers from, which makes her hair fall out. She appears boggle-eyed from questioning, and she looks less than stereotypically feminine, not the norm – it is the kind of mug shot that raises suspicions from the media before any facts have the chance to be presented. Acquaintances were quoted as commenting that she was “butch”, had tattoos, had had her fortune read (and not just in the morning newspaper) and, a final nail in the coffin, liked art. It seemed everyone had made their mind up about the duo’s guilt when commentators described the murder as what happens when “two oddballs” – her and Sarah – come together. But these are not the things that made Kitt and Sarah criminals. What made them criminals were their choices, and those choices saw Sadie Hartley lose her life.

Sarah stole Sadie’s life as a result of envy – she couldn’t stand the idea that someone else had something that she wanted. She was determined to get it all – the two lovers, the adoring best friend, the glamorous-sounding job at a ski slope – the whole movie package.

Sadie Hartley, sportswoman, businesswoman, adventurer, mother and friend is no longer with us. Charlotte, her daughter, has spoken about her mother’s thoughtfulness, sense of fun and strong family values. Charlotte has inherited her mother’s features as well as her determination to do the right thing by those she cares for, and for that Sadie would have been proud.

“ MARKS TO THE ARMS AND HANDS SHOWED THAT SADIE HARTLEY HAD DEFENDED HERSELF TO THE LAST ”



ABOVE Police brave the freezing January weather in Helmsshore to search the local area for clues to catch the victim’s killer

RIGHT TOP Kitt ‘disposed’ of the German-bought, 500,000 volt stun gun used to subdue their victim by burying it under manure at the stables where she worked

RIGHT BOTTOM The keys to the Renault Clio bought as the getaway car for the crime were found under horse manure at Kitt’s place of work



FOILING A 'FOLIE À DEUX'

WHAT IS A FOLIE À DEUX?

Folie à deux was once a distinct, rare, recognised mental disorder/condition. It was first described in 1877. In the original description, which was a social not a psychiatric one, one person generates the delusion and imposes it on another; the other becomes resistant but gradually succumbs and the delusion has a degree of plausibility. Both are very close (usually a parent-offspring or sibling-sibling relationship) and one is usually the dominant, driving agent and the other is submissive. About 90 per cent of cases are family members and the average age is 46-53. It has been removed from the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (version five), which is an indicator of its validity as a diagnosis and a condition – there is little evidence for it.

BIO



PROFESSOR G NEIL MARTIN

Professor G Neil Martin is the author of more than 13 books on psychology, including the bestselling textbook *Psychology*, and *Human Neuropsychology*. He is the head of psychology at Regent's University London, where he lectures on the neuropsychology of crime.

WHAT CAUSES IT TO DEVELOP?

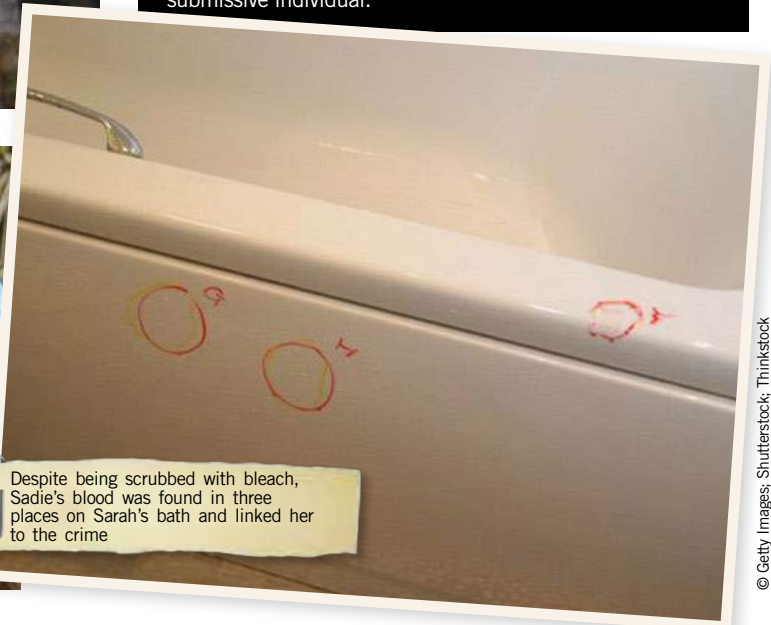
Almost all reported cases are co-morbid, that is, they occur in the context of other mental illnesses – such as schizophrenia, delusions, depression with delusions etc. Some research suggests that dysfunctional interpersonal relationships are a risk factor.

CAN A FOLIE À DEUX BE RESOLVED?

Antidepressant and antipsychotic medication and physical separation have been used [as treatment] and these seem to be effective. Psychotherapy has been used largely for the submissive individual.



Despite being scrubbed with bleach, Sadie's blood was found in three places on Sarah's bath and linked her to the crime







CANNIBAL COUPLE

**THE STEAMED MEAT WAS IN THE FRIDGE NEXT TO THE DOG. A DAY BEFORE
SHE HAD MET DMITRY AND NATALIA, IT HAD BEEN ELENA VASHRUSHEVA**

WORDS DR CHARLIE OUGHTON

For many of us, eating is an act of love. We feed our lovers to delight their hearts, feed our families that traditional Sunday roast to show we care and to support their growth, and we may sneakily grab a snack ourselves, to have that special bit of 'me' time with a bucket of ice cream or a pack of jerky. The tradition dates back millennia, being referenced in Biblical stories, such as Jesus's feeding of the 5,000 and his supposed final meal with his disciples in the Last Supper. It gives rise to the idea that food has magical properties that can transform society.

Food transformed a Russian husband-and-wife team – it turned Natalia Baksheeva from a nurse into an alleged killer chef and turned builder Dmitry Baksheev into an alleged necrophiliac. Reports suggest they may have killed and eaten 30 people over a period of 18 years, until their arrest in the city of Krasnodar, southwest Russia, in September 2017.

The mighty morsels made the pair of them believe themselves invisible, invincible and capable of escaping the law. What they did with their food was unusually cinematic. They created tableau with their keepings. Were they real-life versions of Hannibal Lecter, or more Sweeney Todd, selling body-part pies?

HOLLOW HANNIBALS

Dmitry Baksheev is no cinematic Hollywood type. Far from having the brooding, self-assured nature that we might associate with an antihero such as clever, stylish Hannibal Lecter or even Johnny Depp's Sweeney Todd as he shaved his clients into cutlets, Baksheev's mugshot shows an overgrown boy. His eyes are sunken and uncertain rather than angry about his arrest, and his frown lines are trenches of leather. This is despite his burly 35-year-old frame and rock'n'roll-type T-shirt.

Like with any good revenge story, however, his path veered rather eerily close to fiction because it was so extreme. Dmitry Baksheev had been an orphan trying to make his way in the world, and he was given a chance in life when he was adopted by a couple. No sooner was this succour given than it was taken away, as his adoptive mother, Svetlana, died of cancer. He took to stealing, and even set light to his own bedroom. After fielding calls from a trail of debt collectors



“DMITRY'S DATE FANTASIES MIXED SEX WITH DEATH ITSELF, AS HE HAD SEX WITH ONE OF THE CORPSES, WHICH WAS THEN MINCED”

and seeing the jobs he secured for his new son be repeatedly lost, the adoptive father (who doesn't want to give his name) showed Baksheev the door. “His eyes are made of glass,” the father said.

Natalia seemed different. A granddaughter to decorated military man Konstantin Chanikov, she was raised by her grandmother. Buxom by adulthood, her body seemed to speak of a life enjoyed. Photographs show her smiling, often in clothing so tight it made whatever she was wearing look mildly saucy. Even when wearing casual clothing she had a quality of the lascivious about her. She seemed the diametric opposite of her co-conspirator.

She had worked as a nurse in the military, and after meeting Dmitry, she coaxed and cared for the wayward teen and before long they were married. It is said she feels for her husband like a mother. He was polite, if quiet, and soon got a job working on a construction site. Nevertheless, they were deeply unhappy – she was known for attending work too paralytic from alcohol to stand. Locals observed that she began to look unkempt, and when neighbours went to complain about the strange odour coming from the couple's flat, she would create a scene and chase them away. She was known to have a taste for sweet treats bought from the local shops, and would buy alcohol to flirt with the local military trainees. Dmitry Baksheev, meanwhile, kept himself to

ABOVE-LEFT Dmitry looked increasingly bedraggled as time went on. Rather than this being taken for granted, it raised suspicions about his behaviour and led to his and Natalia's arrest for murder

ABOVE-RIGHT Photographs of Natalia even in her casual clothes show a fun-loving woman ready to strike a pose, seemingly the antithesis of the jobless alcoholic who ate people

FAR-RIGHT Sources initially stated that this was the alleged cannibal Natalia, though the consensus now is that the woman is final victim Elena Vashrusheva





himself and would buy the cheapest things possible when he went out. Carping newspaper headlines would later say, 'She drinks, he stinks'.

On 25 September 2017, a stern pronouncement appeared on the austere red website belonging to the Investigation Committee of the Russian Federation. It discussed the murder of a dismembered woman under part 1, article 105 of the Criminal Code.

This was not a stranger to the couple. Natalia and Dmitry had come upon Elena Vashrusheva together. On 8 September, Elena had been the same age as Dmitry and was a waitress living in the same military complex as them. She was from the town of Omutninsk in Kirov region. They'd taken her to drink vodka together in a disused block of unfinished military flats in the Repina Street area of the city. The liquor went to their heads, and before long an argument erupted. Natalia accused the younger woman of flirting with her husband. Not the most rational way of resolving conflict, Elena was shortly dispatched and chopped up. The deranged husband hid some of the fragments and scattered others while absent-mindedly playing about with his phone. The couple seemed to be trying to fill a hole in their relationship that they were not willing to admit was there in the first place.

STARTERS

Precisely when they started to kill their company is lost in the grisly details that pepper the case. What is understood is that when they searched for savoury suitors, perhaps to spice up their marriage, they started with internet dating sites. Their 'partners' (both men and women appear to have

been victims) were enticed with alcohol spiked with the medication Corvalol. It's a sedative containing Phenobarbital and is mainly used to relax the body in the event of seizures. It works within half an hour of being drunk. The doomed would-be lovers were put to sleep in order to be prepared for a food-based threesome.

Some reports even state that Dmitry's date fantasies mixed sex with death itself, as he had sex with one of the corpses, which was then promptly minced into a mighty burger patty.

But their just desserts came. As is bogglingly and increasingly often the case, Dmitry seemed to forget that his phone was not his own private dimension for internal fantasy storage, but a piece of machinery to which pretty much anyone can gain access if they have the knowhow. Perhaps owing to being part of the Insta generation and obsessed with collecting likes from imaginary

BELOW What looks like a severed head has casually dumped on the floor in this photo. The victim appears to have been scalped



PANTRY OF HORRORS

DMITRY AND NATALIA WERE WELL STOCKED WITH MEAT – INVESTIGATORS STRUGGLED TO TELL IF IT WAS ANIMAL OR HUMAN



Evidence at the heart of the case, the camera records the 'proud' moment a hand adds the finishing touches to the cannibals' festive feast - a human head



Inside the alleged cannibal couple's fridge there could be a chicken's carcass and some form of stew or dip. As an evidence photograph, however, one might assume otherwise



An investigator's grimace says it all as officers handle a jar eventually found to contain human flesh. No gloves in the world would be thick enough

“ HER EYES ARE SAID... TO CONTAIN OLIVES AND THERE ARE NOT-QUITE DELICATE RIPS OF ORANGE PEEL JAMMED INTO HER SOCKETS ”

followers, he had puckishly posed with the hand of one of the victims, waving it at the camera and sticking one of the fingers up the nose of a victim as he clicked the shutter on his little tableau. Another photograph shows him stuffing a wrist in his mouth, the fingers in a 'rock on' gesture and a filthy-tipped fingernail held aloft.

Roman Khomyakov, a road worker, was putting in a day on the asphalt in the area when he noticed a black Samsung phone laying on the path, just as a figure elsewhere was checking his empty pocket. The phone could have been trodden on, ignored or sold on, but the fingers that ran over it were intrigued. The figure with the empty pocket had started back. Roman checked the screen and unlocked it. The shape turned the corner of the road. The memory was selected and the photographs began to scroll – a head and a hand, doing what they shouldn't. Roman's view of them was replaced by the appearance of the flustered and by all accounts rather

smelly young man, who loomed into view. The newcomer's shoulders pumped hard as his heart raced, and because of Dmitry's dishevelled appearance, Roman took him for a homeless person. He simply chose to keep the phone to himself for the time being when he was asked if he'd seen it. Closer up, Roman realised the peculiar stranger before him was the man nigh on nibbling flayed fingers in the picture. Roman denied any knowledge of the lost phone and passed the offending object on to the next available police vehicle, with the simple command, "It's your job, sort it out."

NETFLIX AND KILL

Investigators descended on the couple's home at the Military Aviation Academy on 12 September 2017. It was a different story to the 'killing crypt', as they called the flats where they had committed the murders. In the humble abode, the

authorities were greeted with a stew of human existence in saline. Offcuts and titbits were discarded with awful abandon, some in the fridge and freezer, others in cellars and the adjoining property at 135 Dzerzhinskogo Street. The victims' phones were soon found close by.

It is actually difficult to know just by looking what was shop-bought meat and what was not. Photographs released by the police show faces with flowing tresses that, if they were not actual severed heads, could easily be Halloween props. One apparent scalp is attached to cascading auburn hair that looks bloodless on the inside, perhaps having been drained. Elsewhere, what we can only hope is a random, mousy brunette wig is chucked against a white microwave. Investigators are also seen holding a jar of what appears to be squashed, pickled private parts – was Dmitry chucking slimy gherkins in order to stuff as much as possible into the pots? There even exists the photograph of a refrigerator that initially looks like it contains the leftovers of the last night's meal and perhaps an uncooked chicken. A number of news sources chose to censor this apparent bird, perhaps believing it most likely to be an offending item, as the image was issued by police.

There were also 19 sections of skin – and not the crispy type you try to cook on your chicken – that were discovered. It is not clear at this time what state they were in. But the most unpleasant display was also the most meticulously presented. Dumped on a sofa was a series of old-fashioned printed photographs. On the top of this pile, next to snaps of Natalia smiling happily for the camera, was a burst of colour against a black background. A grey-sleeved right arm leans rather gingerly into the picture. The arm tapers up to a watch, which itself is surrounded by a helter-skelter pile of oranges and what might be cauliflower on a formal metallic serving dish. The hand reaches up past the fruit and, with studied precision, appears to place its index finger on

the mouth of a severed human head. It's shiny and bloated. There's some sort of material – perhaps clingfilm – over the top half of a startled-looking woman's face. Her hair is placed tidily behind her head in a blue cap, but that is where any attempt at courtesy stops, because there's a large lemon pinned on her nose with a blue plastic spike. Her eyes are said by various reports to contain olives and there are not-quite delicate ribs of orange peel jammed into her sockets to loosely resemble eyelids. The image is so grotesque it looks almost comic, until you realise what you're looking at or consider what that mouth might have felt like.

That photograph is dated 28 December 1999. Assuming that date wasn't added after the fact, this suggests two things. Firstly, that the woman was a horrifying festive feast for the couple, being eaten on the run-up to the ostentatious New Year celebrations on 1 January (Russian orthodox Christians traditionally celebrate Christmas in a quieter, more private manner on 7 January).

Secondly, we have to consider how we now use photographs. We take photographs on our phone for ease of access to keep them with us. We also lose our phones a lot, as Dmitry found out. The things that are truly special to us may be kept at home. That fruity head shot had been printed out and kept within easy reach by the couple for nearly two decades. It was a memento that they had used to remember their good times and plan more. This photograph of a dead woman's head that they were about to eat was their idea of Netflix and kill. It was romance, nurture and murder in one fetid stew.

Videos containing information on cannibalism were also found in the squalid flat. That said, filing wasn't their strong suit. Tupperware contained the frozen pieces of their final victim, Elena, from their street-drinking session. They had eaten her heart. She was perched next to plastic bags of dead dog and cat meat – the remains of their own pets.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

NATALIA AND DMITRY'S RELATIONSHIP DRIFTED BETWEEN MARRIED COUPLE AND MOTHER AND SON, BASED ON THEIR RELATIONSHIP WITH FOOD

Why might the couple have used fruit in the tableau incorporating a victim's severed head?

Since The Bible, fruit in the West has represented transgression, with side orders of sexuality, fertility and nourishment. Putting fruit with a severed head contrasts the brutality of murder with sexualised symbolism of growth and nurture – perhaps like Renaissance memento mori. 'Memento mori'

translates as 'remember you will die', and like the couple's grotesque tableau, these artworks placed death in the midst of life. Renaissance masters like Hals and Holbein incorporated skulls into their portraits, either openly held by their sitters or (as in *The Ambassadors*) unexpectedly confronting the viewer when the painting is seen from an angle. Even if it wasn't intentional, there's some intense cultural symbolism going on here.

the body to ensure human survival. Violent murder does the exact opposite, breaching the body's boundaries (skin or mouth) to kill someone. This placement implies a sexual element to the murders, but also potentially enabled the couple to examine or recreate their own actions through their victims' bodies.

BIO DR SASHA GARWOOD



RESEARCH ASSOCIATE AT THE HUMANITIES RESEARCH INSTITUTE, UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD

Dr Sasha Garwood studied at Oxford and University College London, working on sex and food as a nexus of cultural anxieties. Her first book, *The*

Skull Beneath the Skin: Early Modern Women And Self-Starvation is due out from Routledge in 2019. She teaches English and History.

Evidence found included images of victims posed with body parts placed in their facial orifices. What might the significance of this have been?

There's an ancient and powerful cultural connection between food and sex that centres on the mouth and the crossing of bodily boundaries. Mouths and genitals have lots of nerve endings, so both eating and sex are sensually pleasurable – and both food and body parts need to penetrate

While the alleged murderers are married, they are said to have behaved like a mother and son. What role could food have played in this?

Family relationships, particularly maternal ones, are created and maintained through food – think of breastfeeding. Anthropologist Carole M Counihan tells us that food reflects emotional bonds – so in a situation as claustrophobic and transgressive as cannibalism, feeding is a basic and very powerful way of shifting a romantic relationship into a quasi-maternal one.

FAMINE AND FEAR

As crimes such as this are extremely rare, perhaps the most unappetising thing about all of this is that most of the meat removed from the property is visually indistinguishable from what many of us would pay good money to buy from our local shops. This may have been what Dmitry and Natalia were banking on. Looks can be deceiving, and they became the epitome of the Demon Barber of Fleet Street himself, allegedly selling pies made from their victims to the unknowing local military personnel. Asked what the mysterious meat was, Natalia was known to reply “whatever is around”. She’d even offered her services locally as a chef, perhaps simply to pursue her private passion, though a bit of money on the side never goes amiss, especially as she was out of work. She’d been knocked back by shop owners who would only take meat and services from reputable suppliers. Dmitry had, after all, been seen carrying a dripping backpack around with him. He had even taken it into a local shop as he topped up his phone.

As a result of Russia’s history and its ill-fated experiments with communism, people were hungry and often also reacting to trauma. Andrei Chikatilo, for example, connected his own cannibalism of young children to stories of his relatives being kidnapped and eaten when food was short. For people in desperate circumstances, the offer of food could be comradeship. It was not the kind of comradeship that the couple allegedly offered to Roman Sidorov, a 27-year-old friend of theirs who had been involved in a robbery with Dmitry. Also known as ‘Angel’ and named in some reports as ‘Gennady’, he was implicated and arrested in connection with the crimes as a result of Natalia’s testimony. She claimed



ABOVE Dmitry was noted by locals for his shabby appearance and pungent smell, but they were far from his worst characteristics

that he had sourced the women for them and then ‘readied them’ by raping the victims, before the butchering beloveds killed and ate them. He was considered a handsome chap with cheekbones to die for and was reportedly popular with the ladies, leading the police to initially side with the couple and accuse him of being involved with the murders. Sidorov is said to be launching a complaint against his treatment through his lawyer.

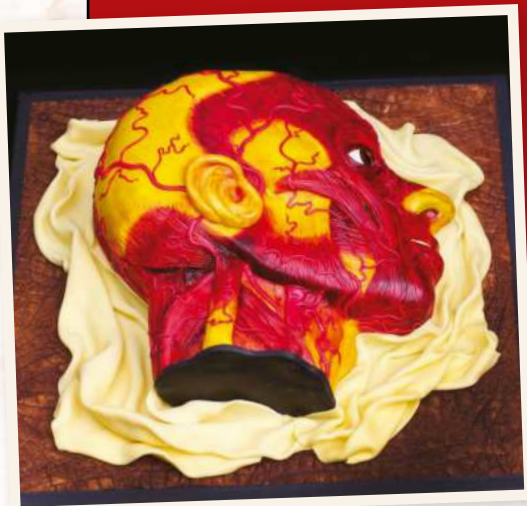
Remarkably, Sidorov may have gotten off comparatively lightly. Sergey Labinstev is a retired officer from the air force. With a shock of stoic grey hair and a commanding demeanour, he had known the couple for years when he claimed Dmitry accused him of having sexual relations with Natalia. The younger man took a stool to the officer’s back, Sergey believes with the intention of killing him, before Natalia decided to help and pounced on him. A life in the military is not for nothing, however, and the determined Sergey knew how to defend himself, before rather bizarrely sending them packing in a taxi, never to be heard from by him again. He remains convinced that not only was Dmitry feigning jealousy to have an excuse to attempt to jump him, but that he had been destined for a dish if he hadn’t successfully fought back and fought them off. The thought has given him nightmares of being made of ‘steamed meat’, he told *The Sun*.

TASTE FOR THE MACABRE

DMITRY AND NATALIA MADE MACABRE ART OUT OF THEIR VICTIMS’ BODIES: CONJURER’S KITCHEN OWNER ANNABEL DE VETTEN’S EDIBLE DEATH PIECES SUGGEST WHY

The couple seem to have tried to make art out of their victims’ bodies by contrasting the shape and colour of the parts with their surroundings. The severed head was placed against colourful fruit. Hands were positioned almost parodically in poses that seemed theatrical or even jovial, with silly gestures. The gruesomeness of knowing what had happened emphasised the physical appearance of the detached limb, transforming it into an ornament with a different function. The morbid art encouraged them to think about the smell, taste and feeling of doing something taboo.

Dmitry and Natalia were actually not on their own in their interests in fusing their food with death imagery. Conjuror’s Kitchen is a distinctly legitimate outlet whose works have appeared on the likes of *Hannibal*, creating cakes shaped as memento mori. Their most popular designs are chocolate skulls and anatomical wax models, some of which come with keepsake dummy cakes for which their clients have special display cabinets. The worth of the dummy cakes, as with the crime photographs, is a reminder of the experience of eating something considered unusual, and the effect of that experience on the eater lasts long after the fact.



STUFFED

Natalia is said to have confessed to 30 murders, identifying the people she had eaten from snapshots shown to her by the police. Incredibly, she also passed mandated psychiatric tests and was declared “an absolutely healthy adequate person who fully accounts of her actions”, according to local news sources. The allegedly mutilating murderer was said to be upset about being taunted by prisoners incarcerated with her – they catcall her to ask if she has eaten enough “human meat”. Dmitry was kept in solitary confinement for his own safety. Human rights activist Viktor Belikov met Dmitry in prison. For all the violence of the story, Belikov reported that



“ BODY PARTS BELONGING TO SEVEN PEOPLE HAVE BEEN FOUND ON THE PROPERTY AND IDENTIFIED THROUGH DNA TESTING ”

Dmitry insists that he loves his wife and that he would do anything for her.

According to the most recently available information, official sources are quoted as stating that body parts belonging to seven people have been found on the property and identified through DNA testing. Some were alleged to have been made into winter clothing by the cannibals.

A matter of intrigue for the case is its lack of publicity, despite the horrific nature of the atrocities allegedly committed. There is a clear sense of shock in all of the witness statements – not over the crimes supposedly committed, but over the idea that two citizens working in the vicinity of the military had allowed themselves to slide into lives of dissolution. Some local gossip websites even argue that the story is of one couple committing one unexpected murder that has been blown out of all proportion. That perspective could be an attempt to save face, particularly as the couple lived in what is evidently a proud and hardworking community. Some even dispute how long the couple have been together, saying Natalia was married before and that Dmitry has only been with her for ten years, which contradicts the idea that the head-platter photograph is one of their early kills. Their relationship with their community has affected how the entire case has been reported and investigated. Dmitry and Natalia are said to have retracted their confessions to having eaten people, after hearing about their private lives being splashed over myriad newspapers.

Police photographs and videos aren't fantasy. Whatever the precise horrors, it is clear this is a couple for whom social



The horror of the couple's flat is the uncertainty of what was human and what was not. This seems to be a simple wig, but considering its proximity to the microwave, it's difficult to tell for certain.

ABOVE Dmitry and Natalia's flat was a chaotic mess, filled with horrific photos, victims' phones, and body parts – both animal and human

support networks failed. Whatever the motives – for the sexual thrill of it or just as a result of hunger – it's astonishing that they could have gotten away with the crimes they've been accused of for so long. Despite the repulsive stench coming from their apartment, they had simply been ignored. Their twisted love story had become a bad 'b' movie. The case continues.



FOLIE À MUR-DEUX

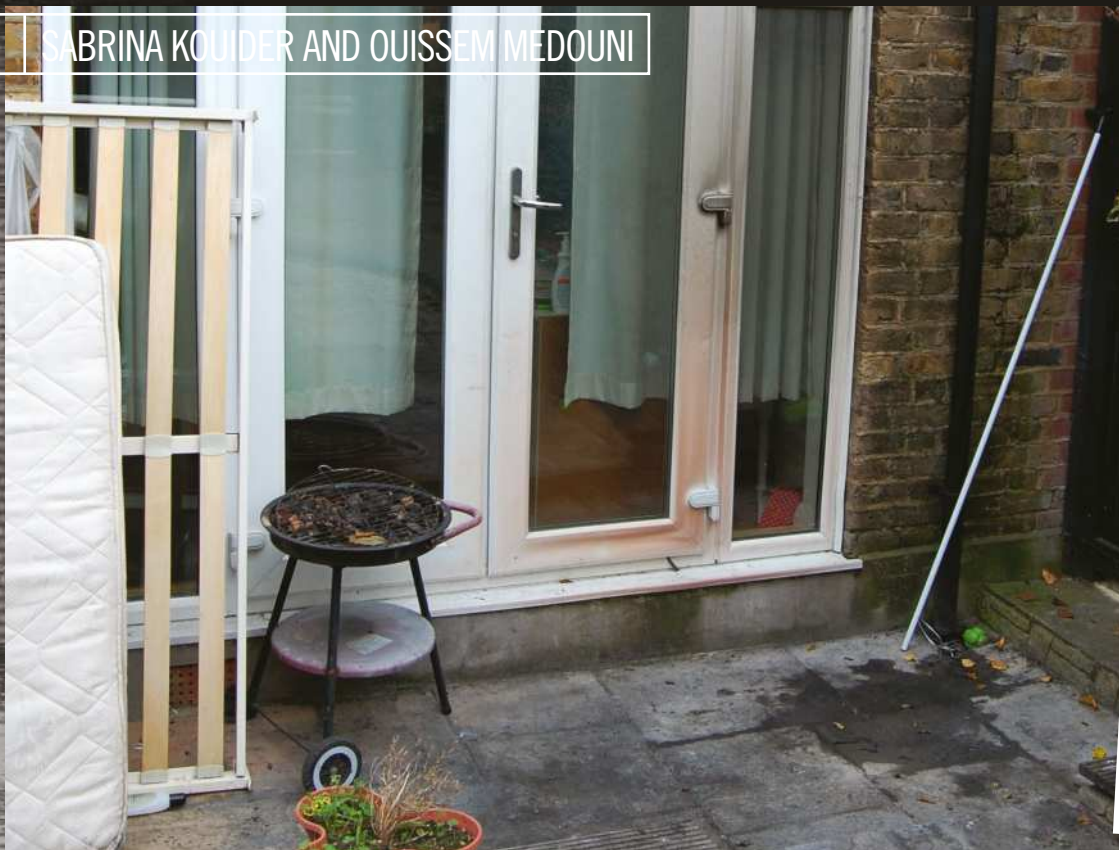
A RARE CASE OF SHARED PSYCHOSIS LED TO THE SENSATIONAL MURDER OF AN INNOCENT AU PAIR, BUT WHY DIDN'T SOPHIE LIONNET ESCAPE THE CLUTCHES OF HER CRAZED EMPLOYERS?

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

On the afternoon of 20 September 2017, emergency services were called to a southwest London home after receiving a concerned call from a neighbour reporting a vast plume of smoke and a foul odour emitting from a nearby garden. At the Wimbledon Park Road property, firefighters found Ouissem Medouni poking at chicken thighs on a small barbecue on the patio, while a charred mass burned on a bonfire nearby. When asked what he was burning, Medouni claimed he was “cooking a sheep,” but after the blaze was put out, something in the ashes caught the fireman’s eye: first it was some clothing, then a glint of jewellery, then a nose, and then what appeared to be fingers. Asked why he was burning a body, Medouni simply answered, “It’s a sheep,” his eyes cast down. Firefighters noticed Medouni’s demeanour shift as he watched them eyeing up the suspicious charcoaled lump beside him.

Their disbelief at his answer was obvious: “Bollocks,” the firefighter exclaimed. Police were called, and they arrested Medouni and his partner Sabrina Kouider on





ABOVE Firefighters found Medouni barbecuing on the patio after a neighbour called emergency services, concerned about the smoke and “weird smell” coming from the garden. Sophie’s body was being burned just next to him

ABOVE-RIGHT Kouider made dozens of allegations against her famous ex-boyfriend Mark Walton, none of which were ever found to have any basis for a charge to be filed against him. She insisted police weren’t taking her seriously enough

RIGHT Sabrina Kouider (left) and Ouissem Medouni (right) met in 2001 in Paris. Their relationship was volatile and temperamental but Kouider’s delusions sparked a murder plot that would see them both convicted

suspicion of murder. As suspected, it wasn’t a sheep Medouni was cremating. What detectives found to be causing the foul odour was the body of 21-year-old French national Sophie Lionnet, a nanny hired by the couple 18 months earlier.

As British and French tabloids devoured the sensational details of the slaying, the chilling account of what occurred inside the Southfields property formed a bizarre tapestry of a murder plot hatched by Kouider and Medouni, which was dubbed “stranger than fiction”.

FEMME FATALE

The remains in the couple’s garden were so badly burned, investigators were initially unable to determine the age or gender of the victim. Although it was Medouni who had been at the crime scene, investigators were eager to find out what his partner knew – perhaps she could provide valuable information about Medouni’s crime.

Inside London’s Metropolitan Police interrogation rooms, Kouider, unaware that police elsewhere would soon learn the identity of the body in their back garden, tried to convince investigators that her au pair of 18 months had recently run off with Kouider’s former boyfriend, a founding member of Irish boy band Boyzone, who was now living in the US and working as a music mogul. Messages in Kouider’s phone from barely a week before showed her discussing with a friend how the au pair had gone back to France. Something didn’t add up.

When presented with the evidence that Sophie wasn’t hundreds of kilometres away across the English Channel and had in fact been the centerpiece of a macabre bonfire

burning just metres away from their back door, the narrative to Kouider’s defence changed. Kouider now blamed Medouni for her death. However, inside a separate interrogation room, Medouni was pointing the finger at Kouider. The balding, middle-aged financial analyst revealed that Kouider had become obsessed with the idea that their nanny was conspiring with her ex-boyfriend against her, and that he was

led to believe that the Troyes native they had hired back in 2016 was a spy for her former lover. What’s more, Medouni told investigators the shy au pair had been seduced into gathering damning information on Kouider, and was also sent to drug and sexually assault young girls in the couple’s family home.

It was an odd set of accusations, and when investigators looked into the couple they slowly built a picture of the dysfunctional, volatile and potentially deadly relationship – and discovered some clues as to why a job looking after their children went so wrong for Sophie.

Images of Kouider show a beautiful young woman with soft skin, an even sweeter smile and luscious locks of cascading ebony hair. She was a fashion designer,

something she clearly had a passion for based on her taste in fine clothes, rich fabrics and bold colours that hung from her lithe frame. However, her good looks were deceiving. Details of Kouider’s life alluded to psychological instability.

She had been born in Algeria but had moved to Paris with her mother as a young girl. It was there, in 2001, while working on a sweet stall at the age of 18 that she first caught the eye of fellow French Algerian ‘Sam’ Medouni. Although he was five years her senior, he keenly pursued the beautiful young woman. It was the beginning of a turbulent and bizarre 17-year, on-off relationship.



LIES AND DECEIT

AS SOPHIE STARVED AND COWERED INSIDE THEIR HOME, KOUIDER TRIED TO CONSTRUCT A NARRATIVE TO FRIENDS TO EXCUSE HER EVENTUAL DISAPPEARANCE

15 SEPTEMBER 2017

Hey (*name omitted*) how are you? Does your au pair have any friends that would like to come and work for us?

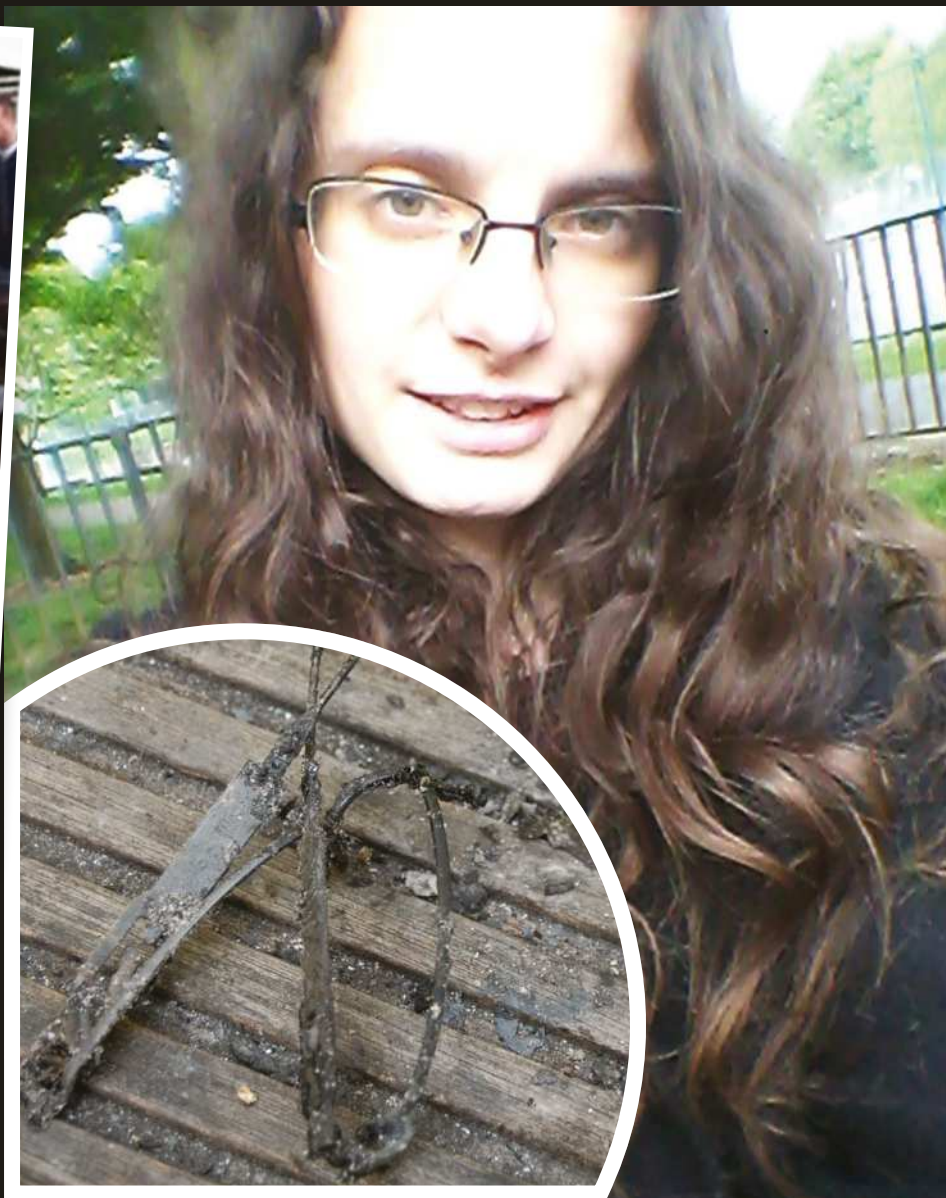
I'm all out of options and would rather have one person that I can develop into the role. They will get travel opportunities and great benefits (*smile emoji*) (*heart emoji*)

Hi hun, I'm afraid no and I don't have a nanny anymore she's back to France honey give you advice pls pls don't let your little (*name omitted*) with any stranger please everything can wait! Tc lots of love (*heart emoji*) (*heart emoji*) (*heart emoji*) (*angel emoji*) (*angel emoji*) (*angel emoji*) (*angel emoji*)

Hey honey, sound like it didn't end well then (*:/ emoji*)

I wanted someone to cook, clean, tidy, walk dog and feed animals etc. I wasn't going to leave (*name omitted*) with anyone, only in my presence. They might play with her occasionally while I make a call occasionally. My parents still come home ed sometimes and I can always do things at the weekend/evenings (*:) emoji*)

In 2011, while visiting a Notting Hill bank, she crossed paths with charismatic Irishman Mark Walton, a founding member of the popular 1990s Irish group Boyzone. Mark instantly fell in love with Kouider. However, it wasn't long before the outwardly "gentle, sweet, loving" Kouider became, as he described, "crazy". He recalled how Kouider had an unstable and unpredictable streak to her character that would appear in an instant. Her temper was triggered at the slightest provocation, and within seconds she could become "quite scary". During their two-year relationship, Kouider had been "abusive" and "exhibited a manipulative and controlling nature" with a "calculating streak", according to Mark, who split with Kouider in 2013. On 16 July 2012, she reported a "crazy argument" to police and accused him of cheating. They resumed their relationship days later, but by



ABOVE Sophie's charred body was barely identifiable. Only traces of her existence still existed in the fire, including her burnt spectacles

Despite the fact that an Islamic marriage certificate certified their union as husband and wife, they outwardly lacked the typical relationship dynamics that a husband and wife would share. Prosecutors would later summarise that the relationship was one of 'convenience' for Kouider, who as well as being jealous, highly temperamental and violent, only dated Medouni until something better came along – he was simply a meal ticket for her when she was lonely, in need or had exhausted the goodwill of her lovers. When she strayed to other men, as she did often, Medouni feverishly waited for her to return. On the flip-side, Medouni was deemed as 'punching above his weight' when it came to the beautiful but ultimately deadly Kouider, but it appeared that he desperately loved her. Did this desperation to hold onto her mean he had been sucked in by her delusions, and had ultimately killed Sophie out of loyalty to Kouider?

When Kouider announced that she was moving to London to pursue a career as a nanny, Medouni followed. In England's capital, she became part of a selling scheme for a telecommunications company while he eventually earned a degree in economics and found a job with a French bank.

“MEDOUNI TOLD INVESTIGATORS THE SHY AU PAIR HAD BEEN SEDUCED INTO GATHERING DAMNING INFORMATION ON KOUIDER”

SOPHIE'S CHOICE

IN A STRANGE GOOD COP/BAD COP ROUTINE, MEDOUNI AND KOUIDER'S EXHAUSTING EIGHT-HOUR INTERROGATION OF SOPHIE BEFORE SHE DIED WAS UNINTELLIGIBLE

MEDOUNI: Sit properly. You needn't be scared. OK?

KOUIDER: Exactly! OK? Because, earlier on, you were crying and said to me, "I did something very serious, and I am very ashamed of myself". That's what you told me. Yes, or no?

MEDOUNI: And what's that?

KOUIDER: Is it lie?

MEDOUNI: What's that?

KOUIDER: Is it a lie?

LIONNET (*sounding scared and maybe in tears*): I was scared!

KOUIDER: You were scared? You were scared? You lie as you breathe, because... why did I scare you? Did I scare you?"

LIONNET: I was scared.

KOUIDER: What were you scared of? Scared of what? Scared of what? Because I was very, very, very nice to you! I was very, very, very, very, very nice to you!

MEDOUNI: Stop shouting like this! Go on! Scared of what?

KOUIDER: Scared of what? I had been too nice to her. I used to even tell her things...

MEDOUNI: She said she was scared of you! Stop it, please! We...

KOUIDER: What were scared of? OK. Sorry! Apologies!

MEDOUNI: Scared of what?

LIONNET: I don't know exactly.

KOUIDER: Scared of what? In any case, whether you speak or you don't speak, at your trial, you will do so. You will be jailed. Because as far as I am concerned, I am not going to joke with you! OK? Because, I am a nice person, OK? I'd really like to help you. You too must help me! OK? If you want me to help you, you need to help me! OK? You want us to help you? Then help us! OK?

...

KOUIDER: I don't think he abused you; you wanted it because he couldn't do that with you. And whenever you come back to the house, I smell sex.

MEDOUNI: ...she smells sex.

KOUIDER: I smell it. I smell it. Where the house? Hurry up, where is the house? Hurry up hurry up, otherwise I will fucking make the call. Hurry up where is the house? Open your mouth, where is the house?

...

KOUIDER: Open your fucking mouth. Where is the house? You don't to say it. You don't want to it. So you want to go to prison? Be ready it is either 40 years in prison or you leave. It is up to you. You have the choice. Think carefully about 40 years in prison. Close your eyes for one minute OK and imagine yourself every day in a cage like an animal with other people inside. That's not a laughing matter. With paedophiles and all the...

(Continuous banging noise in the background)

KOUIDER: If you promise to tell me the truth and I later find out that it's lie, I will not protect you. No more lies, I will not protect you, I swear on my life, Sophie. I will not allow any more lie.

MEDOUNI: So, he asked you when you will be coming back. That's the way he approached you. He doesn't know you but sent a message through Facebook asking you when will you be coming back? It doesn't make any sense.

KOUIDER: So he knew you.

LIONNET: No.

KOUIDER: Yes, he knew you because he asked you when you will be coming back. He knew you. Please just say the truth and nothing apart the truth.

MEDOUNI: You better know that we will not let you go back until we know the whole, whole, whole, whole truth and nothing but the truth. It's up to you.

...

KOUIDER: Tell me, huh! Tell me. Do you know this girl? Do you know this girl? I am just asking. Do you know her?... (*Inaudible*) He was with you, even the best of the best, they are going to be checked, OK. Do you know this girl? Because there is everywhere CCTV. Do you know this girl?

LIONNET: No.



the end of October, after they had split up again, she claimed he had been violent three times during their two-year relationship. None of the allegations against him were ever found to be true. Mark admitted he knew of her unstable mental health, an issue that had previously resulted in at least one attempted suicide.

Although their relationship was over, Mark still had some residual feelings towards Kouider, and as an act of kindness continued to pay her rent, gave her an allowance and paid for nannies for her children. But Kouider continued her slanderous campaign against her ex. In total, Kouider reported him to the police as many as 30 times between 2012 and 2017. After they split up, she complained about 60 voicemails he had left her, but none of them contained threatening language. A few months later, in March 2014, she claimed she had been "hacked" by her ex-partner, but "nasty" emails instead were apologies and full of sweet, loving words. The following month, Kouider was found "very agitated, kicking and screaming" outside her Wimbledon Park Road home. She claimed her former lover had been "using black magic to control her and there was nothing she could do about it".

No charges against Mark were filed, although Kouider repeatedly complained to police that they were not taking her allegations seriously. In July she told police he had hacked her Facebook account and breached a non-molestation order. Claims against him in September 2015 included accusations that he was a paedophile. Kouider was given a warning by police about the false allegations she was making against her former partner. In March 2016 she reported he had sexually molested her cat. She didn't have a cat.

This wasn't just a case of one toxic relationship – another of Kouider's ex-boyfriends described her as a "lunatic, fickle and unstable". Every time her relationships ceased, Medouni was there to slot back into the picture. Describing the couple in the aftermath of their crime, one neighbour reportedly said, "They seemed quite normal, but they always do."

“OVER THE MONTHS PEOPLE SAW HER LESS AND LESS, AND WHEN THEY DID THEY REALISED HOW SKINNY SHE WAS BECOMING”

LEFT At the age of 23, Medouni (right) met Kouider (left) in Paris. She was five years his junior. While he was smitten, she only saw him as a meal ticket

BELOW-LEFT As well as confiscating Sophie's passport and identity card, Kouider and Medouni also stashed her suitcase in their shed in the hopes of removing any trace of her after her death

BELOW-RIGHT A still image, taken from the 'confessional' tape Kouider and Medouni had made on 18 September 2017, shows Sophie's gaunt and fragile frame. Within hours she was dead

obsession with her former partner had begun to spiral out of control once again. At some stage in 2017, Kouider had begun to suffer delusions that Sophie was conspiring with her former lover. Although her au pair had never met the man who lived thousands of kilometres away, this didn't satisfy Kouider. Sharing her suspicions with Medouni, he too became an ardent believer in Kouider's delusions.

This shared belief in a delusion is what psychologists have come to know as 'folie à deux', or 'madness of two'. Coined in the 19th century by French psychiatrists Charles Lasègue and Jean-Pierre Falret, it is now a recognised disorder and a part of the *DSM-5 (Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders Fifth Edition)*.

Together, Medouni and Kouider became obsessed with interrogating Sophie, and confiscated her identity card, passport and suitcase. The couple stopped paying her and even stopped feeding her, subjecting her to brutal and demeaning interrogations over her 'spy' status. Kouider's irrational behaviour refused to subside. Three months before Sophie's death, Mark's financial support for Kouider stopped, and she again launched a vicious attack against him. She marched Sophie down to Lavender Hill Police Station so that she could 'confess' to plotting with her ex to shoot her family. Instead Sophie told officers the allegations were untrue and that she had never met the person Medouni and Kouider were accusing her of co-conspiring with.

This incident was only weeks before Sophie's charred remains were discovered. Why didn't she run? Young, inexperienced and in a strange country, it seems as though

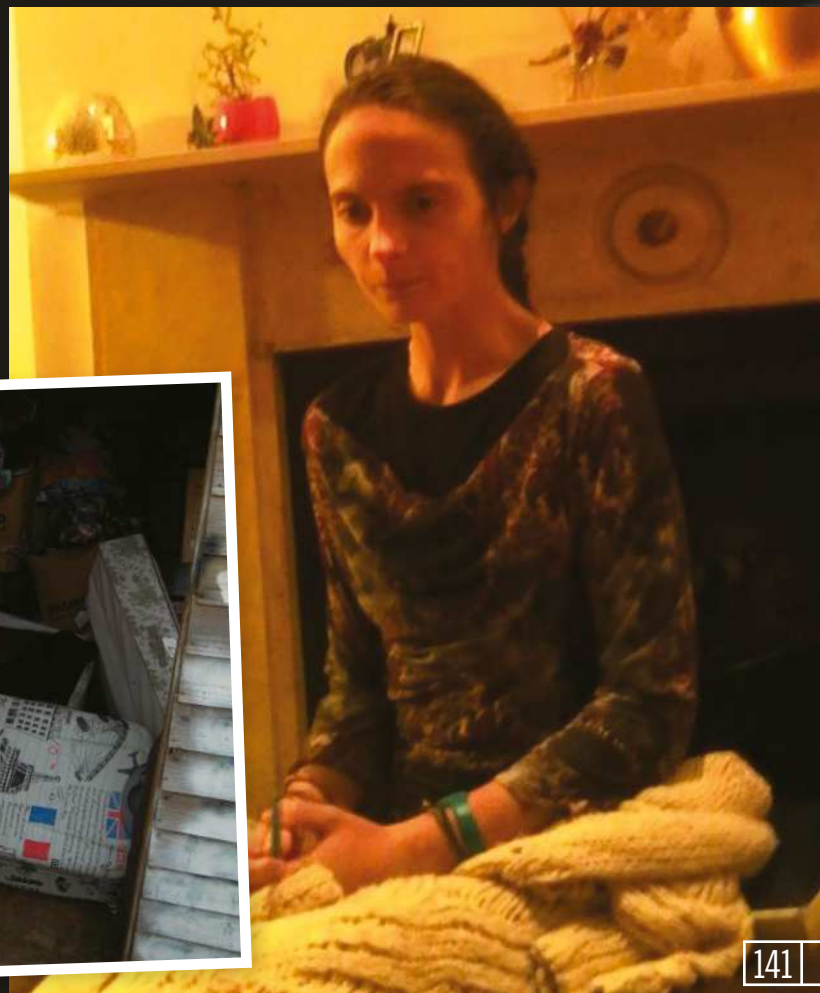
STRANGER THAN FICTION

It was in 2015 that Sophie had first been introduced to her employers and, ultimately, her killers. Kouider's brother, who knew Sophie back in her hometown in France where she lived with her family, had introduced her to the pair and put her forward as a potential nanny for the couple, who were seeking an au pair for their three-year-old daughter and six-year-old son. In January 2016, only a few days after her 20th birthday, Sophie had flown to the neighbouring country's capital to live with Medouni and Kouider.

For Sophie, taking care of the pair's children was the first job she had ever taken on. The couple paid her £50 a week and provided her with a room in their home. Sophie's employment with the French nationals had begun without a hitch, but after working for the pair for a few months, residents in the neighborhood began to notice Sophie's attitude change, and she became increasingly withdrawn.

Behind closed doors she was criticised for being 'lazy'. Already a shy individual who was still learning English, she became almost timid as the temperament of her employers changed for the worse. Speaking to British tabloid *The Daily Mail* after her murder, one of Sophie's friends described how the young woman "found it very difficult" living in London. Over a series of months people saw her less and less, and when they did they realised how skinny she was becoming. A fish-and-chip shop owner found it odd that she commented how she was not being fed by the couple and seemed to wolf down the fatty flakes of fish and potato she sometimes ordered. This was only weeks before she was discovered dead. She expressed to people that she wanted to return to France, even asking her mother to send her £40 so she could afford the fare back across the channel. But she never made it home.

What was never realised by any of the neighbours until after Sophie's death was that Kouider's



“RESEMBLING A PRISONER OF WAR, SOPHIE QUIETLY SPOKE TO CONFIRM SHE CONSPIRED WITH KOUIDER’S FORMER PARTNER”

Sophie was unable to escape the clutches of her employers. One neighbour later testified that the au pair fled to her house when one incident at the Wimbledon Park Road residence became particularly hostile. Kouider had stormed round to the house and demanded that the young woman return, flying off the handle and scaring everyone in the house into submission. This glimpse at the domineering power Kouider had over the young Frenchwoman is perhaps why Sophie felt she could never escape.

The most damning piece of evidence against the couple came in video format, filmed on 18 September 2017. It shows an emaciated Sophie with her eyes cast downward, hands folded in her lap, which was covered by a woollen blanket, attempting to warm her fragile, skeletal frame. The video filmed her ‘confessing’ to the allegations made against her by her employers. Resembling a prisoner of war, Sophie quietly spoke only to confirm that she had been conspiring with Kouider’s former partner. It is clear that the frightened woman didn’t quite understand what she was confessing to, but went along with it perhaps in the hope that if she agreed then they would let her go. Within hours she was dead.

Charged with Sophie’s murder at London’s Old Bailey on 12 January 2018, both Kouider and Medouni pleaded not guilty. They admitted to perverting the course of justice by attempting to “dispose of the body of Sophie Lionnet by burning”. Each blamed Sophie’s death on the other. It would be down to a jury to decide who was lying and who, if either, was telling the truth. Throughout their two-month trial, which commenced in March, jurors were privy to every sickening detail about Sophie’s last few hours alive. They were shown a still image of Sophie just two days before

she was found burning at the property, taken from the ‘confessional’ tape her employers said they had intended to serve to police as ‘evidence’ of the sabotage she had plotted with Mark. With her hair tied back into a gentle braid, the au pair’s gaunt frame is evidence of the starvation she had been subjected to. Her blank eyes were the result of the lengthy mental and physical torture she had endured. She was just hours from death and just days from being discovered burning in the back garden.

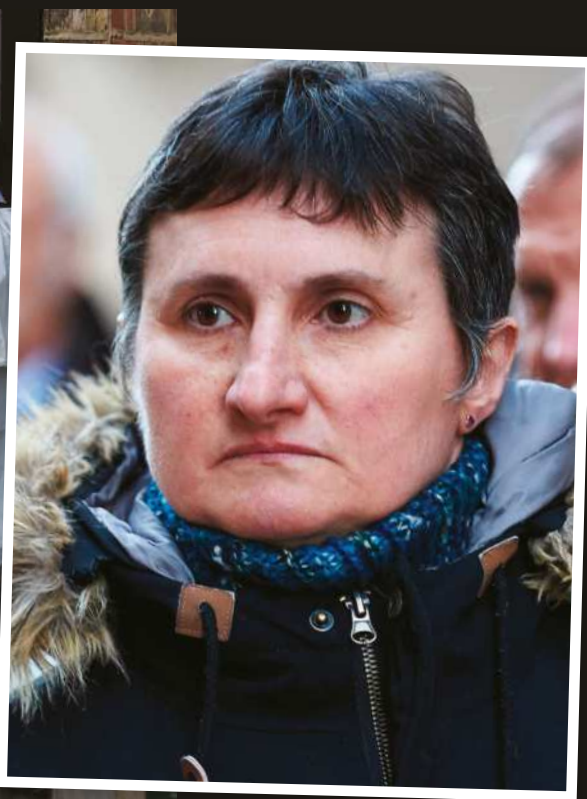
Eight hours of interrogation between Sophie, Medouni and Kouider were recorded by the pair. The five-man and seven-woman panel listened as the often-incoherent and angry ramblings of the couple press Sophie for information about her attempt to infiltrate the couple’s home and relationship. Afraid and barely able to comprehend the questions being posed to her, Sophie only speaks a handful of times, mostly to say “No”. She doesn’t understand why Medouni and Kouider want her to confess, and maybe even what exactly it is she is supposed to be confessing to, but they threaten her, saying that she will be raped, trapped in England away from her family in France and beaten if she doesn’t comply. She still doesn’t understand exactly what she is supposed to be complying with and who she is supposed to have conspired with. She is tired, broken and afraid – all she wants to do is leave. She doesn’t know she will never be allowed to go free.

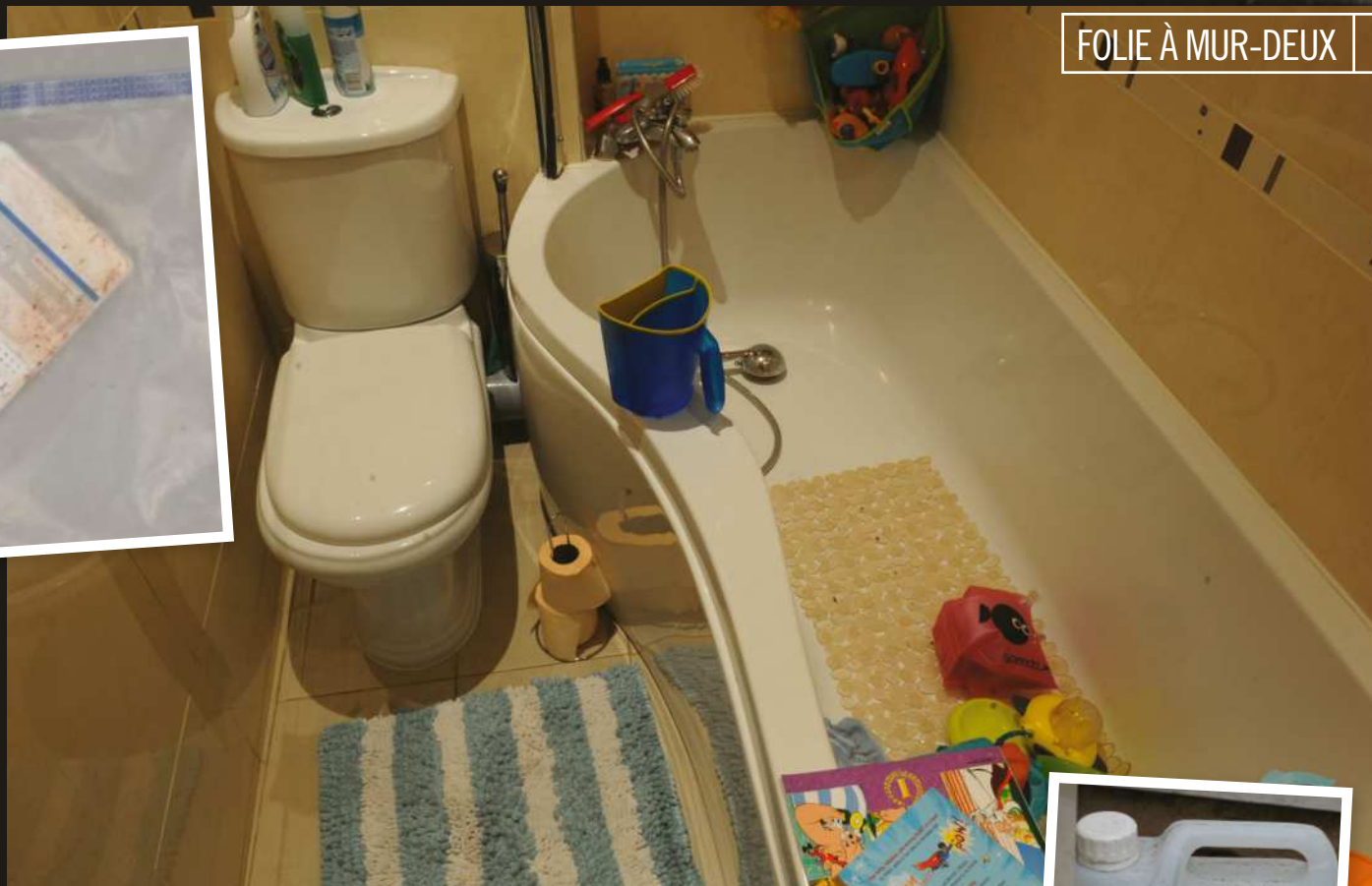
BELOW-LEFT Sophie’s body was so badly burned that a cause of death could not officially be established. However, police suspect that Sophie was drowned in the bathroom of the couple’s home before her body was set alight in the back garden

BELOW-RIGHT After listening to the horrifying details of her daughter’s murder, Sophie’s mother Catherine Devallonne said that her killers had refused to see her worth and should be sentenced to death for the treatment they inflicted on her

“DEAR SOPHIE”

Medouni claimed that he had been asleep when Sophie was killed and that he had been woken in the night by Kouider, who was panic-stricken having killed Sophie. It was a plausible argument, but on the stand a distraught Kouider blamed Medouni for Sophie’s murder. In detail, she described how her partner had water-boarded Sophie in their bathroom and she had drowned. Once he had killed Sophie, Medouni had become aroused, and as Sophie’s lifeless body lay nearby he had forced himself on Kouider and satisfied himself. He





then adjusted himself before instructing her on what they would do next. “Everything I done, I did it for him” she cried. “He wanted to have sex with me. I’m even shocked to talk about it, it’s embarrassing,” she told the court.

Under cross-examination by Medouni’s lawyer Orlando Pownall, Kouider’s claims that Medouni had sex with her were branded “nonsense” and a “figment of your imagination”. Kouider replied, “It’s not my imagination, it’s the truth.” The lawyer said to Kouider, “You say Mr Medouni had never shown any violence towards her [Sophie] prior to September 18, and on that evening he was violent.” He went on to challenge her further: “His defence is almost the mirror image of yours. He says you were the one that had been violent and were violent in the early hours of the 19th.” Kouider, however, denied that she had been the violent one, although she later admitted she had whipped Sophie with an electric cable. The victim’s charred body, which was so badly burned that it could not show a clear cause of death, did reveal that she had five broken ribs and a cracked breastbone from the beatings she was being subjected to in the lead-up to her death.

When Medouni’s lawyer pointed out her past of falsely accusing her partners of wrongdoing, Kouider insisted she had “never made a false accusation” against anyone, but the lawyer continued to point out, “You always blame somebody else for your problems.”

After closing arguments were delivered, jurors were instructed to retire and discuss their verdict, and the judge directed them that he would accept a majority vote in this instance so long as at least 10 of the 12 members agreed. After weeks of deliberations, the decisions had been finalised. As a unanimous guilty verdict against Kouider was delivered she cried hysterically, while Medouni, convicted on a ten to two majority, silently wept and stared down at the floor as the judge announced that he too had been found guilty of murder. The judge commented that the case was a rare instance of “folie à deux” and that the pair had acted without mercy for the victim. Before handing down a sentence,

the judge listened to the defendants’ lawyers and took into account the psychiatric conditions of the couple. Doctors concluded that Kouider was suffering from mental disorders and obsessions, including depression and borderline personality disorder.

In an attempt to demonstrate remorse, Kouider stood in the court and addressed Sophie’s family and the victim herself with a letter titled, “Dear Sophie”. Kouider said, “First of all I wish everyone, including Sophie, especially her parents and family who are suffering badly, to know how deeply sorry I am for what happened to Sophie.” She went on to insist that, “We shared many good times together as well as pains until things went terribly wrong and it ended up in this horrendous tragedy. I think of you every day and I am shocked and sad that you are not part of this world anymore. It feels like a horrible dream to me that I wish I could just wake up from. Every day I live with sadness and sorrow. I am suffering every day thinking of you and what happened to you that dreadful night. I only wish I could turn the clock back so that it never happened and you would still be alive with us today.”

The presiding judge, Nicholas Hilliard, told the pair that they would serve at least 30 years of a life sentence. Kouider was ordered to “return immediately to the hospital” – namely the Bracton Centre, near Dartford, Kent, where she had been held since she was charged with murder. The judge assured Sophie’s mother that there was no truth to the allegations made against her daughter. Addressing Medouni and Kouider, Sophie’s mother, who had sat listening to the final sobs and pleas of her daughter throughout the trial, told the pair, “No god will ever forgive you both for what you have done to our daughter.”

Both Kouider and Medouni appealed their sentences, Kouider’s lawyer claiming that the sentence is too long for someone with mental health issues, while Medouni’s lawyer played on the fact that the jurors were unsure of his ‘intent’. In May 2019 both lost their Court of Appeal challenges, their minimum terms remaining at 30 years each.



TOP-LEFT Among evidence found in Medouni and Kouider’s home, a drug testing kit was discovered in the garden, alluding to the intensity of the interrogations conducted by the pair

TOP-RIGHT One witness testified during the trial that she heard Sophie screaming and splashing in the bathroom the morning of her death, as Kouider and Medouni told her to “breathe”

ABOVE A bottle of patio cleaner was discovered in the vicinity of Sophie’s charred remains. Her killers had intended to cover their tracks and destroy any evidence of her existence



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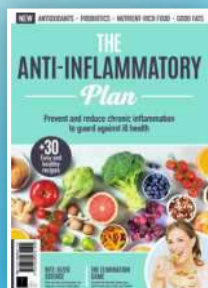


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HOW ONE LITTLE BOY REALISED HE'D MET THE
MOORS MURDERERS – AND SURVIVED



A DATE FOR DEATH
SCHEMING TO COMMIT THE 'PERFECT MURDER',
DIARY ENTRIES PROVED THEIR GUILT



AV PAIR NIGHTMARE
A RARE CASE OF SHARED PSYCHOSIS LED TO THE
TRAGIC DEATH OF AN INNOCENT WOMAN